



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

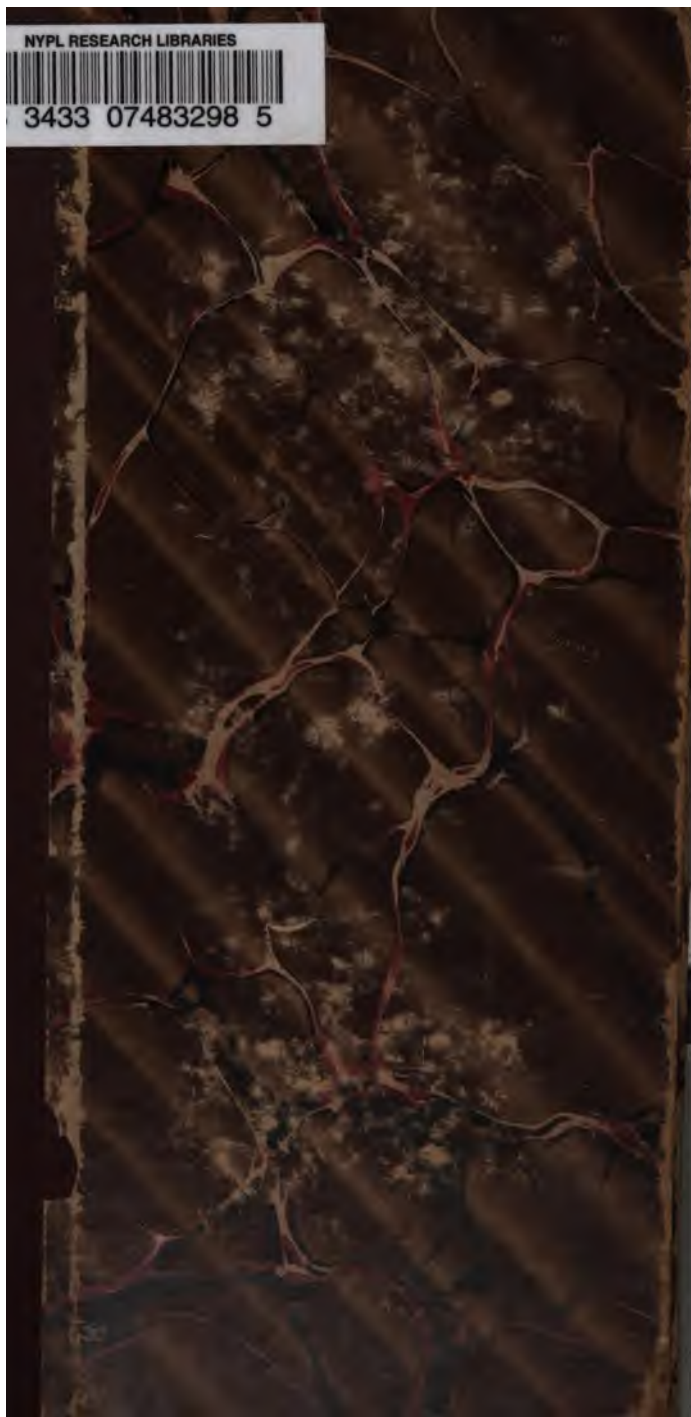
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3433 07483298 5

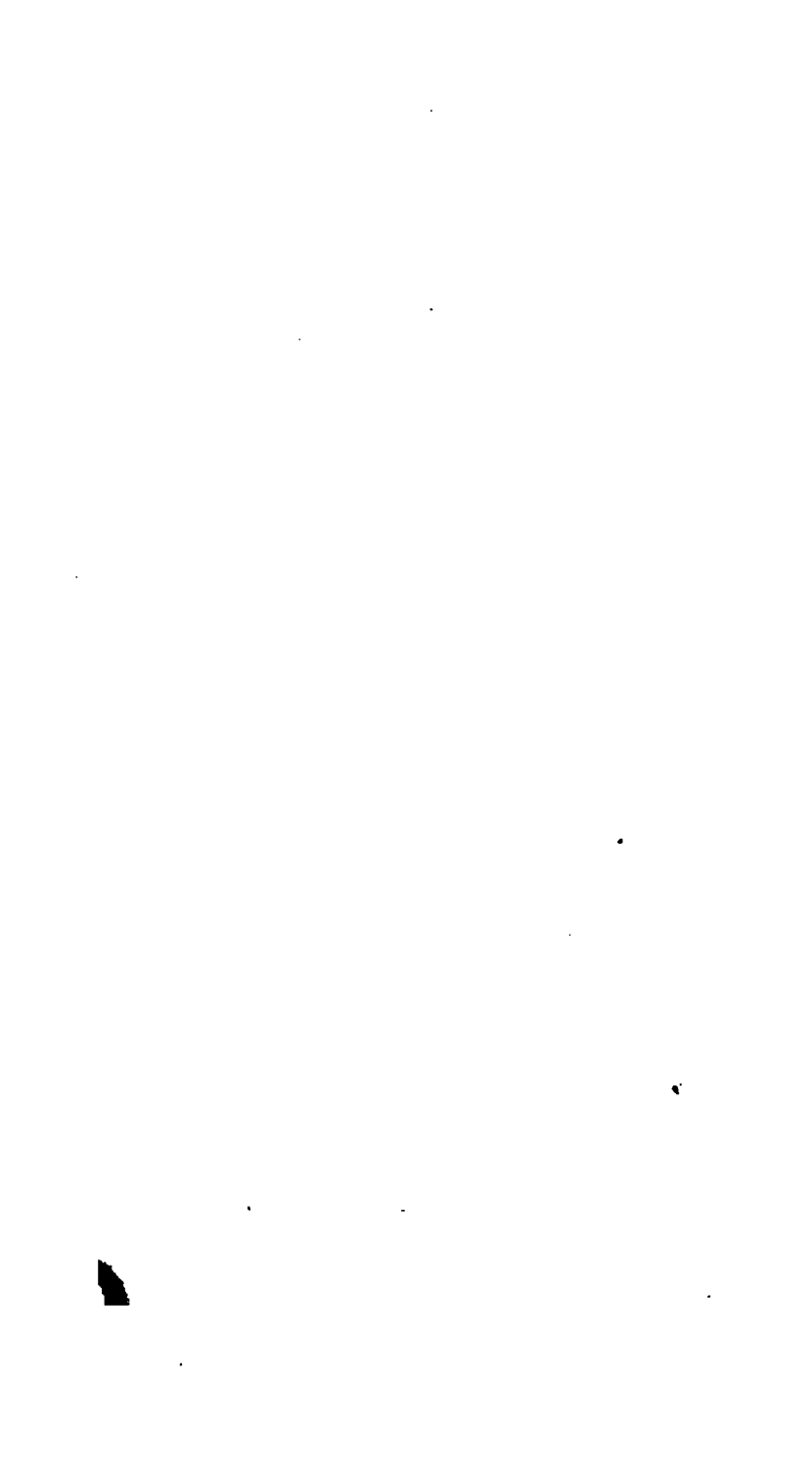




N30



130



SHOW NO
SIGN OF
WEAR

SHORT

PATENT SERMONS,

BY 'DOW, JR.'

**ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE
NEW YORK SUNDAY MERCURY.**

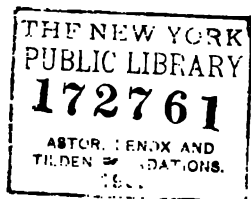
Volume I.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY PAIGE, NICHOLS & KRAUTH,

**AT THE OFFICE OF THE SUNDAY MERCURY,
100 NASSAU STREET.**

1845.



ENTERED according to the Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord
one thousand eight hundred and forty-five,
By PAIGE, NICHOLS & KRAUTH,
in the office of the Clerk of the Southern District of New York.

XXOY W3M
2.1894
YHARBU

STEREOTYPED BY VINCENT L. DILL,
SUN BUILDING, NEW YORK

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

ON BEAUTY.

TEXT—Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his mind possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their vigors to repressse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawn with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasuance molifye,
Their hardened hearts enured to blood and cruelty.

MY HEARERS—I suppose that all of you have often felt the despotie power of Beauty, and have had your obdurate, adamantie, calcined hearts softened down by its omnipotency to the yielding substance of a pan-cake. That which appertains to the flesh, is most arbitrary and soul-fretting in its influence; but that which belongs to Nature alone—such as fills the whole universe with its allurements—is calculated rather to inspire, and raise the thoughts up to that concentrated essence of Beauty which sparkles with loveliness from the beginning to the end of the end. I shall dwell first upon the beauties of Nature; but, as saith the auctioneer, I can't dwell long, for my discourse must be condensed into one column of the Sunday Mercury, beyond which limit I am seldom allowed to trespass.

My dear friends—it matters not upon whichsoever side we turn our eyes, we behold such beauty in its primitive nakedness as cannot fail to captivate the heart of every true worshipper of the God of Nature, and make him feel as though ten thousand pismires were crawling up and down the ossified railway of his back. Look at yonder myriads of stars that glitter and sparkle from the dome of heaven's high concave! Say, is there not beauty in these? Aye, there is beauty, magnificent in these little celestial trinkets that stud the ebon brow of Night—shining, as they do, like a multitude of beacon lights of glory in the blue black of eternity, or like so many cats' eyes in a windowless garret. Observe the silvery moon, pale-faced Cynthia, wandering Luna, or whatever you choose to call her—see how gracefully she promenades the

self-same path which was laid out for her at the beginning of the world, and deviates not a particle from it, although she has been maliciously termed the strumpet of the planets. Look at the resplendent sun. See how it has maintained its unsullied brightness through the rust-gathering ages of time. Not a single thread has been lost from its golden fringe, and not even a fly-speck has marred its splendor; but is to-day the same beautiful, lovely object that it was when it first burst upon Paradise, and rolled back the darkness of chaos into the unknown regions of nowhere. There is beauty at sun-set. Who can look at all the glories of an autumnal twilight and not have the furze upon his hands rise up in rapture! O, it is, by all odds, the grandest and sublimest picture in the great academy of Nature! At the festooned gates of the West, angels of peace and loveliness have furled their purple wings and are sweetly sleeping with their heads upon pillows of amber, overcanopied with curtains of damask and crimson, tempting poor mortals like us to climb up the ladder of imagination and steal kisses by the bushel! When the morning, too, as my friend Hudibras observes, like a boiled lobster begins to turn from brown to red, there is beauty of the tallest order. Yes, when Aurora hangs out her red under-garment from her chamber window, prepares her perfumed toilet, and sweeps out the last speck of darkness from the oriental parlor, there is such blushing beauty resting upon the eastern hill-tops as cannot fail to be appreciated by any one whose heart-strings are not composed of catgut and horse hair.

My friends—I speak of these beauties of Nature because they are unadorned, and consequently are the most beautiful. You might hang a necklace of diamonds around the sun, and extra-jewel the stars—but would they appear more lovely? Not a bit of it. You Gothamites by dwelling upon these may receive good, and have your ferocious tempers completely subdued; but I don't want to have anything to do with your down-east Yankees. I have understood that their hearts are so inclined to wooden nutmegs and singing psalms, that they have no idea at all of the sublime and beautiful. They won't believe what I tell them, because of their stiff-neckedness. I do think that if an angel were to come down from heaven and swear upon a wagon-load of comic almanacs that what I preach is true, they wouldn't believe it any the sooner. Let them go.

Now, my friends, I am about to speak of beauty where it exercises almost unlimited control over the hearts of men. It is when it is concentrated in lovely woman—when it flashes from her dark eye—when it lurks in her raven ringlets—when it mingles with the rose of her cheek and the lily of her brow. By it kings have been brought upon their marrow bones at the foot of their thrones—warriors have been spurred on to battle, and kept from it by having their hearts wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse—young biped tigers have been transmogrified into peaceable lambs, and their blood-thirsty appetites for ever allayed. But, my young friends, you must also beware of a beautiful woman. She is a snake that has the power to charm such fledglings as you; and when you are once captivated, you are a gone case. The delicious poison which you drink from her eye acts as a stupifying opiate to your reason and lets the pleasure rush recklessly into the wilds of unrestraint. I admire a pretty female face and figure as much as any one; but unless they are unadorned by the flummery of fashion and fancy shops—unless the heart is a casket for the gems of purity and truth—they never can catch this old bird. O, my friends! the real queen of beauty is Miss Morality. Court her as much as you like, but don't set up after midnight to do it—walk in her garden, and cull the flowers of peace and contentment—tread upon her trail even to the dividing line between time and eternity, and you will pay the debt of nature respectably, and in the full hopes of a glorious reward. So mote it be!

ON MODERN GENTLEMEN.

TEXT.—Whom do we dub as gentleman?
 The knave, the fool, the brute—
 If they but own full tithe of gold,
 And wear a costly suit.

MY HEARERS—when we come to sort out the vast heap of humanity, belonging to the he creation, we find that three separate and distinct piles are necessary to be made—viz.: one for the common rubbish, or loafers; another for the spurious gentlemen, manufactured by tailors; and another for the real Simon Pure gentlemen, wrought from heaven's best material by the all-skilful hand of Omnipotence. This last heap is always a great deal smaller than

the other two, but when placed in the scales of real worth they will weigh down five hundred just like them; and it is upon this principle alone that a pound of lead is heavier than a pound of feathers. The drunken, good-for-nothing loafers are no gentlemen at all, any how you can fix it; and those who are tinkered up of broadcloth, buckram, finger rings, safety chains, soft sodder, vanity and impudence, are no gentlemen either, no more than a plated spoon is solid silver throughout. They are only so called by the foolish votaries of fashion—intended as a cheat and a dead suck-in for the world's great market. Why, my friends, they are mere walking-sticks for female flirts, ornamented with brass heads, and barely touched with the varnish of etiquette. Brass heads, did I say? nay—their caputs are only half ripe musk-melons, with monstrous thick rinds, hollow within, containing the seeds of foolishness swimming about in a vast quantity of sap. Their moral garments are a double-breasted coat of vanity, padded with pride, and lined with the silk of urbanity; their other apparel is all in keeping, and imported fresh from Devil, Beelzebub & Co.'s wholesale and retail ready made clothing establishment. Beneath these trappings of superciliousness and folly may be found hearts, rotting in the scum of licentiousness, and as much blacker than the inner surface of a steamboat pipe, as a chimney sweep is blacker than the mid-day sun in the heavens. And yet these over-blown bladders of iniquitous show are called gentlemen! If I thought I numbered any of these goats in my flock, I would preach them out of the synagogue quicker than ever lightning chased a squirrel down a hickory tree. But let them travel off with their high-heeled boots of self-consequence: let them carry their bundles of dry goods down the Broadway of perdition: let them flourish, for a time, like poisonous weeds upon a dunghill: let them spit upon the poor beggar, and kick his dog, as he sits perishing at the golden gate of opulence: let them get so all-defying stiff that they can't bend, like a young sapling, to the gale—and they will find, that, should the storms of penury beat upon their beavers, they will snap as short as pipe stems, and the starch will evaporate from their dickeys of pride in the short space of no time at all. These storms will most assuredly wash out the gravel from the foundations upon which their humbug qualifications of gentlemen rest, and down they will fall, to be reared up again only by the hands

of propitious fortune. Yes, my friends, I say let them go about thrusting their spurious certificates of honor in the face of plain-clad honesty; but when they are laid low in the dust of servile dependence, then, I guess, they will find out, for a certainty, that they are the veriest vermin that ever beslimed the paths of decent society.

My friends—I shan't meddle with the women in my present discourse, because they were never intended to be gentlemen. Suffice it to say, that every female is a lady in the parlor, and a pot-sluer in the kitchen, according to the opinion of mankind generally. But I will tell you what a real gentleman is. He is an humble, charitable, philanthropic, honest, upright man—which, you all know, is the noblest work of God. He wears the ermine robe of truth, and his jewelled star is his own good name: he weeps over the widows as they weep over the new-made graves of their husbands: he feels for them (in his pockets) when they are compelled to gnaw the dry crusts of adversity: he pitches pennies into the laps of bare-footed orphans, and pays the same respect to a dog with a muzzle on his nose as to one with a gold ring about his neck. He puts no molasses on his tongue to attract the gilded flies of fashion, nor wounds innocent breasts with the barbed arrows of slander. He venerates the grey hairs of age, and leads little children by the hand along the flowery paths of virtue. He is grave with the grave, and gay with the gay, but never burns his nose in the fiery cup of dissipation, nor muds his trowsers with the filth of lewdness. He doesn't frighten four days out of February by joining in the uproars of Hard Ciderites, O. Ks. and Kinderhookers, but keeps himself, at all times, as quiet as a clam and unoffending as a kid. Like myself, he dresses plain, neat and simple, and takes more care to adorn his immortal mind with the laurels of learning, than to rig up foolishly that clay-built tabernacle, the body, which to-day is, and to-morrow is mingled with the common rubbish of earth. Such, my friends, is the character of a genuine gentleman; and I have no doubt that, when dame Nature first completed one of the kind, she came near bursting her corsets with pride; as she had every reason to be proud of having formed a mortal with all the attributes of an angel destitute of wings.

And now, my dear friends, having exhibited to you the difference between mere outside show and internal worth, it behooves us all to doff our duds of vainness and pride, and put on the clean gar-

ments of morality, virtue, and strict integrity, as these will never need washing, nor even grow thread-bare, through the countless ages of eternity. So mote it be!

ON KISSING.

TEXT.—For me, I kiss but very few,
But with that kiss my heart goes too :
I hold a very Judas he
Who'd kiss but in sincerity.

MY HEARERS—kisses may be reckoned among the luxuries of life, rather than among its necessities; and the reason why so many are fond of indulging in them is, because they belong to the superfluities of this world, and contribute neither to the nourishment of the body nor to the welfare of the soul, but merely afford a moment's gratification. Formal or ceremonious kisses are like manufactured flowers—very fine in appearance, but wanting in fragrance; and their superabundance only goes to show that the present is a very artificial state of society, as the monkey said when his master put breeches on him. The common custom of kissing the Bible in order to give the appearance of solemnity to an oath, unless the kiss be hot from the heart, is impious mockery, and ought never to be practised in a country like this, where christianity and common sense are supposed to be closely combined. This cold kind of kissing produces no blissful excitement, and often leads to bad results; and I have no doubt but the old woman experienced more pleasure when she kissed her cow, than half of the young men who bestow busses upon the cheek of beauty, unwarmed by the fire of affection.

My young friends—you may go to your private evening parties, where all is gayety, joyety and hilarity—where the lovely angels of earth, dressed in the snowy robes of purity, look tempting enough to make a saint turn sinner, and perform a pilgrimage from paradise to perdition for the sake of a single glorious smack. Go then, and feast till you fatten upon forfeited kisses; but be assured that, although they may be attended with some little sport and amusement, they are just as destitute of real extacy as a fox's back is of fur in the month of June, or an oyster of fine flavor in August. True bliss only attends the warm kiss of fervent love

When a young man presses the girl that he sincerely loves to his bosom—when heart meets heart—when soul mingles with soul—and when lips meet lips—Oh, then come exquisite touches of tenderness!—then he cannot help feeling a sort of furziness all over!—and she must unquestionably feel as though she were ready to pin-feather at the moment. Such, my young brethren, are the delightful, but indescribable, sensations attending the kiss of pure and unadulterated love. But he that kisses only to deceive and seduce, imbibes a poison at the time, which rankles in his bosom, and induces more or less of grief and mortification, according to the injury inflicted. I hold him a very Judas at best—and if, after committing the deed, he were to go straightway and hang himself, society would reckon his loss as an unlooked-for and fortunate gain.

My hearers—as for me, I don't dive very deeply into miscellaneous kissing, and consequently kiss but few; but, when I do kiss, an explosion takes place which must convince all within hearing that it originates from the heart, and is meant in earnest. There was a time, in my school-boy days, when I could extract the sweets of a kiss as calmly, composedly, and I may say as coldly, as a bee sucks the honey from a hollyhock; but now I never undertake the business of bussing unless I go into it with a heart heated in the blaze of enthusiasm. A mother kisses her child, and no one presumes to mistrust her motives: true lovers do the same to one another, and no evil consequences ensue;—doves bill and coo, and they know no more about the practised arts of love than a man knows when he goes to sleep;—but oh! this kissing to gain some mean, mercenary or unlawful end, ought never to be countenanced in a christian community. To kiss in jest, as is often practised by chaps among the girls, is productive of no absolute harm nor actual good; yet the young men love to indulge in it; and so long as the amusement is innocent in itself, I have no objections to their gratifying their naughty, but not wicked, propensities, to their hearts' content. But they must be careful whom they kiss, and how they kiss. Some girls will undergo the pleasurable punishment as quietly as a good-natured child submits to baptism by sprinkling—some twist and squirm like an eel while being skinned, and either return a smart slap in the face, or exercise no other defence than by merely saying, 'Why! aint you ashamed!—and then again there are others whom it is as dangerous to attempt to

kiss as it would be to undertake to break open the trunk of an elephant. Look out for this latter sort, my young friends; for they have teeth like a tiger's and claws like a wild cat's—and you must keep at a respectful distance, or pay dearly for your rashness.

You, married men, may greet one another with a holy kiss, but don't kiss each others' wives, lest the green-eyed monster haunt the blooming bowers of matrimony, and every beautiful blossom of connubial bliss be blighted in the frost-bringing breeze of jealousy. You, young folks, of both genders, partake prudently of the pleasures of kissing, now while every kiss is rendered hot by the enthusiasm of youthful ardor—for, like buckwheat cakes, they are only good while hot; and they will grow cold for a certainty as you go down into the frosty vale of years, where beauty loses its charms, and pleasure its power to entice. I want you, my young sinners, to kiss and get married; and then devote your time to the study of morality and money-making. Then let your homes be well provided with such comforts and necessities as piety, pickles, potatoes, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, cheese, crackers, faith, flour, affection, cider, sincerity, onions, integrity, vinegar, virtue, wine, and wisdom. Have all these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Don't drink anything intoxicating—eat moderately—go about business after breakfast—loungue a little after dinner—chat after tea—and kiss after quarrelling; and all the joy, the peace, and the bliss the earth can afford shall be yours, till the graves close over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and a happier world. So mote it be!

ON AVARICE.

TEXT.—God made man, and man made money,
God made bees, and bees made honey.

MY HEARERS—if you were to ask me for what purpose man was created, I should say at once, he was created to love, serve and obey his Maker, and to do all the good he can, without directly meddling with the business of others: but, generally speaking, he does like to believe this doctrine:

He'd rather believe that the chief end of man
Is to keep what he's got, and to get what he can.

I think, my hearers, that man has made money his chief end, whe-

ther he is designed for it or not. Go where you will among the nations of the earth—among the enlightened, civilized, half-civilized, savage, heathen, barbarian, unitarian, trinitarian, biblearian, nothingarian, and Money is the god bowed down to by all. Yes, my friends, it is the general or universal god for the whole world. There is but one greater, and more powerful; but it makes me feel bad to say, that this greater One is most shamefully slighted by the unhallowed attentions paid the other. The difference is, one is worshipped six days in the week—aye, I may say seven—while the other is worshipped only one day—and, in thousand of cases, not even that. You may well hang down your heads, ye proselytes of modern avarice, and blush for the shameful truths that I fire off at you! I shoot no blank cartridges—mine are no paper wads—but, with the leaden bullets of conviction, I mean to pierce your understanding-chests, which, alas! have been converted into sub-treasuries for miserly, worldly, gain-getting, hard-currency thoughts. Supposing, my hearers, that I should, in the superabundance of truth and honesty, have the superfluous kindness to say that you were all worshippers of false gods, the same as are those pagan idolaters of the East, who don't know enough to move back when too near the fire: supposing I should say this—what might you do to me? You might, perhaps, tar and feather me—you might ride me on a rail, as averse as I am to such a mode of travelling—you might persecute me to the fullest extent of the lynch law. Therefore I shan't say any such thing: but I will venture to say, that between you and the poor ignorant heathen, there is a practical likeness. They bow down to a log of wood, a piece of stone, or a pair of stuffed breeches; and you worship pieces of gold, bits of silver, and scraps of paper. How much better then, are you than they? Not but a precious little, when the moral and intellectual advantages which you possess are thrown into the scale of consideration. They, poor things, are surrounded by the thickest darkness of ignorance—so thick that their little sixteen-to-the-pound candles of instinct can burn but with a sickly glare: but you, my dear friends, are differently situated. Here you are, placed in an ever-blooming garden of knowledge. The sun of enlightenment shines down upon you from an unclouded firmament of peace: around you, on every side, flow streams of learning, enriching the soil of your intellects, and beautifying the flowery vales

of virtue: before you stand the two trees of good and evil, and you know which is what as well as I do. With all these advantages, how is it possible that you, ye children of avarice, can be content to wallow in the filthy mire of lucre? But you will keep gnawing at the root of all evil, regardless of the poison that lurks therein, the effect of which is most awful. It causes some to steal sheep, rob hen-roosts, lie, cheat and dissemble—others to put on the robe of piety, and go to church to pick pockets in prayer time—others to squeeze a poor man's sixpence in his clutches, till it squeals out for mercy—and others to perform a clandestine pilgrimage to Texas, to worship at the shrine of Mammon.

O, my friends! these things are a disgrace to a civilized community. I have no objections to your making money, if you can make it honestly and not too fast. Go to the bees, those little democratic insects, and grow wiser. They obtain their bread and their honey by incessant industry. There are no beggarly misers, thieves and robbers among them—no land-sharks, money-changers, flint-skinners, and sharpers—no striking for wages—no wrangling, disputing and quarrelling about gain, and the division of spoils. No, my friends, all there is love, harmony, industry, and peace. The corruptions of avarice can find no crack through which to enter their well-secured domicils; and sloth is drummed out instantler by the whole bee posse comitatus. The bee quits his hive in the morning, as soon as the sun begins to lick the dew from the grass, and hies him away to far distant fields, where it buzzes about from flower to flower, till he is heavily laden with the treasure he seeks; and he then returns, re-returns, and returns again, and so on till the shades of evening call him in. He folds up his wings and retires to sleep with a calm conscience; for he knows that he has minded his own business, not meddled with others, and labored to prepare for a rainy day. His sleep must be sweet, and no mistake.

My hearers—I might as well let out the whole cable of my opinion, as to keep such a weight of it coiled up in my breast. Therefore, I say, I consider the practice of bees making honey far more decent than many of your modern plans for making money: because one is made by industry—the other by fraud, idleness and rascality. You will all go to destruction in a dirt cart one of these days, unless you think less of money, and more of your own moral characters. The devil is fishing for you with a shilling on his

hook for bait. He caught a lawyer the other day, but he couldn't keep him. He went to scale him, but he didn't like to be in such a scrape; and so he slipped through his fingers, and went ker-flap down into the muddy pool of his former iniquity. But you, my friends, are not all lawyers; so I advise you not to snap rashly at the devil's shilling, nor hang longingly round it, or you may get hooked up by the gill—and if you do, you are fried eels, as sure as a cat can jump. All you want here is enough to make you comfortable; and that can always be got fairly—besides a small surplus to pay your passages to that happy land where one is as rich as another, and a perfect equality exists. So mote it be!

ON CHASTITY.

TEXT.—My brethren, be chaste till you're tempted,
While sober be wise and discreet;
And humble your bodies by fasting,
As oft as you have nothing to eat.

MY HEARERS—in a world like this, where almost every one is almost knee-deep in moral mud, it is hardly to be supposed that unsullied chastity can exist; and yet there are numberless cases where only the bottoms of the petticoats and pantaloons of purity have been tarnished, while the main fabric remains unspotted. These, however, are sufficient for the promulgation and propagation of slander; for, as my friend Shakspeare said, or might have said, 'Be thou as pure as ice, and as chaste as snow, verily thou shalt not escape calumny,' if a suspicious spot, as big as thy thumb nail, appear upon the fine linen of thy virtue. Another of my particular friends, Spenser, says that the only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue; but I think he is wrong. How can sublunary virtue be an ever-blooming flower, when its blossoms are so frequently trampled upon by the foot of vice, and crushed for ever? Sometimes even the breath of suspicion causes it to fade, wither and blossom no more—and I have known it to droop and die itself, untouched by frosts, fingers, anything or anybody. Poh! my friends, it is absurd to talk about terrestrial virtue being unfading. It is just as likely to fade as the roses upon the cheek of that pretty young lady yonder, or the sprigs upon my calico night-gown. I can have hopes of its immortality only when I see it blooming and putting forth new buds at the door of the tomb. Any place this side

of there, I wouldn't insure it for two hours, any more than I would insure a shirt against turning yellow in the hands of a certain yellow washerwoman. But, as says my text, with a little interpolation, be as chaste as you can until you are tempted. To corrupt yourselves without a cause or a reasonable inducement admits of no excuse, and comes about as near to the worst of depravity as sundown does to sunset. You may think there is no harm in the act, and that you will escape punishment; but as you push along from day to day, and dig out of one year into another, you will begin to feel gradually increasing upon you a severe but just infliction. You can't take liberties with Nature, and go it with a rush while you are young, without incurring its penalties in after time. You may think the chances of your being punished so small as not to be worth minding; but let me tell you that, although they look small, they are sure to open wide, like a whippoorwill's mouth. But when you are strongly tempted, my friends, and your chastity becomes thereby a little injured, the crime is not so great, and the forfeit much less; but should you resist temptation as long as you comfortably can, though it come with forty-woman, twenty-man or six-devil power. Fight, wrestle, clench, bite and pull hair with the Tempter for a good while—just to have it said, at least, that you resisted as much as you could—and then yield, if you must give in, fairly, honorably, and innocently. Put the blame on the devil—serves him right: he is able to bear it all, and as much again more from somebody else. I can't say, however, that I censure any one for falling into temptation. We are all as liable to it as a fish is to bite at a bait with a dangerous hook concealed therein; and, when I consider how numerous, fascinating and powerful are the temptations that beset us upon every side, I wonder most marvellously that so many escape as there do. It is out of the pale of reason to suppose that any man is not more or less tempted either by gold, woman, rum, tobacco, glory, fame, or something else calculated to coax him out of the plain path that leads to peace and happiness. Our first parents were tempted, and they fell to rise no more—I also was tempted, and fell likewise; but it was only on my knees to beg forgiveness, and I feel as if I had got it genuine; but I am afraid, my friends, that when some of you are tempted you will fall upon your backs, and lie there as helpless as a green turtle in front of a refectory. Beware of temp-

tation!—at any rate, be chaste until you are tempted, and as much longer as you conveniently can. I shall not tell the girls particularly to be chaste, for I know they are sufficiently CHASED already.

My dear friends—the text also enjoins you to be wise and discreet while sober. Most folks, I know, are the wisest when they are the soberest; and yet I have known many instances where a man has been the most cautious, keen and discreet when the drunk-est. But this mustn't go to show that there is any wisdom in getting drunk. It only shows that such men have sense, wit and wisdom lying dormant at the bottoms of their bellies, or in some dark corner of their sluggish systems, and that all that is wanting is shaking up—an exciter, or something to arouse and bring out their latent intellectual energies. All you want, my sober brethren, is a healthy exercise of both the physical and mental functions; and thereby you will gain strength, flesh and wisdom. What is wisdom? It is knowing how to do, act and conduct yourselves, so that it shall redound to your own good; and, to effect this, you ought to know what course to pursue better than I can tell you. If you don't know it, it is time you did.

My hearers—it is well enough to make a virtue of necessity by humbling your bodies by fasting when you can get nothing to eat; but when provisions are abundant and money plenty, it is no sin to favor the man of flesh with a little extra fat. It is the spirit that wants humbling, not the body. Oh, that proud and high-strung spirit of man!—how it wants halter-breaking! If you could only subdue it so as to make it go well and easy in the carnal traces, it would jog along with you to the grave as gently as a jack-ass before a light load of clams. So mote it be!

ON CITIES.

TEXT.—Cities are sinks that gather filth and vice

MY HEARERS—nothing can be more true than the words of my text. Cities are great grease-spots of vice upon the fair carpet of the earth—putrid pools of corruption, that generate some of the most loathsome creatures in the form of humanity imaginable; and perhaps a few whose souls would be comparatively pure and unstained were it not for the contamination of the polluted atmosphere by which they are surrounded. Look, my friends at this

city of sin in which I am now sojourning—this misery-stricken metropolis of the new world. It is a most beautiful blemish upon the surface of the globe—a bad egg, that appears fair upon the outside, but contains the foulest of stench within. I lately performed a pilgrimage to that offensive ulcer upon the heart of Gotham, vulgarly called the ‘Five Points.’ I went not only to inspect the public streets in that neighborhood, but also as an inspector of the public morals; and I found, to my regret, that the condition of the one was equally as wretched as that of the other. Oh, my friends! I saw that the filth of the gutters which casts its sickening effluvia abroad, was a true and perfect emblem of the putrescent moral matter that surrounded the hearts of its miserable inhabitants; and I couldn’t help exclaiming—My God! can it be possible that any of my fellow creatures can take delight or find the least particle of pleasure in thus wallowing in the mire of licentious vice! No—they cannot know how pleasant are the paths of virtue, so long as they remain sunk knee-deep in the swamp of sin; and I should seek no greater bliss than be granted with the privilege and gifted with the power to grasp the men even by their coat-tails and the women by their petticoats, and haul them out from this foul puddle of sin to dry upon the sunny banks of salvation.

My friends—this splendid Manhattan isle of ours of which we boast, is but the receptacle of filth of foreign nations. The scum of mortality that is drifted across the Atlantic, and washed upon our shores, is enough to spoil a day’s appetite for dinner. I am willing to acknowledge that some noble specimens of the human race from Europe and the East see fit to adopt this as their country and home; and that many beautiful exotics, in the way of carnal feminine flowers, are transplanted to American soil; but I do seriously assert, that the majority of the transatlantic genus homo, whom fate, fortune or circumstance drives hither, are minus money, and not overplus in morality—incurable cancers upon the broad back of the community. Ere they understand the principle upon which rest the pillars of our democratic institutions, and before they have learnt the great A in the alphabet of republicanism, they sacrilegiously enter the Temple of Freedom: and the fumes arising from the incense of ignorance they burn upon the altar of liberty, are enough to stifle the big bellows of a blacksmith. A

city like this, my friends, is, and, always will be, subject to such baleful influence; and if the legitimate protectors of our national welfare do not keep one eye open at least, to the best interests of the country, the palladium of our political rights is of no more use than trying to frighten a thunderbolt with a pair of pistols and a bowie knife. But, my foreign friends, allow me to remark that I am related to you all by consanguinity—that I look upon you as brothers in the human household—that whatever I say is dictated by truth, unswayed by fear or friendship—and that I consider you, as a whole, are deserving of all, if not more, than Americans can boast of—and I know that many of my own countrymen are in the habit of boasting till they burst.

My hearers—in order to be convinced that cities are sinks which gather filth and vice, you have not only to look at the present corrupt condition of modern Gotham, but to read upon the pages of history how ancient cities of magnificence have sunk in oblivion beneath their overpowering burthens of vice. A dead, sulphurous lake now covers the sites of Sodom and Gomorrah. They continued to gather filth upon filth till the fiery besom of the Almighty swept the streets of all rubbish, and purified them with the flames of destruction. Where mighty Babylon once stood, the satyrs now dance in a desert wild—Jerusalem became bathed in blood, and the ploughshare turned the turf above her—Rome, proud Rome, fell in the zenith of her glory—Herculaneum and Pompeii are but sepulchres for the dead—a few broken pillars stand as monuments upon the tomb of Palmyra—and the once opulent cities of Tyre and Sidon are now changed to rocks, upon which the fishermen dry their nets. All of these gathered filth and vice, corruption and wickedness, till the measure of their iniquities was full; and then their goblet of glory was kicked over by the foot of fate, spilt upon the ground, and absorbed for ever.

My dear friends—If New York continues to gather such all manner of iniquities as at present, the time will soon come when the loud thunder of retributive justice will peal from the heavens, with a crash that shall cause the adamantine pillars of the Egyptian Tombs to tremble, and the Pewter Mug in Frankfort-street to hide itself behind the banner of the Washingtonian Temperance Society. At any rate, the day WILL come when this great metropolis will be laid low in the dust, and its inhabitants consigned to

the oblivious tomb. It is already filthy enough, morally and naturally, to be devoured by its own rottenness. Money is making sad mischief in its midst; for, by its all-potent influence, murderers, thieves, burglars, forgers, and seducers of female innocence, are daily escaping the punishment due them. Oh, my friends, what a quantity of wickedness there is concentrated in this little village! You lie in ambush for each other as a tiger does for its prey—you assume to be virtuous in order that you may the better carry out your vicious intents—you don't draw your nourishment directly from the ground, and therefore, like fishes, you feed upon one another; and the simplest and the weakest fall victims to the shrewdest and the strongest. Reform, O ye sons and daughters of sin! and you may yet number the days upon earth as did your ancestors of yore. So mote it be!

ON FIRE, WATER, AND WOMEN.

TEXT.—Fire, water, women, are man's ruin,
Says that old doating Dutchman, Bruin,
But what phlegmatic humor bred
Such frantic notions in his head?
Ascribing thus life's baleful woes
To causes whence each blessing flows.

MY HEARERS—there is no doubt but fire, water and women—taken separately or combined—are often the cause of man's ruin: and at the same time, they are the sources whence all his blessings flow. Fire sometimes burns up our habitations, and all therein; but then it warms us in winter—the greatest comforter for the season imaginable, and the most cheering companion when Night would fain cover us with her mantle of gloom and darkness—it cooks our victuals, assists us in celebrating the Fourth of July, and makes the steamboats go ahead. Fire! the blessed light of day, is an emblem of purity. Unlike everything else, it has but one quality; and that is A No. 1. Who ever heard of poor, middling, or second-rate fire? Nonsense!—you might as well imagine an inferior order of angels in heaven, or virtue a little defiled, but not enough to hurt it! Fire is the fountain of light, health, and enjoyment; and, for curiosity's sake, I should like to see the world try to get on without it. Some individuals, after having run into

it, or burnt their fingers by meddling with it, thoughtlessly and profanely exclaim, d——n the fire! when they only damn themselves, both by word and by deed. Such folks put me in mind of silly moths, that flutter about the alluring blaze till they scorch their wings, and drop to expire in the hot fat of their own foolishness. Well, let them fall: all have their fall. The foolish fall by their own folly—the great fall by hatred—and the fair fall by love. I shouldn't wonder if I fell, one of these days, by either fire, water, or women; but when I do fall, it will be right side up, and with a philosophical face upon the world.

My friends—water sometimes does great injury to man. It sweeps away his saw-mills, and not unfrequently houses, pigs and children—fills his cellars, upsets his hopes, and inundates some of his fairest prospects. At the deluvian period it carried every living thing into eternity, except fishes and a few seeds of mortality most miraculously preserved in an ark. But for all this, say not that water is an evil. It is as useful and necessary to man as the atmosphere that he breathes. It is essential in the bringing forth of the products of the earth. It subdues and conquers fire, when it feels disposed to go beyond its proper limits. It commingles with milk to the benefit of the vender, and without absolute injury to the buyer. It associates with brandy to the profit of the seller, and operates as a conservative upon the stomach of the consumer. Fire purifies and water cleanses. How then can it be possible that elements so pure and necessary as these should prove man's ruin? Easily enough—when mixed together in the shape of a toddy, sling or smasher, and taken twenty times a day. This is the way that fire and water operate to one's ruin; and I advise you all, my friends, to forsake the fire, and take to the water—the same as I did, long years ago.

My dear friends—woman is often the occasion of much trouble and mischief to man. For her he toils and slaves—for her he fights—for her he gets drunk—for her he walked out of Paradise barefooted—for her he blows his brains out—and for her he makes a confounded fool of himself, in a variety of ways. Notwithstanding, woman is a blessing. Her influence over us, rough-hewed sex, is as mild as the moon upon the tides, and twice as powerful. The moral fragrance that surrounds her is as sweet as the odors that arise from a field of white clover; and her beauty

makes her one of the most interesting living ornaments that wears either legs or wings: I don't care whether you mention a bird of paradise, butterfly, or straddle-bug.

My hearers—fire, water and women are all very good in themselves; but you must be careful and not let either of them get the mastery of you. So mote it be!

ON THE NEW YEAR.

TEXT.—It is well for man that the dull chain of existence has here and there a golden link, at which we are permitted to pause, for the relaxation of mind and heart, and gather strength for the great struggle of existence. The opening of the new year is one of these bright occurrences.

BELOVED friends—I, for this single time,
 In a poetic strain attempt to preach;
 That is to say, I give a dose of rhyme—
 A purgative that I prescribe for each,
 Which works its way through all that's in its reach,
 Slips down the throat as sleek as castor oil,
 And purifies the morals. I beseech
 You, one and all, to neither flinch, nor coil,
 Nor turn your noses up at Dr. Muse's toil.

Another year is even now beginning,
 For Wednesday last was happy New Year's day;
 And now's the hour for us to leave off sinning
 In a degree, while at this link we stay;
 For age and sin will shortly turn us grey—
 And Time, that old bow-shinn'd, bald-headed loafer,
 With scythe, just whet, is chasing us away
 Into corruption, that before we go far,
 We all shall wish that we'd not travelled even so far.

But I must wink at all those little crimes
 That witching New Year's heaped upon your backs;
 Unless you mock'd the fashion of the times,
 And took too many catty-cornered tracks,
 Making but little headway with the tacks,

While calling on the ladies—that won't do !
It loosens all the moral screws, and racks
Virtue's slim fabric, when a man gets blue,—
Shuts up his reason—and sometimes his clam-shell, too !

I made some calls, and some I didn't make
Because the chain of age that binds my feet,
Is very short—and yet I tried to take
A step or two beyond its length, to meet
Those heavenly female smiles, which always greet
Me with a joyous welcome. Would that I
Could burst these fetters !—then I'd eat
Of every wholesome pleasure, far and nigh,
And feel the bliss, but not the curse of living high.

Time used me pretty fair, that day, moreover,
For I felt young about the heart's domain ;
And revell'd in the tallest kind of clover ;
And should have thought myself a boy again ;
But these white locks pronounced the fancy vain ;
And these weak knees too confidently told
That nought but childish folly fired my brain ;
That I should never dance, as once of old,
Amid the ring-tail, rousing storms that beat so cold.

But you, young folks, can dance, and drink, and sing,
When new years dawn upon your careless heads ;
Much pleasure, mirth and sport to you they bring
That is, if they don't bring you to your beds ;
For on such days, a devil is loose, who weds
Many to disappointment, sorrow, wo ;
And such a devil every mortal dreads,
Who, by experience, may chance to know
That brandy fire is just the same as that—below.

Be fonder of the women than of wine,
But don't get drunk with neither one nor t'other :
When both their overwhelming powers combine,

They place a fellow in a dreadful pother ;
 For both are sometimes maddening :—so they bother
 The better sense of erring man, and kill
 The finer feelings—lest we fairly smother
 The rising flames, ere they shall scorch the will,
 And leave us all ‘ spirits of wine,’ or ghosts of ill.

New Year, as says my text, is a good place
 To pause and gather strength for the next shove
 Toward the grave, where we must end the race.
 Now should we all look back, and each reprove
 Himself, if wanting charity or love,
 And try henceforth to keep as pure and clean
 From this world’s filth, as any harmless dove ;
 For with a half an eye it may be seen,
 That we must not depend on any go-between.

I’m growing old, and you will all be soon,
 Pitch’d clear into the middle of next year ;
 I wouldn’t bet the hide of a raccoon
 That the great final day is not close here !
 At any rate ’twill soon enough appear !
 For years roll round most thunderingly quick :
 They vanish soon, like froth on new-drawn beer,
 Or like the dreams of night they cut their stick,
 And leave a few dry bones for Memory’s dog to pick.

Now, brethren, make the wise determination
 To strike out a new track for your poor lives,
 And look out sharply, now, for the salvation
 Of all your sweethearts, daughters, sons and wives,
 For anybody knows that he who strives,
 Can paddle safely out the evil sea,
 And land upon that blessed shore, where thrives
 Nothing but good, through all eternity,
 Forever and forever more. So mote it be !

ON MAN'S ORIGIN AND END.

TEXT.—Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

MY HEARERS—vegetables, as we all know, are composed of nothing but dust—the paltry dust upon which we tread; and man, proud, lordly man, is made of the same despicable material. What, then, is he, with all his gildings and trimmings, but a vegetable possessed of vitality and the powers of locomotion? A cabbage derives its growth and nourishment directly from the earth—man, indirectly. Worms feed upon the one while it still lives and flourishes, and upon the other when dead and inhumed in the bowels of the earth. In likening you to cabbages, my friends, I have reference only to the perishable portion. The soul, thought, and intellect have a home in heaven, independent of the dirt-covered cottage which they here inhabit; but the body dissolves and returns to its original dust.

My friends—look where we will, we behold once animated dust. Parts and particles of our ancestors are in each tree around us—we see fractions of our former friends in the flowers of the field—and even a portion of female beauty and loveliness is contained in the loathsome toadstool that springs from a dung heap! Oh man! thou art but dust, and to that dust thou must return, as has been said of old. The sacred urn that holds the ashes of honor contains nothing but the reminiscence of what was, but is no more. The plebeian is composed of just as good stuff as the patrician; and the coarse carcase of a peasant furnishes Death with as good a meal as that of a prince or potentate.

My dear friends—reflect upon the condition in which you are placed. Remember that you are but grain, sown by the hand of Omnipotency, soon to be cut down by the sickle of Time, and gathered into the garner of the grave. Bestow not too much care upon that worthless conglomeration of sin and corruption called the body; for it must perish, in spite of the patchings of faith and physicians. The old clothes of mortality that you throw off when about to swim the creek which divides time and eternity are as useless to the world as a warming-pan to a West Indian; the soul would surely be ashamed to enter the courts of heaven with such

a wardrobe of wickedness. When I pass by that holy spot where rest the ashes of the dead, and read upon the tomb-stones how dear and valuable is the dust upon which they are reared, I cannot but help thinking that a cart-load of hog manure would bring more in market than all the refuse of wealth, nobility, and beauty which could be scraped together between here and the latter end of sometime ago. A church-yard is a riddle, or sieve, that separates the bran from the flour. The flour is that spiritual essence which is contained in the husk of humanity, and which is treasured up in heaven as being too valuable to be wasted; but the bran is the body—worthless chaff, of no account whatever when separated from the soul. The surface of this habitable globe is covered with animal as well as vegetable mould. We dance upon the graves of our forefathers, and sing songs of mirth and jollity at the tombs of our kindred, without regard to the sacredness of the dust around us. All flesh is composed of vegetable mould; and, though it derives its nourishment for a time from the ground, it must eventually amalgamate with its parent soil, and afford food for vegetation. When the Omnipotent told Nebuchadnezzar to go to grass, it was but a prophetic warning of the fate of all human flesh; for, certes, there is not a living form but must sooner or later dissolve, and distribute its substance among the vegetable productions of the earth. The bright eye of beauty must soon lose its lustre in the midnight darkness of the sepulchre—the crimson current of life must be frozen in the cold December of death—the mighty engine of the mind that moves the ever-revolving wheels of thought must yet cease to operate, and the clay that composes the frail vessel of mortality shall crumble to atoms. Yet it will return to dust, and that dust will in time be monopolized by the fairest of flowers, the vilest of weeds, and perhaps by the very smallest of small potatoes.

My worthy friends—that paltry pile of dirt called the human body is left but for a little while to encumber the world ere it is shovelled up by Time, and carted off to manure the broad field of death; but the spirit that animates it can no more be confined to the dungeon of the grave than you can frighten an old-fashioned earthquake with a pair of pistols and a bowie knife. When it shakes off its carnal shackles, it absquatulates to some unknown island in the vast ocean of eternity, where it manages to live

ever and ever, if not longer, without either cash, food, or raiment. Toil, then, for the soul rather than for the body. The body is vegetable, and is doomed to perish; but the soul is ethereal and incorruptible. Although, gas-like, it evaporates when life's glass lamp is dashed to pieces, it ascends like the dew of the morning, unseen to its native heaven; but the body upon which you bestow so much pains—pamper with so much pride—and bedeck with so much ornament, becomes but ashes when touched by the finger of Fate—and those are not worth their weight in saw-dust.

Look well after the immortal part, my friends, and though vegetables as you are, when you come to be transplanted to a more congenial soil, you will sprout anew, and flourish like a weed against the sunny side of a fence, through all eternity. So mote it be!

ON BELIEVING.

TEXT.—I'll tell you, my friends, what I believe,
And also what I don't.

MY FRIENDS—some folks tell you that you can believe in absurdities and preposterousities, if you only have a mind to; but I tell you that you can't believe in what appears irrational and without the pale of proba- or possi-bility. You may play the hypocrite with your own hearts, and affect to believe in matters and things that concern your temporal interests, and, perhaps, eternal welfares; but it is no more true believing than it would be if I were to tell you that the next shower would rain down shillings, and you pretend to believe every word of it. No, my friends; anything that comes covered with the dust of doubt, or bedimmed in the dull shadows of uncertainty, is attended with misgivings, in spite of all the wills, wishes and desires that ever found entertainment in the human heart. If you were told that a penny planted with potatoes would spring up, blossom bank bills and produce silver dollars an hundred fold, you wouldn't, nor couldn't, believe it—even though all your blessed hopes, wife, children, and a farrow cow were at stake. But all this has little to do with the general tenor of my discourse; therefore—

My friends—I will tell you what I believe and what I don't. I believe that man is born to trouble—to trouble not only himself, but many of his fellow beings around him; besides bed-bugs, mos-

quitoes, fleas, and other annoying but innocent insects. A bed-bug doesn't bite with malice prepense, and neither does a mosquito give a stab with a murderous premeditation; and therefore I don't believe that, under such circumstances, either of them ought to suffer the penalty of death. I don't believe that might makes right, nor that thousands should die that one may live and prosper, as the farmer held when he washed his lousy calf with a decoction of tobacco. I believe that love, like lightning, goes where it is sent; and that, take it on the whole, it does just about as much damage considering how many heart-strings it snaps—how many bosoms it makes barren of joy and peace—and how many it hurries out of the world into an awful and soul-scaring eternity: but I don't believe that love, properly tempered, ever did a body any harm, as my grandmother said of her bread pills. I believe that a good man in the valley of Jehoshaphat is nearer heaven than a sinner on the top of Mount Sinai—that pollywogs are incipient frogs, and politicians patriots of the most sudden incipency; but I don't believe that the man who works the hardest for an office under government, is the one most likely to work the hardest for his country in her day of trouble and danger—unless there be plenty of pay in perspective, or his prospects shine with the gloss of glory, like a pair of dancing pumps touched off with the white of an egg and a little lampblack.

My friends—I believe that the truth shouldn't be spoken at all times; and therefore I shall exercise the precaution to tell you that you are all given, more or less, to lying. Equivocation and subterfuge are very nice cloaks for falsehood; but the legs of the lies will stick out from under them. I don't believe that forty lies will do as much towards helping a man out of a scrape as the simple truth put forth in a state of nudity. I believe that most old maids would like to get married if they could; but I don't believe that old bachelors generally have any particular desire to get into the matrimonial harness, and help draw a wagon-load of 'little responsibilities' up the hard hill of life. I believe that great talkers are little thinkers—that not much fruit of sense is found when there is a multitude of the leaves of words. The gift of gab is a contribution of nature bestowed upon those who unfortunately lack the brains to propound questions to themselves, and answer them in silence. I believe that a man may accomplish wonders

he tries hard enough ; but I don't believe india-rubber over-shoes can be made out of lawyers' consciences. I believe there is a difference in quality, if not in price, between pure milk and chalk and water ; but I don't believe the moon is a green cheese made out of the milky-way. I believe there are as many beautiful forms, noble minds, and just as pure blood running among the common peasantry as there is in high-born nobility ; but I don't believe that fine clothes ever made a gentleman of a clown by nature or a blackguard by profession. I believe that a man can put himself down in the world much easier than he can be put down by others ; but I don't believe a steamboat can be propelled by fever-and-ague power alone. I believe no persuasive preaching can coax you into heaven if you are determined to go to the other place ; and I don't believe you can prevent a young couple from committing matrimony when they have both agreed to do the deed, and feel in first-rate order for it. I believe that the brute creation is possessed of a mysterious instinct, which is more valuable to them than reason is to man ; but I don't think a frog knows enough to go into the water when it rains. I believe a woman can do the most scolding when she has a lot of children about her ; but I don't believe a hen clucks any louder whether she has two or a dozen chickens at her heels. I believe that going to bed late and getting up late is taking a kind of cross-cut to the church-yard ; but I don't believe it is in consequence of early rising that makes the sun so bright and cheerful in his old age.

My dear friends—I believe and disbelieve a good many things which I don't think it necessary to mention ; but I believe this :—that if you don't grow wiser and better as you grow older, the little stock of happiness you now have on hand will gradually decrease till finally it is all wafted away like the fragrance of a flower. You will fall into bad habits, and become morally as mouldy as an old cheese that has lain in a damp cellar for a month of Sundays, and you will drop to the ground like a summer apple, rotten as soon as ripe. But if you only try to do well, I believe you can do it and be happy, just as easy as a sheep can walk over a stone wall into a clover lot. So mote it be !

ON UNRECIPROCATED LOVE.

TEXT.—To love is painful, that is true—
Not to love is painful too;
But oh! it gives the greatest pain
To love and not be loved again.

MY HEARERS—I love to preach about love; for love forms a rosy wreath for the heart, in which the green leaves of friendship, the flowers of affection, and a few thorns of pain, are entwined, just for the sake of variety. It is the precious cement that adheres soul to soul—the food of angels in heaven, and a stimulant to mortals on earth. It smooths down the asperities of human nature—lines the breast with the velvet of sympathy—and gives a silken coating to the rough exterior of humanity. To love ardently, deeply, devoutly, I acknowledge is sometimes painful; nevertheless it is a pleasant pain, attended with some delightful sensations. It is a kind of inward itching, which requires the continual exercise of scratching, and yet the irritation is never allayed. The more we scratch, the more we itch—and nothing but matrimony can serve as an effectual remedy—and that, in too many instances, is far worse than the disease.

My friends—not to love is also painful. To have all our thoughts entombed in the dark sepulchre of selfishness, and our hopes lost in the cold mists of misanthropy, is about as bad as being confined in a dungeon, to be fed with the fragments of one's former follies. The light of love, admitted through the windows of the heart, warms and nourishes the soil of the soul—causes the buds of benevolence to expand, and the capsules of charity to be filled with the ripe seeds of sympathy. Without the genial innocence of love, the bosom freezes and becomes as barren as a goose-pasture in winter. If a flower chanceth to bloom, it is destitute of fragrance; or, if it have any, it wastes its sweetness, as the poet says, upon the desert air. To be without love is like being without a fire in winter, a lamp at night, and a sun at mid-day. The heart that never loves is as hard as a brick-bat, as insensible as a pickled clam to all the finer feelings, and a stranger to every delightful emotion. An old bachelor, my friends, whose heart is never warmed with affection, is a miserable nobody in the world. He is as cold-blooded as a turtle, and looks as melancholy as a clam. His hopes die as soon as they begin to pin-feather—there is no

more sentiment in his soul than there is music in a corn-stalk fiddle—his thoughts are wrapped up in the shroud of self—he knows not the pleasures attendant on the sexual amalgamation of souls—his abode is fixed in the solitary wild of celibacy, where all is cheerless, comfortless, and dreary. There he lives, and there he dies, unhonored and unwept; and when he is finally carried away by the current of time, we can only say, There goes another parcel of rubbish into the gulf of eternity!

My hearers—it is painful to love, and painful not to love—painful anyhow you can fix it; but oh! it is excruciating pain to love and not have it reciprocated! To go to an extravagant outlay of affection, and then have it all wasted, or sent home as sour as swill, is enough to make a man tear his shirt or tread on his own corns. It's manslaughter for a girl to spurn a young chap's love, who she knows that by so doing she drives the poor fellow to destruction in a considerable of a hurry. It's murder in the first degree—it's cruelty to helpless animals—it's worse than skinning eels alive; and any female guilty of such a wanton act ought to be courted by fiends during her life-time, and wedded to the devil at last. When any of you, my young male friends, get so tangled up with the object of your loves that you don't hardly know to which gender you belong, you know very well that you care a precious little who, what or how you are, so long as you remain in such a happy, pleasing perplexity; but let the least breeze of jealousy, doubt or disappointment blow, you straighten right out, like a dead frog. Your bosoms fill up with buttermilk and bitter meditations—your stomachs with bile, and your heads with suicidal ideas. You grow saturnine—get sick—neglect your business—and then, perhaps, to wind up the whole, admit the common atmosphere into your gizzards with a dirk knife, or ventilate your brains' cell with a pistol. Oh! unreciprocated love has fed the jaws of Death with many a precious morsel of humanity; and Cupid's arrow, which is said to tickle while it wounds, sometimes tickles pretty confounded hard. Its head is often dipped in poison, and wo betake the poor victim it pierces! I don't know, myself, exactly how a fellow feels when he loves almost to distraction, and then suddenly sees his adored flirting with, or wedded to, another; but I suppose he feels at first as though a piece of ice was thrust under his shirt, and his bosom ready to collapse. He must endure the tor-

ments of the damned, for a time at least; and the only way in which he can heal his wounds, is to plaster them over with the salve of forgetfulness, and swallow this consoling anodyne:—
 ‘There are yet as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught.’

My dear friends—if you were all to love one another, in a moderate, but sincere, christianlike way, you might be sure of being loved, not only by your sister, woman, and your brother, man, but also by your Father, God. Then would peace, harmony and happiness prevail upon earth, and joy among the angels of heaven. Then would our thorn-covered ways be turned to flowery lawns—then would the rank weeds of hatred put forth the sweet blossoms of friendship—and then might we all partake of the pleasures of love unpoisoned by pain. So mote it be!

ON THE PRESENT DAY POETS.

TEXT.—I’ve genius, I’ve fame,
 I’ve friends without number,
 But the sound of my name
 Shall not break on my slumber;
 The harp that I sweep
 Shall rot in my grave;
 My friends can but weep
 They never could save.

Thou beautiful world!
 Farewell! and ye skies!
 Your glory forever
 Must fade from my eyes!
 And I must be hidden
 The cold grave within!
 To be as a thing
 That never had been!

MY DEAR FRIENDS—and foes, too, if I am blest with any!—I fear that there may be some among you who don’t understand me, and my preaching. What makes me think so, is, that a man stopped me in the street the other day, and told me that he thought my sermons had a tendency to bring religion into ridicule. I at first shuddered at the idea, and a sort of chill crawled up my trousers’ legs like a bushel of spiders; but I soon saw that the film of prejudice had grown pretty thick over the eyes of his understanding, and, moreover, that he often slept during my preaching; or, in other

words, he didn't read my sermons enough to know more than a precious little about them. So I reasoned with him. I told him to examine carefully every one of my back discourses, and he would find that I never took a text from the Bible—never quoted from the scriptures—seldom or never referred to them—nor meddled with religion in any way. This brought him to his milk a little, and he could only find fault with the title, 'Short Patent Sermons.' Now, my friends, let me tell you, I call my discourses Sermons, because I go on in a sermonizing strain with whatever subject my fancy pitches upon. A sermon is not necessarily confined to religion. I cannot call them Lectures, as lectures merely elucidate subjects, or speculate upon theories, without giving admonition or friendly advice. I cannot call them Sentimental Cogitations, as such are not directed to an audience. I must have an audience to preach at; and, thank my stars, I have a large one, and a respectable one. I call them Patent, because their style is peculiar to myself: inherent within me, and I can't help it. They are short, because they are not long. This explains the whole, and if anybody can point out a single sentiment of mine clashing with the sensibilities of a christian—making due allowances for the eccentricities of my nature—I will forfeit my grey hairs to the makers of fiddle-bows.

My tenacious friends! the words that compose my text were the last ones uttered, said or sung by a disconsolate old bachelor, who seemed to feel that the black curtain of death was about to drop between him and the gaze of an admiring world; that his talents and virtues were soon to be buried in the deep sea of oblivion, unpicked by memory, and never to be fished up by the grappling irons of recollection. He was disconsolate, because he knew that he had genius, fame and popularity, and that his friends without number would allow all these to sink into forgetfulness, soon after he himself had taken his leave, and become as a mere nothing that never had been. Yet the death-tone of his harp breathed melody, and put forth blossoms even in the cold December of the tomb! It was his bad fortune, my friends, to be a modern poet—to have a few tears wasted on his grave, and then remembered no more. When a minstrel dies at the present day, his harp is buried to rot with him; and the clod-worm dissevers its strings while feeding on his once-devoted heart. It is not suffered

to hang upon the cypress and re-echo the strains it once gave out. No—it goes to blue ruin as soon as the fingers that swept it have crumbled to dust. There was a time, my hearers, when poetry was thought to exude from the pen of inspiration; afterward the summit of Parnassus was barely accessible to the strongest pinions of genius; and poets walked out of the world surrounded by an inextinguishable blaze of glory—but, now-a-days, minstrelsy is as common as shad in April, and thought not half so much of. Every school-boy can write poetry now; and the flowers of sentiment that decorate the lyres of our greatest bards, are nothing more than artificial ones, in imitation of those that bloomed in the gardens which the Muses planted in days of yore. The girdle of Apollo has been worn thread-bare in the service of the Nines, and it is now no longer fit to gird up the loins of a penny rhymester. A body might as well think of revolutionizing the world with Bennett's Herald, as to suppose he can gain immortality by scribbling verses. I tell you, my friends, poetry at the present day is no go. It is nothing but brushwood on fire. It blazes up for a moment, then dies in smoke, and all its genius, brightness, and beauty, is left to smoulder in its embers. When a poet dies, his name and his fame die with him. He jumps right off from the highest cliff of ambition, down, down into the unfathomable gulf of nonentity! He gives one Kick, and the circling waves of sympathy extend to his nearest friends and relatives, but no further. Even their tears soon become dried, and memory loses the way to his silent abode.

My hearers—had not the subject of my text been an old bachelor, he might have been remembered by a few, at least; but as it was, he left not a morsel of himself behind him, in the shape of posterity; and there is no wonder that, when about to depart, he felt as though he should become nothing more than the substance of a bursted-up dream. My friends! never write poetry for fame; for if you do, you will get about as large a quantity of it as you would of gold by skinning a rainbow. Write it for amusement, only, or not at all—that's the way I do. Get married, above all things—for there is nothing like matrimony to prevent a thousand useless germs of poetry from sprouting in the heart. The death of every old maid or bachelor is always attended with horror, mortification and fear—and there is no knowing where such

people go to. Don't wed yourselves to the Muses, but wed to one another, and prevent being wedded forever to wo. So mote it be!

WINE—SLAVERY.

TEXT.—Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—

I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But, gazing on each glowing maid

My own the burning tear-drop laves

To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

MY HEARERS—these are the words of my friend Lord Byron, whom 'a few gin' and a too hasty pursuit after glory put into the grave in the midst of years. He was fond not only of gin, but of filling high the bowl with Samian wine for the fun of seeing it lower a little; but these, with the assistance of a woman or two, an excess of poetry, and a peculiar kind of burnt-up patriotism, proved his ruin. Therefore, my friends, if you would escape his fate, avoid his follies. Gin, wine and women are well enough with a proper and temperate indulgence; but considerable danger attends the first partaking—there is no knowing what it may lead to, as the blind beggar said of his untrained dog, and while the lady dogs were seducing him from his proper path. The text says, Fill high the bowl with Samian wine; but don't you do it. Fill it with no kind of wine: neither Samian, Port, Sherry, Madeira, Teneriffe, nor Claret; for there is a little devil quietly sleeping at the bottom of every wine-cup, who, when disturbed by even a drop, is the very devil of all devils.

My friends—the text also says, Our virgins dance beneath the shade. Yes, they dance beneath the wide-spreading shade of the tree of liberty; but it isn't in consequence of Samian wine or any other manufactured excitement that they dance, laugh and sing, and 'come the extras.' No, it is the natural elasticity of youthhood that causes them to hop up and down, wriggle about and promenade round, combined with the enlivening influences of freedom's atmosphere, and a desire to attract the attention of young fellows. Methinks I see, as well as friend Byron, their glorious black eyes shine; but they shine only with the lustre of Nature's pure varnish. They need none of the extra touches of artificial stimulants to increase their brilliancy. They glisten, like the

stars of heaven, not from any borrowed light, but from an inherent fire of their own—and they are bound to shine, like a book with a red cover and gilt edges.

My hearers—I don't know as there is any occasion for crying, to think that the breasts of these beautiful virgins must suckle slaves. We are all slaves! Although in a world of comparative freedom, and in a land of outrageous liberty, we were born to be slaves; and death alone can emancipate us. We are slaves to one another, to circumstances, and to habit. Man enslaves his fellow man throughout the world. The man of wealth is considered the tyrant, and one of Freedom's pets; and yet he is slave to his own slaves: and, worse than all, a slave to more care and anxiety of mind than a bondsman, serf, or a contented negro upon a southern plantation, ever thought of. The fact is, there is a certain superiority, either of genius, talent, natural capability, or something else, that puts one man above another—to say nothing of the power of gold—and those that are under must contrive the best way they can to keep their corns from being trodden upon. We are all studying and trying hard to get up at the head of the class; and yet mawkish Philanthropy is continually shedding crocodile tears for those at the foot, just as if it couldn't be right that ANY ONE should be there! Oh, world, world!—what a world! Oh, man man!—how good and pure thou art in precept, but how rottenly corrupt in practice! I know that human nature wants refining more than a toad wants wings; but it is not in my power, nor is the breeches of any living mortal, to do it; and he that attempts it might as well pull at a bush and try to make the earth perform retrograde revolution.

My friends—I am disgusted with my fellow kind—and my own preaching in particular. So mote it be!

ADVICE GRATIS.

TEXT.—'Fret not thy gizzard.'

MY HEARERS—fortitude, patience, and perseverance, are the on team-horses capable of dragging the lumbering car of man's hop through the marsh of misfortune. Fretting, finching, cursing, swearing can no more extricate one from difficulty than a sil

shad can release itself from the fisherman's net by idle flapping and floundering. When a man finds himself in the midst of thorns and briars of trouble, the only way for him is to step cautiously and feel his road through them with the utmost care; but if he fret, fluster and bluster, he is sure to effect nothing more than lacerate his bosom and tear his trousers. When he perceives that his feelings are beginning to ferment, through irritation, he ought to keep a small air-hole open to his heart, not only to admit the pure oxygen of reason, but also to allow the gas of excitement to escape by degrees—else he might burst his barrel of forbearance, and lose in a moment some of the sweetest and best of life's cider.

My friends—when your cobweb fabrics of anticipation are swept away by the storms of ill-fortune, there is no more use in fretting your gizzards about it than there is in a young female victim of seduction trying to stick the fragments of virtue together with tears of repentance. To fret and chafe about trifles, like a tender school boy when first initiated into the mysteries of a flannel shirt, is as nonsensical as it is useless. Maintain your ground manfully against the assaults of petty ills, and in due time you will not heed them half as much as the buzz of an October mosquito; otherwise you will probably learn by experience that there is such a thing as rubbing a pimple till you produce an ulcer. In the hour of adversity, for assistance call upon Fortitude—that bold nymph of the rock, whose dauntless spirit bears the beating storm and bitter winds that howl around her—whose breast braves the bursting waves and who bears the dread thunder with a soul as unshaken as a carpet in a lawyer's office. Yes, my friends, instead of fretting your gizzards when a boding cloud skirts the horizon of your hopes, you ought to have philosophy about you sufficient to know that, although the coming shower may wet your jackets, it renders the earth fruitful, and bountifully contributes to your wants and necessities. Satan himself, when he was kicked out of heaven into the regions of darkness and wo, was too much of a man to whine and fret at his fate. He bore it like a hero, and consoled himself with the reflection that it were 'better to reign in hell than to serve in heaven.' Exercise patience, and the thick mists of misfortune that bedim your future prospects will disperse the sooner: push ahead with perseverance, unmindful of trifling annoyances, and every bud in your bosoms that threatens to disclose

a thistle, will bloom a rose; but this worrying and fretting when circumstances clash with one's fond desires, is like brushing a beaver against the nap—the more you attempt to smooth the rougher it grows.

My dear friends—I am almost induced to believe that some people, instead of being supplied with hearts, have nothing but gizzards filled with grit and gravel. They appear to have just dined upon pebbles and iron filings, and always laboring under the influence of indigestion. Nothing goes right with them—everything is wrong. The milk of mercy sours upon their stomachs—they turn up their noses at the sweets of salvation—they spit in the hand of charity—spurn friendly solicitude—and care no more for soft soap and sympathy than a dog does for a dollar. All they wish is to be allowed the privilege of fretting, undisturbed by friend or foe—unchecked by fear, and unswayed by favor. They fret for fear the morrow may not be brighter than golden to-day: they fret because others are cheerful and contented with their lots: and they oftentimes fret merely because they can find nothing of importance to fret about. Let them go on fretting till they have arrived at the end of life's journey, and I am inclined to think they will eventually find that they have fretted to no purpose. There is no doubt but they would find fault with the arrangements of heaven, were they allowed to enter,—and thus go on fretting from everlasting to everlasting. As for me, I put up with the beatings and tumblings of this mortal existence as quietly as a feather-bed; and I trust that most of you, my worthy hearers, are blest with the same happy disposition.

Young man!—if you find an occasional bramble of disappointment in the blossom-fringed path of youth, 'fret not thy gizzard'—for, whatever is, is undoubtedly for the best. If your parents endeavor to restrain you from paddling in the putrid pools of iniquity, or forbid your travelling the road that leads to rum-shops and ruin, 'fret not thy gizzard.' If you discover thorns amidst the roses of love—a few bitter dregs at the bottom of pleasure's sparkling cup: if the season of manhood brings with it irritating solicitude and anxiety, and thus tumbles a cart-load of cares at your door, 'fret not thy gizzard;' for all your grumbling will have no more effect than petitioning congress to have eternity widened. Look, my friends, upon the bright side of everything, and fancy th

you are happy, whether you are really so or not. When the hatchel-teeth of trouble encompass the heart, keep as quiet as circumstances will permit; for the more you writhe and twist, the more sharply you are pricked. Always try to keep the lamp of hope burning in the dark dungeons of your bosoms, and the demons of doubt will never haunt them. Face every ill with the boldness of a lion—bear up with christian fortitude beneath the heavy burden of affliction—be merciful, kind and benevolent to your fellow creatures—and angels of light and loveliness will volunteer to act as your pioneers through the untracked and unbounded wilderness of the future. So mote it be!

USELESS REPINING—WOMAN—VERMONT.

TEXT.—Let those who will repine at fate,
 And droop their heads with sorrow;
 I laugh when cares upon me wait—
 I know they'll leave to-morrow.
 My purse is light, but what of that?
 My heart is light to match it;
 And, if I tear my only coat,
 I laugh the while I patch it.

MY HEARERS—what is the use of being sad?—closing the window shutters of the soul's tenement against the sunlight of joy—especially when the world without is so bright and cheerful? Look out upon the smiling creation and partake of that spirit of gladness which was intended to pervade all of Nature's works. Even though you anticipate troubles at hand, sing and be merry, like tree-toads before a thunder storm; and their visits will scarcely be heeded. Murmuring never healed a wound nor eased a pain, except when one frets himself to death. Contrive to keep cares out of the bosom. When a few of these annoying insects once get there, they breed faster than bedbugs in June, and eat holes in the heart large enough for rats to run through. If botherations beset me, I make myself easy, knowing full well they will leave on the morrow: if sorrow comes to seek lodging in my bosom's bed-chamber, I tell her I am all full, and a few over; and besides, I don't accommodate any of her sort—laugh at her for supposing she can come in with a bad shilling, and off she goes. Sorrow can't bear to be laughed at. If my pockets should happen to be

light, I wouldn't load my heart with lead ; and if, unfortunately, I should burst my trousers in straining to lift too big a bag full of riches, I should get them mended, and think no more about it. Cheer up, ye sad and disconsolate !—your grum phizzes are enough to frighten happiness over half a dozen fences—put clean shirts upon your souls—scour up your thoughts—let Imagination gather daily fresh garlands from paradise ; and permit Fancy to throw a few of her favorite flowers upon the altar of hope. In a word, be determined not to care for Care, and you will find the world a great deal smoother than it looks to be.

TEXT.—When woman's eye grows dull,
 And her cheek paleth,
 When fades the beautiful,
 Then man's love faileth :
 He sits not beside her chair,
 Clasps not her fingers,
 Twines not her damp hair
 That o'er her brow lingers.

MY HEARERS—the above is the opinion of a woman who, no doubt, suffered from neglect as her personal charms decayed. We all know very well that beautiful objects are favored with lots of love, while others less comely receive but a slight tribute of respect. We love birds and flowers, because they are fair to behold : and hate hop-toads and dry mullen-stalks for their ugliness, notwithstanding one may be just as good as another. A child loves a kitten while it is young, pretty and playful ; but when it grows up to a coarse and grave grimalkin, it ceases to be caressed. A little blue-eyed lass, with silken locks, ruby lips and cheeks like roses, we cannot help but love, and can scarce refrain from pressing her to our bosom ; but who would think of hugging a dried-up old granny ? Love, like a butterfly, lights only upon blossoms ; and when these begin to fade, it disappears. It is as true as the book of Absalom, and there is no use in any one denying it, that when wedded woman's eye grows dull—when her cheek becomes pale—when the figures of Time's cyphering begin to show on her face, and when her outward attractions have fallen off—that man's love faileth. Yes, it fails so much as it depends upon what is beautiful in the flesh to support it. He don't fondle her then as he used to once ; nor kiss her upon the same 'high pressure system' as before. He dor put his arms around her, and call her his turtle dove, his duck, '

primrose, his lilly of the valley, his sweet cider, and all that sort of sentiment; but contents himself with considering her his 'old woman,' and, probably, a kind, dutiful and affectionate wife. But, dear woman—you, in whom the heavenly virtues shine!—when destroying years shall have de-decorated your person, the amaranthine flowers that grace the garden of your mind, will still continue to bloom and brighten in the light of man's love. When you shall be laid on a bed of sickness—when you gradually decline to the tomb—when the world looks dark and dreary—when your strength fails—when physic fails, and your eyes are about to be closed in death—there are two things that won't fail. These are eternal hope and man's undying love! You may depend upon that, good woman.

TEXT.—Glory to old Vermont! she stands
Where Freedom's star hath never set;
Though dim its light on other lands,
It shines upon her mountains yet.

MY HEARERS—shout glory to old Vermont! she is one of the most glorious of the glorious Twenty-Sixes. Her everlasting green mountains are emblematical of her evergreen morality. There the folks don't drink any more rum than they want, nor stay away from church oftener than they choose. The boys never swear, except by the great jumping Moses, and the girls never allow themselves to be kissed till after marriage. There the parent rivers sing of freedom, and the baby brooks prattle of liberty. There the Star of Freedom never sets. It has been rising for half a century, and it isn't now more than a hundred feet above Camel's Rump. Shout for old Vermont—the land of long-legged women and fine-wooled sheep! She is chock-full of freedom—so full that she spills over into the laps of her sister states. Look! yonder, my friends, flows the noble Hudson—the pure juice of freedom, fresh from the borders of old Vermont; and yonder moves the majestic Connecticut—the very liquor of liberty flowing from the same fountain! Hope and pray, my friends, that the time won't be long coming when not only the benighted and enslaved region of Manhattan, but the whole world, shall experience those blessings and liberties which so glorify, illuminate, and beautify old Vermont. Pray powerfully. So mote it be!

ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

TEXT.—As I walked out by the light of the moon,
 So merrily singing this old tune,
 I came across a big raccoon
 A-sitting on a rail,
 And sleeping very sound.
 At this old 'coon I long'd to peep,
 Because he was so fast asleep;
 So up to him I gently creep,
 And catch him by the tail,
 And pull him on the ground.

MY HEARERS—we find it recorded on the page of sacred history, that man shall hold dominion over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air—and so he does, with a vengeance that is sickening to mercy, revolting to humanity, and frightening to crows. What is man more than a 'coon that he should set his arms akimbo, and stick his elbows clear through both sides of creation, exclaiming: The whole earth is mine, and all that inherit it must succumb to the puissance of the almighty mandate of my will? Yes, I ask, why is it that he should do this, while the very worms at his feet are peeping from the clouds and laughing him to scorn, saying: Old chap, you may crow and triumph in your vanity, but the time will come when we will make oatmeal of you and your household, just as we have breakfasted upon the flesh of your forefathers. Man is nothing more than a lump of dirt in the scale of animated nature, and when he dies he mingles his ashes with those of the reptiles of the earth; and I feel well assured that even Professor Silliman himself could not pick out two particles of once-organized dust, and swear that this is reptiferous and that human. It is true that man is endowed with intellect and reason, which is denied the beasts; but this only adds a thicker coat of shame to the disgrace of wantonly molesting or torturing them while they are quietly snoozing in the comfortable lap of Nature who provides for them with maternal tenderness and care, as being her first-born, and legitimately entitled to her love and protection. If cats and dogs do sometimes come to tooth and claw with each other, and kick up bloody rows, we can forgive them, because they know no better; but for reasoning man to purposely crush the insects in his path beneath his high-heeled boots of arrogance, or to annoy dumb animals in any manner, is wholly inexcusable,

and he ought to suffer for it. He should take a lesson from what Uncle Toby said when he opened the window and told the poor fly to go, for the world was wide enough for him and it. Why, my friends, I believe that 'coons, skunks and 'possums are the true aborigines of America—the real natives of Columbia's soil—that they have a better right to its unlimited possession than either you or I have; and it is a hard case that they should be chopped up and made soup of by a blood-thirsty race of savage-civilized, carnivorous, two-legged beings.

My friends—this venerable old 'coon alluded to in my text, it appears, was soundly sleeping upon his favorite rail, in the silvery light of the moon, and, perchance, sweetly dreaming of his lady-love who was far, far away. There he was, quietly reposing in his own valley of contentment, while the wings of the zephyrs brushed the balmy dew-drops from the leaves of his chestnut pillow—aye, upon the very spot which contained the bones of his ancestors, and which had been bequeathed him by the God of Nature. He felt himself secure upon his elevated couch, and yet, whenever he thought upon his latter end, he was fearful that thereby hung a tale, which might prove a plague to his peace: and so it turned out—for, ere the midnight moon had reached the climax of her ambition, a wandering loafer, full of wine, mirth and mischief, crept slyly up, and laying hold of the posterioral ornament of the poor defenceless 'coon, hauled him upon the ground and abused him in such a ruffianly manner, that he was glad to escape with a bunged eye and a bloody nose. What business had he to pull the inoffensive 'coon by the tail while his carcase was unprotected by his senses, which were drowned in oblivious slumber? How would you, my friends, like to be served in the same way? Ah! you would squeal for vengeance, and invoke ten thousand curses upon the head of him who did it. Such inhumanity is steeped in the deepest dye of censure, and places a contemptible grease-spot upon the bright escutcheon of a civilized community. It appears to me that because the sins of the human race are visited upon after generations, you want to make innocent 'coons become responsible for a portion of them, since they have no iniquities of their own to answer for. O, shame, where didst thou get so much cheek!

But, my dear friends, this poor, persecuted old 'coon is still liv-

ing in the sunshine of a wide-spread fame and undying honor. While his brethren are every day falling victims to relentless politicians, and the skins of his kindred hang perching on the gable ends of log cabins, he is allowed to roam abroad in the green corn field of freedom, venerated and respected by all. When the time shall draw nigh for him to take his grey hairs down to the grave in peace, he will glory in the consolation that, although he once lost a comfortable snooze by a walloping, still he gained immortal renown by a cruel and unjust persecution. Beware, my friends, how you torment creatures beneath you because they are not endowed with the gift of the gab, and have no way of manifesting all the tortures they feel. I shall raise my leather-lined lungs in their defence, I shan't even permit you to treat them as you do one another; for they are worthy of more respect and decency. As my friend Mr. Morris would say, so say I: Old 'coon, while I've a hand to save, a loafer shall harm thee not; and I offer the same protection to the whole quadruped kingdom, from a titmouse up to the behemoth himself.

My friends—wherever you make tracks upon the sandy desert of life, let Mercy lead you with her rosy bands of love, and your paths to the grave shall not be wholly barren, neither shall the sun of existence go down in the midst of the dark, boding clouds of doubt. So mote it be!

LOVE PREFERRED TO FAME.

TEXT.—Give me the boon of love!

Fame's trumpet strains depart;
But love's sweet lute breathes melody
That lingers in the heart;
And the scroll of fame will burn
When sea and earth consume,
But the rose of love in a happier sphere,
Will live in deathless bloom!

MY HEARERS—pure love, without licentiousness or sensuality, is manufactured by the angels in heaven expressly for this terrestrial market. It is a glorious thing for us that a friendly intercourse is still maintained in relation to this indispensable commodity; for, without love, we should be as morose and miserable as an old maid without tea. It keeps the heart moist with the genial dews of af-

fection—renders soft and pliable the putty of pity—and calls up spirits of compassion from the vasty deep of human selfishness. I know there are some who prefer fame to love—who had rather plunge headlong into perdition with the world's applause, than push for paradise alone and unnoticed. But, my friends, why should they make a fever in the brain and set their blood boiling for the sake of gaining a wreath whose green leaves shall but decorate a withered brow, and wave above a bosom barren in peace and comfort? Give me the boon of love! I had much rather 'lay off' and bask in the warm sunshine of affection, than be led by crazy ambition to the top of the mountain, where cold winds rave and everlasting snows encompass. Oh, I had rather lean upon a breast that beats responsive to mine, and feast upon kisses, than sit pavilioned upon a kingly throne, and be pricked by the pins of care, an object of fear and favor, but not of love.

My friends—renown is but a hollow sound that echoes through the silent halls of death, where it dies away, and is heard no more. The path of fame is a dreary and dangerous one—now leading through a gloomy vale of disappointment, and now bordering upon precipices and dangerous chasms, down which one may tumble ere he is aware of it, and break himself into so many pieces that while one eye was hunting after his nose the other could go to sleep for an hour and wake up in time to see it properly adjusted. One single wild flower plucked from the path of love—no matter how lowly or humble it may be—looks prettier and smells sweeter than the brightest blossom that ambition ever culled from the hot-house of fame. There is as much difference between the two as there is between a toadstool and the handsomest hollyhocks that grow spontaneously upon the outskirts of heaven. O, then give me the boon of love! The will-o-wisp of fame shines at a distance with a cold, phosphorescent glow amid the fogs of doubt and uncertainty; but the light of love is near and cheering. It gradually warms a person all over, from one extremity to the other—thaws out feelings of tenderness that have lain congealed in a long winter of misanthropy—and, every now and then, drops a new spark upon the tinder of his affections. One tender glance from the bright eye of beauty, in a cold day, will throw caloric enough into the soul to keep the body warm for a week; and our thermometers of joy and pleasure will stand upon an average at

fever heat. But the flame of glory, my friends, burns fitfully and scorchingly for a few moments upon the funeral pyre of man's happiness, and then leaves him surrounded by the midnight darkness of the tomb.

My dear friends—give me but the boon of love, and I will ask no other. There is no more music in the wild, harsh trumpet-strains of fame than there is in a woman's whistling. They resound for awhile over mountain and plain, rousing toads, lizards, and loafers to peep from their holes in wonder and astonishment—and then they depart for ever: but the soft, sweet lute of love breathes heaven-born melody, that lingers in the bosom when bereft of all other enjoyment, and causes the heart-strings to vibrate with joy even at the door of the tomb. When the snows of age shall settle upon us, and life's landscape looks sad and dreary—when the songs of mirth and jollity have ceased to please—the recollection of love's early music will awaken such pleasing echoes in our bosoms as shall oft cause us to forget that we are old and are not able to properly appreciate what we so lavishly admire. Though the winter of our existence shall have set in upon us, and the trees of our youth shall have been stripped of their verdure, the leaves of love will start forth anew in the warm sun of memory; and they will flourish for a short time as fresh and fair as though they were not soon, soon to be destroyed by the frosts of forgetfulness.

My hearers—seek not for fame. Its scroll will be burnt to ashes, when the dust of your bodies shall mingle with its original dust; but seek for love—for that abideth for ever. When this world of ours shall be shipwrecked upon the unknown shore of eternity—when combustion shall take place, and all things perish amid the sinful wreck of matter—Love, immortal Love, shall phoenix-like rise from her ashes, and wing her way to those realms of glory, where Honor has no seal—where Fame is stript of her laurels—and where the steam of Ambition is blown off for ever. Look for the rose of love, my friends—place it in your bosoms—water it with the tears of affection—and it will never fade. Its perfume will never be exhausted—its leaves will never fall—and not a petal will wither. It will continue in deathless bloom through the countless ages of eternity, in a better sphere than this; that is to say, if it is never exposed to the storm of neglect;

nor wilted before the burning blaze of dissipation. So mote it be!

ON PATIENCE.

TEXT.—Be patient, oh be patient! put your ear against the earth;
Listen then how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth;
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade
• stands up in the day!

MY HEARERS—there is nothing like Patience to put a man through the world easy and gently—without tearing his clothes, chafing the skin, or ruffling the fine feathers of the spirit. It is the foundation of much moral philosophy, and a component part of wisdom. If you lack patience, you are wanting in wisdom; like the fellow who killed his hen to get the eggs, instead of giving her time to lay them. Time must be allowed for everything. Whether it is allowed or not, Time will have his own way; and he cares no more for our hurryings and worryings than a steam locomotive does for the yelpings of a yellow dog. Time was taken and patience exercised in the making of this beautiful world we are permitted to pollute, and all its starry accompaniments. Had a mortal been empowered and trusted with the work (if he didn't work by the day) he would have crowded a six days' job into three—and a pretty mess, indeed, he would have made of it. The whole machinery would be for ever getting out of order; and it would cost more for repairs than the entire establishment were worth. But, as it is now, planned by a head only capable of the wisest conceptions, and executed by a hand that never can err, we have everything just as it should be; and not even the most self-consequential infidel dare suggest any improvement upon the fabrication. I have sometimes wondered in my meditative, and I may say, wicked moments, how the Omnipotent himself could have accomplished such a magnificent work, and produced such perfection, in the short space of six days!—sixty would hardly bring it in the scope of human comprehension. It seems well that man was the last object created. Had he been given a being with the universe in its unfinished state, his impatience never would have allowed it a proper time for completion; and he would have been

constantly suggesting alterations and improvements. He would say, Make the moon a little brighter, and let it always be full, without the possibility of change—put an extra touch on the sun, and make it rise always at a certain hour, the year round—better fix it so as to have it rain after folks have gone to bed, and cease when they get up in the morning—and all such nonsense. Well, it seems, I repeat, that man wasn't created till all other things were made—that he was awakened out of an anterior eternity, not to view and find fault with certain parts of an unfinished world, but to behold and admire the perfection, beauty and magnificence of the whole.

My friends—under all circumstances, keep cool, be easy, and have patience. Fidgeting and hitching about with the restlessness of a monkey with a sore bottom, never can 'hurry up the cakes' of anticipation. They will come when they are ready, and not before. Ponder over the pictures of patience in the book of nature. See how patiently and silently the seed works underground for a season, and then puts forth its blades, green leaves, buds and blossoms in all their pride and glory. So it is with the seeds of thought: they must lie buried for a time in the bosom—have a silent undergrowth—ere they can bloom beautifully with words or produce apples of gold. Observe the spider: see how by patience, perseverance, and drawing a thread at a time, he weaves a wondrous fabric. Look at the ant: he lugs but a grain of matter at once, and yet by patient industry he makes a young mountain. And the jackass: he beareth his burthen with meekness and humility—knowing that kindness and condescension will go farther towards getting him a good supper than the uttermost amount of obstinacy.

My friends—be patient. Purposes that require weeks or months for their fulfilment never can be accomplished in a day; and the mightiest of efforts, like the acorn in the ground, must be permitted a proper time to germinate, grow, and arrive at gigantic greatness. So mote it be!

ON DISCORD.

TEXT.—Discord ever haunts with hideous mien,
Those dire abodes where Hymen once has been.

MY HEARERS—there is no sweet without its bitter—no pleasure

without its pain—and, morally speaking, no harmony without its discord. In the midst of the world's most harmonious music, the harsh tones of discord grate upon the ear, and make one feel about as uncomfortable as does the sound of a fire-shovel when rubbed over the gritty surface of a stone hearth. It is true there are a few habitations on this crustaceous globe where the children of Harmony reside, and from whence we are greeted with dulcet strains, as smooth and as oily as the silvery notes of an angel's lute; but these, combined with the wretched janglings of the world at large, make music as hideous as Fra Diavolo played upon a tin whistle, and accompanied with a string of sleigh-bells. Many, who pretend to be sharp-sighted enough to see through a brickbat in a cloudy night, cannot discover but that an unison of feeling and of motive bind a man to his brother man in all civilized and enlightened communities; but I tell you, my friends, that selfishness, ambition and avarice have rusted many of the brightest links in the social chain, and deadened the harmony of its reverberations.

My dear friends—apart from the general conflict that agitates the human family, there is a domestic discord more disagreeable and more to be dreaded than any other. It haunts the deserted castles of love, where Hymen once sang the songs of gladness and joy. It jars the happiness of multitudes who are fastened firmly in the matrimonial cage, and renders life to them a series of perplexities and wo. When I see two congenial hearts wedded together in feeling, sympathy and love—two souls blended in one, like the calm meeting of two peaceful streams in a flowery vale—it does really appear as though they would never be disturbed by any of the conflicting storms that sweep over the world and beat in upon the domestic peace of human families. All with them is joy and rapture. Not a cloud mars the blue heaven of their enjoyment—the atmosphere that surrounds them is scented with kisses and cologne—every passing breeze whispers of connubial love—and where one flower fades upon the bush of indulgence, two more are expanding in the dews of reciprocal affection, and promise gay blossoms for the morrow. But, oh, my friends! how soon are these delightful extravagances banished from the sight! What a change too frequently comes over the scene, even before the last horn of the honey-moon has disappeared!—and such a change, as Byron might remark—O night and darkness, devour it up for ever!

What was before all light and loveliness, is suddenly changed to gloom and sorrow—that which was harmony has become discord—and the downy pillow of peace is crammed full of the thorns of discontent. Jarrings, bickerings, frettings, scoldings and upbraidings make a bedlam of the bower of love, and frighten pleasure far beyond the pale of its precincts. With the unhappy couple it is now you will and now you won't—your shall and you shan't—and you'll catch it if you don't: whereas, but a little while before, the one would have been willing to wade through a sea of soap-fat to comply with the wishes of the other. I know how the matter lies, my friends. When a young fellow and girl love each other sincerely and truly, all they want is satisfaction, as the duellists say. Well, after they have been married a month or two they get satisfaction—and yet for all this they are more dissatisfied than ever. Instead of holding on to each others' hands while travelling down life's slippery road, they sometimes separate, and one falls into one ditch, and the other into the other, where they lie unnoticed by the world, and hardly recognized by the hogs. Thus Discord dwells in the habitation of Hymen, and slackens every concordant string of the human heart.

My hearers—if you would like to be more particularly informed of the original name of Discord, I can only say that this she-monster's native place is said to be far on the frontiers of the Infernal Regions, near that dark and gloomy shore upon which the waves of Chaos dash their sulphuric brine. Here, high upon a craggy cliff that received mighty thunders upon its front, and never dodged at lightning, was the fiend originally bound by an enormous brazen chain. She used to sometimes set up such hideous yells that the tide dare not come in for eight-and-forty hours; and Night would even turn pale with fear. She had a thousand ugly mouths, and each had twenty clamorous tongues. She would tear her own entrails with her wild-cat claws, and pull the snaky hair from her horrid head. The breath she belched forth caused whirlwinds, tornadoes and tempests; and her fierce, glaring eyes looked like a couple of fiery comets burning in their bloody circles. A thousand lesser monsters waged war around her, and kept up a continual hubbub, to the everlasting annoyance of the demons of darkness that slept in the dungeons of death below. The terrible creature, Discord, my friends, in a fit of distraction at last broke loose, and

went all over creation with the speed of a detached locomotive under a full headway of steam, and has ever since been kicking up a dust all along the highway of man's social peace; and the only way to tame her impetuous spirit is to play her some gentle air upon the harp of fraternal love, in a strain of christian meekness. This alone can subdue her; and if you have a mind to try it, I'll bet a year's salary to a tin sixpence that harmony, love and brotherly kindness will prevail, where now discord, death and the devil bear sway.

My dear friends—you may disagree, dispute and wrangle as much as you see fit, but it will be only for a short time longer. You may separate from your partners, your families, and from each other; but you must recollect that you must, ere long, be brought to a focus in that narrow tenement, the grave, where black and white, friends and foes, amalgamate indiscriminately. Be prepared, then, for the doom, and behave yourselves like rational beings to whom the hope is given of a fairer and a better world, where all is harmony and love, and where discord never can enter. So mote it be!

ON DREAMS.

TEXT.—I arise from dreams of thee,
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are burning bright;
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Has led me—who knows how?
 To thy chamber window, sweet.

MY HEARERS—there is a mystery about dreams which I cannot understand, and to solve which were a task beyond the pale of my philosophy. In reference to animal magnetism, the subject operated upon loses all volition by somnambulency, and the will is entirely subjected to the control of the magnetiser; but in our natural sleep, the mind is either left to wander at random to and fro, uncontrolled even by itself, or else it is guided, directed and governed by some invisible spirit that loves to play pranks while Reason is asleep. Let us suppose the latter: that Morpheus, the minister of Somnus, sends his waiting goddess, Fancy, to visit us

in our midnight slumbers, and either strew our beds with the sweet roses of bliss, or tuck between the sheets a few nettles of misery, in accordance with the manner in which we have spent the day. If you, my friends, have made wholesale groceries of your stomachs—have committed the beastly sin of gormandizing—Fancy will lead you in your dreams to a table covered with dishes most loathsome and disgusting—such as rat-tail soup, stewed snakes, broiled toads, fried lizards, cockroach pudding with bedbug sauce, and all such sort of undesirables ; from all of which you will be compelled to eat, in spite of non-desire or disrelish. If you have been indulging to excess in spirituous liquors, your bed-chambers will be haunted by all the horrid apparitions of evil that ever came upon midnight errands from the dark dominions of Pluto. Demons of demijohns and red-eyed bottle-imps will surround your thorn-covered couches, and grin at your sufferings. Every form will be ugly, and every feature horrible—not a beautiful face can be seen among them all. If you have robbed, stolen, cheated, or taken unjust advantage of your kind, you will, perchance, ever and anon start from your fitful slumbers, as though closely pursued by the officers of justice. Your dreams, at best, will be chequered with doubt and fear ; and, after travelling through thistles to pluck a daisy, you will come back with a toadstool and torn pantaloons. On the other hand, if you have passed the day decently, soberly, prudently, piously, and have done unto others exactly as you would they should do unto you, your dreams at night will be as pleasant and happy as your day transactions have been holy and honorable. If they don't, saw my leg off, and send it to the devil as a small sample of falsehood and sin

My dear friends—the most delightful of all dreams are those of youthful love. My friends, Thomas Moore once observed that that there was nothing half so sweet (not even excepting molasses) as love's young dream ; and he further truly remarked, after it had for ever flown, that it was odor fled as soon as shed—the winged beam of morn—a light that could never shine again upon the dull, sluggish stream of life. Yes, my friends, the dream of love is a glorious one while it lasts ; but it soon fades away, and never returns with the same brightness as before. It is a dismal as well as a nocturnal dream, continuing on from day to day, leading its subjects through an inviting wilderness of ideality, till at last it

spell is broken, and they begin to think it best to look around and define their positions, as the politicians say. When a young man is first captured by Cupid, he then becomes entranced, as it were, in a dream; the whole universe wears a blooming aspect—the barren places of his bosom are covered with verdure—buds and blossoms fill the garden of his imagination—he finds beautiful poetry among the most prosaical places of earth—and all the discordances of nature are made to harmonize with the secret impulses of his heart. It is, with him, love, still love. The landscape has a look of love—the brooks babble of nothing but love—the birds sing songs of love—the heavens at night seem lighted with love—and every breeze comes laden with the sweet perfume of love; no matter whether it happens to blow from the fragrant groves of Elysium or from the vicinity of some dead dog's carcase. Then, too, his dreams at night are dreams of love. His spirit is guided by an invisible spirit to the whereabouts of his adored, where, in some sylvan bower or moonlit grove, he pours out his whole soul—spills the boiling broth of affection in the lap of love—squanders kisses by the quantity—and where, with heart in heaven and heels on earth, he feels as if he were in a state of betwixt and betweenity in relation to the eternal joys of the one and the temporary raptures of the other. Not only his spiritual but his physical portion also may be affected by the witching power of dreams. He may arise from his sleep while dreaming of the idol of his heart, when the zephyrs silently steal kisses from the slumbering flowers and the stars are burning bright, and be led by a spirit in his feet to the chamber window of her whom he loves and adores—who knows how? Aye, who knows how? Who can tell what it is that guides his footsteps when the lamp of reason is extinguished in the darkness of sleep, unless it be that some invisible agent takes him by the hand and directs him to the object of his wishes? Such is his dream of love. He awakes in the morning and finds that the god of dreams has been playing a kind of April fool with him, but he still dreams on; and continues to dream till matrimony or confirmed bachelorship has brought him to his senses, and he begins to think about loving to live as well as living to love.

My friends—the dreams of youth and innocence are ever surrounded with the glowing halo of joy and pleasure. Those of manhood are pepper-and-salted with the hope, care and sorrow—

and sometimes gilded with anticipations never to be realized, or clothed with the sable habiliments which the past has thrown over the skeletons of former enjoyments. The old man lies down upon his bed at night and dreams of joys that await him beyond the tomb. In his slumbers the gates of heaven are opened upon his vision, and he is allowed to take a peep at, a taste and a smell of, the glories he shall participate in, when the dull dream of life is dispelled by the rays of the resurrection sun, and an eternal day of splendor shall break upon the dark night of the grave.

My hearers—dreams are not, for a certainty, prophetic of the future; they are only proof impressions of the past and the present. Therefore you should be admonished rather than seduced by them. If your dreams are unpleasant or horrible, depend upon it, it is by some imprudence or misconduct on your parts. Seek out the cause and correct the consequences. If they are pleasing, you may know that you are on the right track to happiness; and all you have to do is to persevere like the paddle-wheels of a steamboat when stuck upon a sand-ridge: so that when, at the close of your mortal pilgrimages, you look upon the dream of existence and find it has been a happy one, untarnished by shame or remorse, you may know that you are prepared for the realities of an endless hereafter. So mote it be!

A MORALIZING DISCOURSE.

TEXT.—Pah bo ji aun
 Ne be nau koning
 Wabi megwissun
 Nene mooshain we
 Odishquagume.

BROTHERS—Nia! nin de nah dush wassahwud gushuh aindahnuk ke yauu ke you ninemooshai-wee hoo-wah hoo! Beg pardon, my hearers, I imagined myself preaching to an Indian audience. Don't be scared—I shall deliver a white discourse from a copper-colored text; but I fear you will find the threads of it most amazingly tangled up. 'Pa bo ji aun' treats of grass, and, consequently, of all that lives and moves and has a being upon earth; for 'all flier is grass,' according to the Kickapoo Koran; and all grass mu either be mown down in its greenness or left to wither upon t!

sod that gave it birth. You are nothing but grass, my friends. Many of you are verdant and flourishing, while others are fading and wilting beyond redemption. Some of the young blades, that I see before me, are so green it would be dangerous for them to venture among cattle; and numbers of the feminine clover heads that adorn my audience, are so blooming and lovely it requires a high fence of virtue to protect them. 'Ia indendindum yah'—look over the fields of the past, and see what sad mowing has been done among the grass of humanity! Behold how scientifically Death swung his scythe upon the plains of Abraham, at Waterloo, Thermopylæ, Marathon, Monmouth, Bunker Hill, and Chepatchet! What a waste of fodder for memory to mourn over! See, too, how the pestilence, like a dread Simoon, has swept over the meadows of mortality, and withered for ever whole acres of some of the best and tallest grass ever cultivated by the hand of time. You are green and thriving to-day, my brethren, but to-morrow—'kus-sussequunum weetepumme!'—down goes the grass, and there lies the hay!

My friends—'Ne be nau be koning'—not a few of you are as wise as owls and as honest as oxen; for be it known that laziness is the true test of wisdom and honesty. Fools and knaves are the only ones who are constantly active. The fool busies himself in catching flies, and the knave knows no rest, neither for his soul nor the bottom of his breeches. But, with all your wisdom, you don't know enough to keep from meddling with edged tools, or from running into the fire. In your strollings through life, you don't know enough to follow the smooth and pleasant walks of virtue; but you run off the track—get bewildered—inquire the way to heaven, and then take the road to hell. With all your wisdom, you can't appear respectable before the Great Spirit unless your hearts are ornamented with the 'ningee egoben'—the white wampum of truth. I regret to say, however, that this article is considered out of fashion, very scarce, and in little demand. Falsehood is thought to be susceptible of a better polish and much more useful; but it is all a mistake, and you will probably find it out when it is too late to profit by the discovery. Truth was once a beautiful damsel, the daughter of Love and Purity, and clothed with loveliness; but she has been so roughly handled of late that she is shy in her approaches, and looks as shabby as an old setting.

hen. She had scarce made entrance into the world when she was ill-treated and neglected, and obliged to stand a little back for self-protection. Where, my friends, was Truth when the Lord questioned Cain concerning the whereabouts of his brother Abel? Where was Truth when Samson told his wife that all his strength lay in the bottom of his boots? Where was Truth when Peter wouldn't own up, honor-bright? Where was Truth when Santa Anna promised Col. Fanning not to shoot, but did shoot?—and where was Truth during the last presidential campaign? She was in her own native heaven—sitting in her own chimney-corner, picking her teeth with the poker. Where then, too, was Patriotism? In the empty pocket of Corruption. And where was Philanthropy?—nowhere in particular, rocking a sick nigger baby in the cradle of liberty! And where, now, are Truth, Justice and Mercy?—planting potatoes in partnership, in some other soil than this. Alas!—*nia! aungwash agushing!*—how our beautiful hunting grounds of hope are made waste by the fires of sin and avarice!

My hearers—I say unto you, ‘*Wabi megivissun nene mooshain we odishquagumee*’—Bury the tomahawk of revenge deep in the dust of friendship: bend not the bow to speed the arrows of anger, but let them remain in the quiver of kindness undipped in the poison of scandal. Cast aside the scalping-knife of cruelty and ingratitude. Smoke together the pipe of peace, and convert your war-clubs into walking-sticks. Wash the paint of hypocrisy from your faces—adorn your heads with the emblems of love—put on the white wampum of truth, ‘*ond mar teag nukwenabikoo nosh monetog ne mud Manito nussepsinwahik ashkoshqt hau kuppog-komunk pomantum nummatwomog*’—if not sooner. So mote it be!

ON DELUSION.

TEXT.—Alas! it is delusion all,
 The future cheats us from afar,
 Nor can we be what we recall,
 Nor dare we think on what we are.

MY HEARERS—this world—a mere speck of dirt upon the broad sheet of creation, upon which we, poor insignificant mites! are destined to crawl for a day—is made up of a compound of vanity

and deceit, merely rubbed with the evanescent turpentine varnish of pleasure. In vulgar parlance, it isn't what it's cracked up to be by libertines, epicures, and the children of prodigality who grow fat and saucy upon its pap; yet, with all its moonshine delusions, we are remarkably attached to it, which, I must allow, is very natural, since we look upon it as a mother to us all, from whose womb we sprang, and from whose breast we derive our nourishment. But, my friends, allow me, occasionally, to raise your thoughts with the spike-poles of truth and reason a few feet above it, in order that you may see things as they are, and look straight down into the empty vessels of earth, and be satisfied that they are filled with just nothing at all. Alas! nearly all is delusion, except pain, care, sorrow and disappointment; and these are some of the stern realities of life. Man, poor infatuated man! wanders up and down the gay avenues of the earth and falls in love with everything he sees; but as soon as he becomes wedded to the objects of his delight, he sits down by the wayside, and cries: Vanity! vanity! O how false and yet how fair are all the gewgaws that one purchases in the great mock-auction shop of the world! From among fretful thorns he plucks the flowers of hope, and they wither in his grasp—he takes a bite at the apple of indulgence, and is obliged to spit it out, for fear of crushing a big worm to death between his masticators—he looks into pleasure's fairy lake and fancies that its chrystal waters sleep upon the calm blue of a nether firmament; but he puts down a stick, and the hard bottom of disappointment rises up to meet him—he follows the will-o'-wisp of his own carnal desires into the midst of the bogs and quagmires of misery, where he finds out too late that they are but torches to light him to an untimely grave. O, my dear friends! don't you be deceived by the tinfoil and tinsel of this hypocritical world. There is scarcely anything that is really what it appears to be. The vivid lightning, that seems to crack the shell of the firmament hither and thither, and the loud thunder which tumbles headlong down the alpine clouds of heaven, setting the globe itself into ague fits, are no great shakes after all, when philosophically explained. They are mere startling effects in the great drama of Nature, caused by the diagonal concatenation of electricity, sempiturnally forming an equalization in the most demijestically rarified and surcharged atmosphere. Those myriads of stars—

those blinking, celestial eyes of love—are not what they seem to be,—they, too, are a delusion. They look like so many brilliant drops of water glittering upon the black umbrella of night, or like a multitude of astral lamps suspended from the dome of heaven's high hall; but, my friends, if you could obtain a loan of the wings of Omnipresence and pay a visit to them all, you would find them, like this world of ours, dead, dull, and opaque bodies, susceptible of no more polish than the frost-bitten heel of a Guinea nigger. The girls, also, those gaudy-winged butterflies that flit around the blooming bowers of love, are all a fleeting show—to-day sporting in the sunshine of fashion and pleasure, and to-morrow mere grubs crawling along the common paths of society, divested of their charms, and as leafless and bare as a gooseberry bush in winter. There is a fatal delusion in the inebriating glass. When I see a young man with his proboscis as red as a boiled lobster's claw, I know that he has immersed it too often in the fire of liquid torment, and that his moral, physical and intellectual faculties are in a fair way to be scorched, if not wholly consumed. When you feel your spirits weighed down with the leaden weights of grief or anxiety, don't, I pray you, flee to the illusive bowl, and hold such riotous bacchanals in the sacred temple of your hearts, that temperate Reason is obliged to retire in disgust, and lodge out for the night; for depend upon it, that shortly after, you will be arraigned, tried and condemned at the bar of your own consciences, and the black demons of horror will cause each hour of soberness to seem longer than everlasting, spliced to the latter end of eternity.

My friends—the future is more of a cheat than the present. The days that are yet unborn in the pregnant matrix of Time are full of hope and promise for us, poor, deluded creatures, and yet how often are we sucked in and disappointed the moment we behold them rocked in the cradle of the present. How often does fond anticipation discover in the future's dark wilderness bright and sunny spots where Fancy can repose in peace, and still, how often do they turn out to be overgrown with the briars of care, trouble and perplexity! O! trust not to the future—it is an explosive humbug! If we right about face, and turn the nose of remembrance to the past, we imagine that we behold roses blooming in the wild waste of memory that do not and never did exist there. They are but ideal blossoms of imagination, which ha-

sprung from a fictitious soil to tease the mind, and make the rude prospects of manhood look more barren than they really are. But there is no use in dwelling on the past—we can't recall what has been, nor hinder what is to be. O, my dear friends! there is so much deception connected with everything, I don't wonder that man is afraid to view himself as he is. I have no doubt but if some of you were to look upon yourselves as you really are, you would feel as miserable as a yoked pig dying with the scurvy. Strip off all your hypocritical trappings of vanity and conceit, and you will feel yourselves unworthy even of this dung-hill in the great solar system of worlds. You will be obliged to leave them behind you, as you tumble one by one into the grave; for beyond that nothing but plain reality abides, and that which is lovely will remain lovely, for ever and ever. So mote it be!

ON PROFANE SWEARING!

TEXT.—And swear not by thy own weak name!

For thou art but a slave
Of sorrow, sin and shame,
Of glory and the grave.
The boasted body is but clay,
Born of the dust you tread;
And soon a swift approaching day
Shall lay thee with the dead.

MY HEARERS—profane swearing is practised to a great extent, not only in this community, but all over the world. There is no doubt in my mind but we could get along without half so much of it; and I am not certain that society would suffer very materially were we to dispense with the practice altogether. Pushing badinage aside, and to come out as blunt as a beetle, I assert, my friends, that a habit of swearing, in defiance of that holy injunction which says, 'Swear not at all,' is worse than that of chewing tobacco or drinking rum; as no divine prohibition is placed upon the two latter, neither are they recommended by the Almighty nor by men of sense and soberness. A man will never get fat by feasting upon my admiration whose veracity is so weak as requires to be fortified with innumerable oaths. If he wishes to put forth a declaration in a strong and effective manner, there are surely legitimate words enough in the lexicon of knowledge sufficiently expressive

for his purpose without having recourse to such as contaminate the atmosphere of decency, and stink worse in the nostrils of heaven than a dead horse on the top of Mount Arrarat. Some deluded, simple-minded sons of sin may think it fashionable to swear; but it is more respectable to be seen with a dirty shirt on one's back and a clean moral reputation beneath it, than with an oath-stained character wrapped up in broadcloth.

My friends and fellow companions in iniquity!—there are more sins already saddled upon us than we can safely carry into eternity without taking upon our shoulders that heaviest of all sins, profane swearing. In our pilgrimages through life, let us go as lightly laden as possible, lest, when we get to be old and decrepid, our loads become too weighty to be borne, and the recollection of former follies and vices sit as solid upon our consciences as raw turnips on a dyspeptic's stomach. 'Take not my name in vain,' said He in whose hands are held the reins of our destinies, and in whose grasp we, puny pigmies, are of no more account than a pitiful mouse in the paws of a Numidian lion. How dare man then laugh his Maker to scorn, and insult him with mockery! I don't know—and yet there are thousands who have the pluck and presumption to try it on. Finding it fits pretty well, I suppose—inasmuch as they are not immediately swept from the surface of the globe by a blast of Omnipotent ire—they grow bolder and bolder in their wickedness, till they become callous to divine fear or favor, and finally go swearing out of the world like a regiment of troopers! What a sad picture of human temerity! Swear not, O man of vanity, by the holy heaven! for it is the throne of the King of kings; and often, of an autumn sunset, are disclosed in all their splendor, the crimson, the scarlet, the purple, and the gold that surround it, while the Star of Evening, the brightest diamond in the Crown of crowns, adds glory unspeakable—showing how dull and sombre is the magnificence that surrounds the thrones of earth's emperors to the gorgeousness that glows in the boundless hall of heaven. Swear not by earth, for it belongs to God—it is the footstool of his power. He gave it birth in the beginning, and he can dissolve it with a breath. When thou swearest, old Ocean rolls out a loud rebuke, 'Swear not!' the little birds of the air say 'Sing praises to heaven rather than swear,' and the beasts of the field say it is better to be dumb than open their mouths in profanity

O, insignificant man! swear not by thy own weak name! for, remember, thou art but an abject slave of thy heavenly Master—that the fetters of sorrow and shame are often fastened upon thee—that thou art inclined to sow the seeds of sin in thy own bosom, and made to partake of the bitter fruits that spring therefrom—that while hastening ambitiously onward in the path that leads to glory, you may fall into the monstrous mouth of Death, who lies, with his jaws extended, by the wayside, watching to catch such insects as we are, even as the alligator lieth upon a log, waiting for bugs and flies to make themselves familiar. Frail son of earth! that body of which you boast as being made after the image of Him in whom is perfection perfected, and which you say is susceptible of no improvement whatever, is but a parcel of paltry clay after all. Born of the dust you tread, a weak, powerless creature, without a shield to protect you from the foils of Fate, you are daily, nay hourly, in danger of being crushed, like a worm, back into your native dust, to crawl no more along the paths of ambition, honor, renown, and—misery. Yes, the day will soon come that is to lay thee with the departed dead—with those whose hopes and fears are hushed in the silent sepulchre—the light of whose smiles is extinguished in the darkness of the tomb—and whose tears are for ever absorbed by the clod that covers their carcasses. You are bound to come to the scratch, as well as they; and, notwithstanding you may do your prettiest to kick all round the bucket, you will be compelled to hit it a dig at last. You would not dare, at that awful moment, to curse God, and quit the world with half a dozen oaths stuck in your gullet. No—I know you wouldn't. Then swear not at all; for to-day's sun may shine upon your death-bed, and the cold earth receive you to-morrow with the soul's garments wholly unwashed, and as dirty as the blanket of a journeyman chimney-sweep.

My friends—be careful how you shape your conversation, for the sake of the rising generation. Children, having hereditary sin in their little gizzards, are naturally prone to evil, inasmuch as they are always inclined to adopt the vices and discard the virtues of adults; but, for all this, they are flexible and pliant—and if their young tendrils are directed to cling to praiseworthy objects, they will hold on with firmness, and climb up as steep places to fame as ever gained by older and more mature ambition. Then set

them no bad examples, neither by word, nor by action. I preach to man and not to woman; for the lips of the latter are comparatively free from the stain of profanity. None but the wretched few who wander at midnight, homeless and unbefriended, without the gates of virtuous society, ever indulge in those horrid imprecations which the nobler and wickeder sex have so generally had the rashness to assume. To see a beautiful piece of feminine frailty, whose once pure breath has become tainted with vice and redolent with oaths, is a melancholy if not a disgusting sight. It shows how far into the mire of hate and detest a lovely object descends when it suddenly falls from the highest eminence of admiration. But, my friends, profane swearing in either male or female is highly reprehensible, and ought to be put down. If you are determined to swear your way through life, you may get to the end of the journey before you are aware of it; and, when you come to rumage round for a few crusts of hope and comfort, you will find hardly enough left to swear by. Let your thoughts be pure, and your rivulet of words will be limpid—let your hearts be virtuous, and your deeds be moral, your days will be happy—and if your days be happy, your deaths will be glorious. So mote it be!

DYING EARLY—LIFE'S PROBABILITIES.

TEXT.—Here lies, by death smitten,
 A hapless young kitten,
 To moulder away in the dust.
 O had it lived longer,
 It might have been stronger,
 And died somewhat older, we trust

Had it grown up to cat-hood,
 Then many a rat would
 Have mourned in the deepest of wo;
 Let the curtain be drawn to,
 We hope it has gone to
 That land to which other cats go.

MY HEARERS—I can't say that I am particularly fond of cats. It is true that, like many other things, they are well enough in their way; but I don't want them in my way. I like kittens, though. There is something so innocent, pretty, and playful about them, I never could find it in my heart to hate them, nor to withhold

spoonful of milk when they sit down behind, look me up in the face, with their little bright eyes half shut, and give a soft, sweet, plaintive and hungry mew—a mew that touches one's tender, gently and to the desired purpose, instead of sawing across the heart-strings and stirring up anathemas, like the yaul of a grown-up grimalkin. A kitten holds fast to our favor so long as it is a kitten; but as it verges upon cat-hood, it gradually works loose from our affections, and finally becomes wholly estranged by staying out late o' nights, and indulging in nocturnal dissipations, to the annoyance of all who are morally or virtuously inclined.

My friends—I mourn over the death of a kitten, inasmuch as I can't help grieving that anything should die young. When an old cat kicks the bucket, it does no damage to one's hopes, nor makes the smallest hole in his natural expectations. It seems all right and proper—perfectly in accordance with the decree of Nature; but when a feline infant gives back its mortal dust almost as soon as moulded into a living form, it appears as though something was radically wrong; and it makes me sad and thoughtful:—as if Nature hadn't confidence in herself—as if ashamed of, or dissatisfied with, her own works—as if she was fond of trying experiments, and liable to botch and bungle, instead of working by rule and compass, and making all her machinery to stand a certain amount of the wear and tear of time. It is a mystery. When I see a babe, just made up, with all its physical apparatus complete—legs, toes, arms, hands, fingers, and everything necessary to the performance of life's little round—when I see him placed upon the course of being, all ready and in order for a start, and then just as the word 'Go' is given, he is taken off the track into his native eternity, I must say I can't understand it. In a well-meant sense, it looks as if there was some jockeying about it. Whether appertaining to cats, kindred, or members of the floral family, it saturates my heart with sadness to see anything cut off in its incipency, or destined to fade as it begins to bloom. When a baby dies, I know it goes back to the bosom of its actual Father, pure and undefiled; and yet I would that it had lived longer, if for nothing else than to see how it would have stood the trials and temptations of a wicked and deceitful world. A bud nipped by untimely frosts, just as it is expanding into blossom, is a sorrowful sight. It not only tells us how vain are the glories and how false are the promises of

earth, but it makes a body feel uncomfortable all over ; because ' there is a season for all things,' and there should be a season for all things to die : instead of which, however, all things die at all seasons. There is something that isn't exactly right about it—doesn't begin to ' tally' with the order and regularity maintained in the general course of Nature. It appears as unnatural as it would to see the sun turn about and go to bed again soon after rising—to find roses wreathed in the white hair of old Mr. December—icicles hanging at the nose of August—a bear with a switch-tail—or a frog with feathers on it.

My hearers—there is no doubt that if the kitten mentioned in my text had not died when it did, it would have lived longer, and become stronger. This may be considered a matter of certainty ; but whether the rats would have had occasion to mourn had it lived to be a cat, is a question. I have known many a cat, which, by being humored, petted, and fed, would feel too proud to even look at a rat—much less to take notice of a mouse. So it is with children. How often have I heard the remark : If that child had only lived, he would have made one of the smartest men in the country. Now, my friends, the mere rough make of the child by the hand and wisdom of Omnipotence might be considered as perfect a specimen of humanity as ever graced the earth ; and yet his fond, doating parents might have completely spoiled the beautiful fabric in putting on the finishing touches. Yes, he might get ' finished off' by an abundance of parental pains, unexpectedly, and not in a very agreeable sense. Hereditary wealth often prematurely ' finishes' young men ; and beauty, boarding-schools, and polite accomplishments are the requisites for ' finishing off' a young lady to her sorrow. Alas ! how many buds of mortality promise to blossom roses, the sweetest that ever bloomed in the garden of virtue, and yet open nothing but thistles—such as beskirt the by-paths of vice and shame ! There is no use in predicting what anything will come to in this changing and uncertain sphere. Changes are every day taking place as remarkable and astonishing as the transfiguration of a tadpole into a frog ; and the better way for us is to take things as they come—judge of things as they are, without depending upon what they may be—and never put too big a budget of hope upon the back of any favorite object.

But, as my text suggests, let us draw the curtain over all that

die young, whether they be kittens or whether they be children. It is not for us to know why they are called so early away ; but we can rest assured that it is all for the best, and trust that they go to a better land than this—where it costs nothing for shirts and shoe-leather—and happiness is enjoyed unaccompanied by a long bill of costs. So mote it be!

ON LOVE—ITS MISCHIEFS AND ITS EVANESCENCE.

*TEXT.—Love is witty,
Love is pretty,
Love is charming while it's new
But it soon grows old,
And waxes cold,
And fades away like the morning dew.

MY HEARERS—There is no mistake about Love's being pretty, coaxing and fascinating ; but, for all this, it is awfully dangerous stuff to meddle with. No one ought ever to approach it, unless he is provided with a box of matrimonial pills : for it exhales such delicious poison that a body isn't aware of danger till the disease has reached its climax ; and then the only way to eradicate it will be to take a warm bath at the altar of Hymen, and for ever after keep sipping of the iced water of matrimony—or else take an injection of pistol powder at once, and be certain of a cure. Oh ! my heart sinks clear into my trousers' pocket when I think of all the mischief that Love has stirred up in this amoracious world ! Go ask those shattered wrecks of humanity who are now swarming in our lunatic asylums what it was that fired the city of their senses—drove Reason from her throne, and spread anarchy over the vast empire of the mind—and they might answer truly : Love, the tyrant Love ! Behold the miserable sot, suffering a self-martyrdom, with the limpid fire of damnation starting through his carbuncle nose ! Ask him why he, in the prime of life, is about to throw himself upon the funeral pyre of his hopes, and appear fuddled at the bar of Judgment ? and he will say it is all for Love ! Go read upon the stones of yonder church-yard how many of Love's victims have been consigned to the dark chambers of death, and have taken the worms of the clod as their bosom companions ! Behold ! lovers are weeping upon the very turf beneath which lovers are sleeping. I grieve for the sleepers, and O ! my friends,

I tremble for the weepers! They are made of soft material—kisses, tears, saw-dust and soft soap—and heaven only knows how soon they, too, may dissolve and amalgamate with their original clay.

My friends! methinks I can see, through the spectacles of imagination, a forlorn specimen of decayed feminine wandering over the sea-shore cliffs at midnight. She cuts a pretty figure, I don't think, with her long hair streaming in the wind, tattered frock, cat-owl eyes, and nothing but bare-foot on her feet. Now she sings a wild ditty to the moon, and anon calls frantically on one who cannot hear—and I doubt whether he would if he could. Poor thing! Kate is crazed! She let her tender passion run away with her senses, shoes and stockings, shimmy and all,—and now see what she is! Girls, do you hear that? Beware—beware! But to return. Love, like the boy's candy, is too good to last long. Soon after marriage it is apt to grow cold, and fade away from the full-blown blossom of the heart, as fades the morning dew from the damask corolla of the rose; but before the affections are bound in the nuptial wreath, there is no danger of Love's dying a natural death. On the contrary, he becomes more obstinate in his attacks, and will hang on like an eel to a dead 'possum. I advise you, my young congregation, to beware of pianoforte music and moonlight evenings, if you have a touch of the tender lurking about your vitals; for they are sure to call that little rascal Cupid forth in quest of prey; and when he comes, your breasts are made pin-cushions of in less than no time. He shoots his arrows with unerring aim as he flies, and mocks at the agonies of his wounded victims. He is the mischief-making child of Venus, that artful daughter of Jove, who used to sport her golden chariot, drawn by sparrows, over the fleecy clouds of heaven—whose railroad track down to Olympus consisted of the rainbow. She was the mother of all flirts, and created more trouble in the courts of Love than ever Lucifer kicked up in the temple of righteousness. But she is dead now, and her son Cupid reigneth in her stead.

My dear young friends—you must contrive to love moderately if you wish to have it last long, and not grow cold with the wane of the honey-moon—just as Mrs. Dow and I did when she was pretty Miss Betsy Wheeler. We didn't squander all our affections amid the foolish extravagances of courtship, but let off little at a time,

and they consequently lasted the longer. Like cattle that masticate their food a second time, so we, till the day that death brought in a bill of divorce in her favor, could sit beneath the bowers of connubial happiness, and chew the cud of our first love over and over again. Why don't you do likewise, and thus insure many days of comfort and happiness, rather than dry up the fountain of future attachment by indulging for a short time in scorching ecstasy. Moderation should always be your guide in the affairs of love—no matter whether that love be sexual, fraternal, alcoholic or spiritual. By drinking too deep from the cup of either, you become intoxicated, and are soon compelled to swallow the bitter dregs of woe and despair. It is a melancholy truth that I have even known persons to become so inebriated with the love of religion, that their reason has left them in disgust, and sought an asylum in the desert region of nowhere; but the love of morality, virtue and honesty is subject to no such excesses, and the stronger your affection for them is, the wiser and happier you must be—I don't care who says to the contrary; but in your love for the sexes, plum pudding and spurious holiness, be careful—be moderate! and you may make it hold out till you are borne to that land where love never fades away nor even waxeth old. So mote it be!

ON TAKING THE WORLD EASILY

TEXT.—The thing is this—in every station
 We're born for pleasure and for trouble,
 And, if you strike to each vexation,
 Good Hope a true cape you'll never double;
 But take the good and evil cheerly,
 And sum up creditor and debtor—
 If in this world they use you queerly,
 Be honest and you'll find a better.

MY HEARERS—No mortal was ever born to partake of the sweets of pleasure alone. From the cup of life we are all compelled to drink an admixture of joy, bliss, misery, and pain; and the more mouths we make in swallowing the dose, the more bitter does it seem to the taste. No one ever ought to dash, in a suicidal manner, the goblet of existence to the ground because it contains a few drops of the essence of evil; for what can be more sickening than a continual surfeit of sweets! If you were to sip wholly and

constantly of the saccharine juices of the world, you would sigh for something sour, for the sake of variety; for variety, as some philosopher has truly remarked, is the spice of life—and, without that spice, every meal of man's enjoyment were as flat and insipid as a bowl of soup composed of dish water and potato skins. A little morning melancholy after a solid supper of mirth operates as a moral medicine upon the mind, inasmuch as it causes serious meditation to purge the inner man of at least a portion of that corruption which settles on the stomach after an excess of folly. An all-wise Providence has so ordered it that no mortal shall reap a harvest of pleasure without gathering the tares of pain; and as for endeavoring to make up a bundle of one without collecting a handful of the other, you might as soon think of bottling up a few pints of daylight for evening use.

My friends—the thing is, as my text observes, in every station we are born for pleasure and for trouble—not expressly for either, but for a little of both. He that is hatched amid the desert sands of poverty is no more a candidate for care and sorrow than the babe which is born in a blooming paradise of opulence, fondled in the lap of fortune, and nursed at the breast of abundance. The pathways of both to the tomb are equally bestrewn with flowers and beset with thorns. The angel of evil will oftentimes spread his dark pinions over the head of the good patrician while the golden halo of joy encircles the heart of the poor patrician. Then again the son of independence may be seen dancing for joy upon the grave of buried care, and singing the songs of gladness, as merry as a cricket in the chimney corner, while the half-starved child of penury sits crying for a crust where the mosquitoes of misery are as thick as fog, and have bills long enough to bite through a modern belle's bustle. I think, my friends, that he who dwells in a lowly vale of contentment receives a greater portion of pure and unalloyed pleasure than the aspiring dupe of ambition and wealth, whose home is fixed upon the high hill of honor: for, in the valley of humility grow the beautiful posies of peace, which give out their perfumes to the gentle breeze, while the rough winds are heard to howl mournfully around the mountain tower of fame.

My dear friends—the better way to get along smoothly and without stubbing toes, is, to enjoy the pleasures of the world, his rational beings, and not like brutes—and bear up beneath its

with all the composure, fortitude and philosophy of a saw-horse under an oak log. If you strike to every trifling vexation while sailing upon the rough sea of life, and give up in despair when the storms of misfortune rage, you can no more double the cape of Good Hope than you can safely ride through Hell-gate in a hog's trough. But, my friends, take every prick as easy as a pin-cushion. Don't rave, jump, and use profane language, when you are visited with your respective portions of trouble and care; but keep cool, and live low on a diet of patience and forbearance, and all will soon be right again. Don't be such consummate fools as to throw away a sovereign because you happen to lose a penny, nor beat an unoffending lamp post for having the obstinacy to stand its ground when assailed by your nasal protuberance; for such acts show a want of wisdom, and are the very extreme height of folly. When you come to look at the miseries distributed among the great mass of mankind, you will find that you have only your just proportion of them; but if you fancy that you have been particularly selected as a target for the arrows of ill-fortune, you will be afflicted with more plagues than ever were saddled upon the land of Egypt. When the star of hope is hidden behind a dark cloud of despondency, you ought to have sense enough to know that it must, in the nature of things, shine forth again in its wonted brightness. All you want is to persevere for the present with full confidence in the future, and your big burthens of woe will be essentially lightened; but Oh! you weak and sickly children of doubt and despair! you lack the strength of mind and determination of purpose to push your way through the briars when you find yourselves in their midst!—and when sickness lightly places its hand upon you, you flat right down, like so many cakes of dough, without even sufficient energy to spit clear of your own toes!

My hearers—push ahead boldly, uprightly, and hopefully, and the drops of joy, as they descend from heaven, will not become frozen on their way, and fall upon your heads in the shape of large hail-stones of ill. Deal fairly with your fellow creatures—show kindness to all—don't mortgage your souls to the devil for the sake of riches, nor make yourselves unhappy because others are more prosperous. Above all, don't run up too long a score with your Maker, but settle often. I have no doubt but that if I could be

permitted to look upon the day-book of heaven, I should see a long string of sundries charged against you with the words 'Bad' and 'Doubtful' written all down the margin. I hope, however, you will be enabled to square all your accounts, both heavenly and earthly, in a fair and honorable manner; and if you receive some pretty hard knocks in this world, you will have the hope within you to the last of finding a better. So mote it be!

ON THE BEAUTIES OF EVENING TWILIGHT.

TEXT.—Methinks it were no pain to die,
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'ercanopies the west:
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, sink to sleep
On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquillity—
Those clouds are living things;
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

MY HEARERS—if you don't say that my text is most magnificently beautiful, then there is no poetry in your heads, nor music in your souls. I'm a pretty good judge of horseflesh, but a better judge of poetry; and I solemnly declare that you can't find in the whole sweep of the English language such beautiful simplicity, and at the same time such easy-winged sublimity as it contains. I feel as if it were a subject too sacred to be hacked up by my buck-saw eloquence; but I have laid it on the altar of sacrifice, and must do it deed.

My dear friends—as to whether it is actually a pain to die, more than I can tell, as I never have died in my life, and am therefore not experienced in the business; but when I come to philosophize on the matter, I am pushed into the belief that always more or less pain is felt when the soul and body are compelled to dissolve partnership, and leave their accounts to be settled up by Great Arbitrator of all human affairs. I know that nature struggles for a hold upon existence till the very last; and spirit is loth or afraid to depart, it makes it ten times as bad the other hand, when the soul has grown weary of the world

of its time-shattered tenement, and longs to be away—then, my hearers, is the pain of dissolution lessened. When Hope and Faith—those twin-sisters of love—descend from heaven to invite the mother Spirit to tea, Nature's fretful babe falls gently asleep in the cradle of the grave, and there sweetly slumbers till lifted out by the arms of Immortality.

My friends—a calm summer's evening does considerable toward coaxing the spirit of man from its earthly home. When twilight throws down its witching smile, the soul flutters to be released from its comfortless cell—to break the bondage of a sorrowing exile, and return to its own native realms. Oh! there is something so fascinating in the first blush of evening, just after the sun has shaken his last golden feathers upon the hill-tops! It's enough to make a man strip off his jacket of mortality, and swim the gulf of death, for the sake of reaching the splendoriferous splendors that decorate the opposite shore! I have seen some evening twilights, my friends, that take the shine off of everything below, and clap on a few extra touches of their own. I have sat and admired the western firmament, when it seemed as though ten thousand dye-pots of glory had been upset in the chamber of heaven, while their gorgeous contents leaked through and stained the fleecy clouds beneath with colors not to be mocked with the daubing pencil of art. Then my imagination would take wings and play truant aloft, like a wayward child; but always sure to return with a sprig of comfort, plucked from the evergreen of ideality. Oh! there is inviting peace in yon ocean of blue tranquillity! I can't look upon it without feeling my suspenders stretch. I'm sure if they were to give way, I should go up like a balloon, and leave nothing but my breeches and boots behind! Those clouds are living things. The lesser ones are gold fish, swimming about in the celestial sea. The larger ones are the dying dolphins of heaven, disclosing new beauties with every wave of the fin, and brightening as they expire in the dark billow of night. Below them is the mud of corruption, in which we, poor mortals, lie morally rotting; but above them, my hearers, is an eternal sky of purity. There, no lightnings flash—no thunders roll—no tempests lower—no angry elements pick quarrels with one another, and kick up rows in the sacred attic of the universe. All, all there is continual peace and quietness. It is an immense region of glory—broader than it

is long, and longer than a streak of sunshine. Its boundaries have never yet been laid down on the chart of human conception, and never will be. It won't answer for a child to think of it; for the thought of a full-grown man has to stop and rest by the way a hundred times; and then it is apt to get for ever lost in such a wilderness of immensity. There are millions of worlds all rolling there in their respective circumdicumferences—one a-piece for all the inhabitants that ever lived, or ever will live.

But I'll tell you what, my friends; you may never be lucky enough to lodge on a single one of them if you don't behave yourselves properly, and leave off cutting up such didos as you do. You love money too well; you worship the earth for a god, and the things belonging to it; you are too fond of cheating—and I have no doubt but you would cheat, if you could, your Maker out of six or seven years of existence; but you can't come it. There is a stick stuck up where each of your graves is to be dug, and there is no removing it. So make the most of life while you have it, and brush up a little hereafter. Put up the ladder of Faith against yon golden cloud; let deeds of honesty and uprightness prop it at the bottom, and your way to happiness is completed at once. So mote it be!

MARRIAGE A DUTY.

TEXT.—Don't tell me you 'haven't got time,'
 That other things claim your attention;
 There's not the least reason or rhyme
 In the wisest excuse you can mention:
 Don't tell me about 'other fish,'
 Your duty is done when you **BUY** 'em;
 And you never will relish the dish,
 Unless you've a **WOMAN** to 'fry 'em.'

MY HEARERS—I have no doubt that, after you have heard my course, you will ask in your minds whether your preacher has taken unto himself a wife, and is now luxuriating in the tall of connubial bliss, that he preacheth thus. Therefore I answer beforetime, No; but I have got measured for one, and expect to be conjugate as soon as my somewhat diverged rays of affection be brought a little more to a focus through the burning lens. I deem it the duty of all to get married—once in their life.

least. It is but yielding obedience to the wise commands of nature. Every gander has his goose, and the birds all mate at a proper season. Who ever heard of an old gander going down to the grave gosling-less, unless he was prevented from fulfilling his destination by the arbitrary customs of artificial society? It is God who tells the brute creation to cohabit and propagate, without the fuss and flummery of a long and tedious courtship; and they implicitly obey, even to a wood-louse. The same God also tells you to marry, and do the best you can to be fruitful; but you don't always do it. You frame some paltry excuse or other—such as 'I have other fish to fry,' 'too busy to think of it now,' 'circumstances won't permit at present,' 'I'll think of it by and by,' &c.; and so you trudge on through the wide world alone, from the meridian of manhood to the sunset of age, without having effected the object for which you were placed upon earth, and of no more use than the fifth wheel to a coach, a moon in the daytime, a lock without a key, or a saddle and no horse to ride.

Young man! if you have arrived at the right point in life for it, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married. Don't think of doing anything else. Keep poking about among the rubbish of the world till you have stirred up a gem worth possessing, in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter; for you know delays, as well as wild boars, are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have by your side while performing the journey of life—a dog isn't a touch to her. She is of more service, too, than you may at first imagine. She can 'smooth your linen and your cares' for you—mend your trousers, and perchance your manners—sweeten your sour moments as well as your tea and coffee for you—ruffle, perhaps, your shirt bosom, but not your temper; and, instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sew buttons on your shirts, and plant happiness instead of harrow teeth in your bosom. Yes—and if you are too confoundedly lazy or too proud to do such work yourself, she will carry swill to the hogs, chop wood, and dig potatoes for dinner; for her love for her husband is such that she will do anything to please him—except receive company in her every-day clothes. When a woman loves, she loves with a double-distilled devotedness; and when she hates, she hates on the high-pressure principle. Her love is as deep as the ocean,

as strong as a hempen halter, and as immutable as the rock of ages. She won't change it, except it is in a very strong fit of jealousy; and even then it lingers, as if loth to part, like evening twilight at the windows of the west. Get married, by all means. All the excuses you can fish up against 'doing the deed' aren't worth a spoonful of pigeon's milk. Mark this—if, blest with health and employment, you are not able to support a wife, depend upon it, you are not capable of supporting yourself. Therefore, so much more need of annexation; for in union, as well as in an onion, there is strength. Get married, I repeat, young man! Concentrate your affections upon one object, and not distribute them crumb by crumb among a host of Susans, Sarahs, Marys, Elizas, Betsys, Peggys, and Dorothis—allowing each scarcely enough to nibble at. Get married, and have somebody to cheer you up as you journey through this 'lowly vale of tears'—somebody to scour up your dull, melancholy moments, and keep your whole life, and whatever linen you possess, in some sort of a Sunday-go-to-meeting order.

Young woman! I need not tell you to look out for a husband; for I know that you are fixing contrivances to catch one, and are as naturally on the watch as a cat is for a mouse. But one word in your ear, if you please. Don't bait your hook with an artificial fly of beauty: if you do, the chances are ten to one that you will catch a gudgeon—some silly fool of a fish that isn't worth his weight in saw-dust. Array the inner lady with the beautiful garments of virtue, modesty, truth, morality, wisdom, and unsophisticated love; and you will dispose of yourself quicker, and to much better advantage, than you would if you displayed all the gewgaws, flipperjigs, fol-de-rols, and fiddle-de-dees in the universe. Remember, it is an awful thing to live and die a self-manufactured old maid!

My hearers—divide off into couples, sexually, as soon as possible, if you would add considerable to your own happiness, and a little to posterity. Your days upon earth are but short at the longest, and they should be passed as righteously and pleasantly as the weather and circumstances will permit. Get married while you are young; and then, when the frosts of age shall fall, wither the flowers of youthful affection, the leaves of conjugal love will still be green; and, perchance, a joyous offspring

surround and grace the parent tree, like ivy entwining and adorning the time-scathed oak. So mote it be!

INCONSTANCY.

TEXT.—I hate inconstancy—I loath, detest,
 Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
 Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
 No permanent foundation can be laid.

MY HEARERS—inconstancy is a cancer that eats into and preys upon our social pleasures and enjoyments to a most alarming extent. There are but few in the world the bottoms of whose bosoms are covered with such consistent clay that a firm foundation of friendship can be laid. The hearts of most mortals are ever changing, like the sky above us—now illuminated by sunshine, and now darkened by storm-breeding clouds. In the summer of prosperity we find friends gathering round us as thick as flies round a molasses cup; but when blow the autumnal breezes of penury and adversity, they fall like the leaves that flit before the blast and are seen no more. I must say that I detest inconstancy, although my own compass of candor may sometimes vary a little, in common with the best of the best. In travelling through the wilds of wickedness that yet render gloomy a good portion of the world, I wish to have those for companions, who, when I am stuck in the mud of adverse circumstances, are willing and ready to assist me out, rather than throw stones of scorn, or leave me to work out my own salvation with fear and breeches straining. When I am obliged to go down into the swamps of sorrow to gather the cat-tails of contrition, I want some one hard-by with whom I can trust my little budget of hope, and in whom I might confide in moments of danger, trial and affliction. Such valuable friends, however, are as scarce as strawberries in September, while the flimsy, fickle, and worthless ones are thicker than cow-cakes round a haystack.

My friends—there are but few indeed whose hearts' foundations are rightly fitted to support and sustain the grand and magnificent temple of friendship. No—when the winds of misfortune begin to blow, and the rains of disappointment descend, the quicksands upon which the fabric rests are washed away—and down goes the

noble structure, like a pan of pumpkin sauce from an upper shelf in the pantry. Friendship, to be firm and lasting, must be built upon the everlasting rocks of honor and integrity, and not upon the sands of sordid and selfish motive—else there is no security when the tempests of wordly trouble rage, and the billowy waves of want wash the few shells of happiness that yet remain upon the shore of the heart back into the unfathomable depths of woe. But constancy, my hearers, belongs to love rather than to friendship. It has no home in the heart of a common friend; but in the bosom of a true lover it abideth for ever. When a young man once gets his heart-strings entangled with those of the girl that he loves, neither suspicion, slander, circumstance, nor situation, can untangle them. If it can be called friendship, it is friendship flowing from the fount of heaven, filtered through the skies, and purified from the filth of personal favor. It is that kind of friendship which perpetuates peace, harmony, and good-will among the angels, and protects them from the petit larcenies of hypocrites and sycophants. Why, my friends, there is as much difference between heavenly love and earth-born friendship as there is between a sovereign of gold and a brass quarter slightly washed with silver. The one passes current at all times—the other only while its surface is covered and its baseness concealed.

My dear friends—confide not in the constancy of your fellow man. He is a wicked, deceitful, and treacherous creature; and so long as there is money in the world, and avarice and ambition are growing within him, be suspicious of him. Place no faith in his friendship, for it will take wings and fly just at the moment you need it the most—no hope in his promises, for to-morrow they are rotten—no dependence upon his charity, for his poverty increases in proportion as his riches accumulate. In a word, my hearers, if you would not be deceived and disappointed, I advise you not to trust your brother man any longer than a little negro boy can hold a two year old bull by the tail. For my part, I hate all men for their inconstancy, and yet their society is rather agreeable than otherwise. I also dislike all women for their fickleness, and still I love them because I can't help it. Many a time and oft have they burglariously entered the sanctuary of my heart, and stolen therefrom heaps of valuable affection; and then, instead of making a proper use of the precious treasure, they have gone and sold

ed it to the winds of extravagance and flirtation, as though it were of no more account than a bushel of chaff. But I complain not of this, since I, in my younger and more wicked days, have played the same trick with them, and to a far greater extent.

My hearers—how much more like elysium would this vile world appear, were we all as faithful as we pretend to be fond of each other. Were it not for inconstancy, the musical harmony of our social relations would never be marred by discordant strife. Then anger, envy, jealousy and revenge would become obsolete terms in the vocabulary of human nature; then should we all march upon our pilgrimages to heaven linked firmly together by the silken ties of brotherhood, and crowned with rosy wreaths of happiness; and then, too, would the mountains of man's miseries be levelled, and his path to the tomb would lead through fragrant fields of peace, where the perennial flowers of its joy for ever blossom.

My worthy friends—if you find that constancy and various other virtues are apt to leak out of your bosoms, just stop the small cracks with the putty of practical piety; and the larger ones you may caulk with the tar and tow of professional christianity. At any rate, keep your bosoms so well soaked in the water of righteousness that they will scarcely hold the milk of mercy and philanthropy, and never leave them to crack in the scorching sun of sin. Be firm in your friendships; honest in your dealings; ardent in your attachments; consistent in your motives; upright in your characters, and modest in your behavior, and although more or less inconstant, you are not such terrible monsters as you would be, were you left entirely in the charge of the devil and your own depraved natures. So mote it be!

ON DESTRUCTION.

TEXT.—‘The owl upon Afrasiab’s tower hath sung
Her watch-song, and round th’ imperial throne
The spider weaves his web.’

THOSE of you, my friends, who have read history much, may recollect that when Mahomet II. entered the palace of the Byzantine emperors, after his victory, he was so struck with the silence and desolation that reigned there, that he repeated aloud the above Persian distich. He then felt that everything belonging to this

world is vanity—that human greatness is nothing but pipe-clay—that the diadems of emperors and kings are all fancy-work, and their palaces become in time the habitations of rats, mice, bats, spiders, cockroaches, and all such vermin. They may wield their sceptres for a while, and defy the whole universe—old Kentucky included—but that noted pugilist, called Time, eventually hits them a sly rap, which lays them sprawling—and if you were afterward to gather up an ounce of their dust, and compare it with some hod carrier's, you would be puzzled to tell the difference. Even Queen Victoria, whom they make such a fuss about, is made of no better dirt than any kitchen pot-wrestler, though she has prettier calicoes, and drinks out of a silver cup. The days allotted to her are no longer than any one's, and the throne she now sits upon will soon become worm-eaten, and no act of parliament can save it from decay, which levies on all things without discrimination. Yes, my hearers, there is a spirit of decay abroad that makes great havoc in the universe. This mighty city of ours—this giant Gotham, that stretcheth his legs to the north and south, and his arms to the east and west—which is bounded on the north by Spuyten-duyvel Creek, on the east by Catherine Market, on the south by the Battery, and on the west by Jersey Ferry—may, in the course of time, be prostrated to the earth; and only a heap of smouldering ruins be left to tell of its former greatness. Some wanderer, perchance, may linger here, and meditate, with his elbows on his knees—as did Volney over the ruins of empires—and as he sees around him on every side the broken fragments of magnificence, exclaim: Here once stood a mighty city; but its glory hath departed for ever! Like Tyre of old, the fishermen here dry their nets upon a barren waste, and the owl sings her watch-song o'er the dusty mansions of the dead! Perhaps he may enter the yet standing walls of the 'Egyptian Sepulchre,' and say: How silent and deserted this enduring monument of art! the wretched are released from these gloomy cells, and the sound of the keeper's voice no more is heard—the spider weaves his web around these shabby pillars—the dragon-winged bat here takes up his abode, nought but desolation reigns!

My friends! a few years may not effect this harum-scarumness; but the day must surely come when the City Hall, the House, the Ram's Head, P. Quirk's House, &c., shall be crum-

to dust, and all that inhabit them. There is nothing time-proof—everything in this world must warp, and finally snap in two. Old Time, himself, will kick the bucket when he arrives at the threshold of Eternity—the sands in his glass will then be run—his scythe be broken, and the Great Destroyer will yield up the ghost, with a groan that shall cause the very pillars of the universe to tremble! Seeing, now, my hearers, that all is perishable, I pray you to bear in mind that from the ashes of mortality there springs an imperishable spirit, the future welfare of which must be provided for here. Faith alone won't do much toward supporting it without works. If you are industrious, moral, temperate, conscientious, pay all your debts to one another, and do not go on the credit system in your dealings with Providence, nor quarrel with different sects about a ha'penny's worth of religion—the locomotive of time will take you safely beyond the limits of this troublesome world. If they don't, I'll pay the damages. So mote it be!

COMPASSION FOR THE ERRING.

TEXT.—Think gently of the erring;
 Ye know not of the power
 With which the dark temptation came,
 In some unguarded hour.
 Ye may not know how earnestly
 They struggled, or how well,
 Until the hour of weakness came,
 And sadly thus they fell.

MY HEARERS—how liable we are to go astray, like sheep without a shepherd, to be devoured by those ravenous wolves in human array, who prey upon fallen virtue!—and, when a brother mortal has once carelessly wandered outside the moral Eden, how prone we are to shut the gates and keep him out for ever!—to throw stones and brickbats at him if he ever attempts to get in again! We pour out pretended pity for him by the demijohn—blame and blow up one another for not rendering him assistance; but further than this we do nothing. Oh! what a pity it is, we say, that so fine a fellow is thus throwing himself away!—(then we give him a kick, by way of assistance)—that he should be suffered to go to perdition without a hand to help him!—(and then we favor him with another kick.) We wonder why he doesn't reform, and gain

admittance into good society ; and, at the same time, we stand at every entrance and avenue, ready to tell him, very politely, to 'pass on,' for he 'can't come in here.' 'I don't want my doorway dirtied with your pretty footsteps.' The fact is, we don't care about taking him in, and assisting him to a new coat and character, for fear that such a reformation might produce a contrast anything but pleasing to our pride and vanity ; and we are not sure but he may manifest his gratitude with a snarl and growl, like an eleemosynary dog with a bone. We would all be ready quick enough to assist the unfortunate, did we but think we could raise ourselves by the act in proportion, and thereby preserve our relative distances. It isn't in the nature of man to use strong exertions to lift a being below him to his level—to say nothing about hoisting him to a higher eminence. In short, we are all such a pack of rogues, and can have so little confidence in each other, that we don't know but a kindness bestowed may be a death-blow returned.

My friends—as philanthropists—not as money-making, gain-seeking beings—think gently of the erring ! You don't know how strong was the temptation that beset them in their unguarded hour. You don't know how the spirit of evil wrestled with the spirit of good—what a tussle they had together—and how unfortunately the latter fell undermost. You don't know how the Tempter threw dust in the eyes of their judgment and palmed upon them a few gold-washed trinkets of pleasure for the genuine jewels of happiness ; and, when they found out their mistake, you have no idea how bad they felt. Oh, think gently of the erring ! They may be a little stained with sin ; but, washed with the tears of repentance, and wiped with the towel of reformation, they are just as good as new. Remember, they are your brethren—with you heirs of the same heritage—children of the same God—made of the same stuff, and filled with the same infirmities ; only perhaps some of their moral timber may be a little weaker and not so durable as yours. If that, however, is a fault of theirs, then frog is at fault for being born a tadpole ; or I am answerable for predeliction in favor of corned beef and pretty women. They have committed no crime, but only erred—stumbled in the wherein you all in weakness tread. Then why not help the their feet again, and travel by your side like beloved compan

Because it isn't in accordance with your ungenerous natures. If, then, as you will not assist others, your feet happen to slip, and you fall into a dilemma or a duck pond, you may call on the devil for help—you won't get assistance from any other quarter.

My worthy hearers—speak gently to the erring! It is enough for them to know, without being chided about it, that dove-eyed innocence and white-winged peace have flown from their native bowers, and left the heart cheerless and sad. It is enough for them that muddy disgrace has been cast upon them without having it rubbed with a scornful brickbat. It is enough for them to know that they have a heavy load to bear without each passer-by clapping on a budget of reproaches. It is enough for them to know that the door of the world's great and respectable vehicle is closed against them, without your popping your heads out of the window and asking him how he likes an outside passage in the storm? If you enjoy a happier lot, and can't afford to spare your chidings, there surely must be something sadly wrong in the general making up of mankind. I don't know how it is, but it does seem to me when I look upon the prosperous, and then upon the unfortunate, that decent society is comparatively destitute of good manners.

Speak kindly to the erring, my friends—talk to them with words of comfort, looks of love, and in tones of tenderness—and you may induce them to quit their thorn-covered ways, and walk in the paths of peace and virtue. You have all sinned in your time, and Heaven, perchance, has intentionally overlooked it. 'Deal gently, then, with all who err:' ay, gently as God has dealt with you. If you happen to meet with a miserable fellow mortal whom rum has reduced to the lowest standard of humanity, don't pass him by unnoticed or with a look of cold contempt. If you have once been friends, be friends still. Speak to him kindly—take him by the hand—invite him home with you to share in your hospitalities and receive wholesome advice. Grant him all the pecuniary assistance you can easily afford; and, when you show him the door, show him also the road to respectability, happiness and honor: and then, if he isn't of a mind to profit by your kindness, let him go to perdition his own way—but don't throw stones at him as he travels. In like manner deal with that portion of the weaker and lovelier sex, whose moral strength has not been sufficient to bear up their beauty. Most of these night-blooming flow-

ers seem to have lost all their fragrance—their buds of innocence have received a blight, and their blossoms of love have faded; and yet, how many of them might be made to flourish again by being transplanted to the warm, nourishing soil of society! But alas! society won't look upon them any longer as beautiful roses or lovely lillies, but as PIZENOUS plants, not fit to beskirt by-paths of decency! So white and fine is the fabric of woman's fair fame, that a speck upon it not bigger than a fly-dot shows plainer than a grease-spot as big as your hand on the reputations of us men. As soon as a single yellow leaf is discovered in the chaplet of her virtue, the frost of suspicion falls upon the whole garland, and it is lovely no more. Oh! speak gently to the adopted daughter of sin!—seek for her a shelter from the storms of sorrow, and try to coax her into it—endeavor to persuade her to return to the old homestead of peace and purity:—extend your arms and welcome her to your bosom, as a fond parent welcomes the return of a wayward and wandering child. After saying and doing all this, and you find that she is still determined to career it to destruction, all you will then have to do is to—let her go it!

But, my friends, forget and forgive all the follies and errors of your fellow beings. Forgiveness is as grateful to a heart that has erred as dew to a drooping flower. To give you an idea of the feeling that forgiveness produces, I will mention that I dropped in the other day at the store of Messrs. Sands & Co., No. 273 Broadway, and purchased a pot of Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream, with the aid of which, and a good razor, I divested myself of a fine crop of beard; and you can't imagine how comfortable and happy I felt after it. I felt, for all the world, as though I had sinned, and just had been forgiven! It is divine to forgive—and I hope you will forgive whatever errors may be made manifest in the flesh of your humble preacher, when I assure you that they are entirely extraneous, having neither root in his heart nor a hold upon his inclinations. So mote it be! Pass round the box.

MAN.

TEXT.—What is man?

MY HEARERS—man may not be the only thinking animal on face of the globe, but he is unquestionably the only one that

pires plans for the future, without the aid of instinct, and is ever elated with hope, or troubled with care. He occupies a position in the scale of being between the orang-outang and the angels of heaven—being a little lower than the latter and somewhat higher than the former. Man is a mysterious amalgamation of mind and matter—a compound of purity and corruption—a machine that turns out some good and much mischief—a hot-bed, in which is sown the seeds of sin, vice, virtue and morality. Intellectually, he is a god—physically, he is a beast. Over all his mightiness of mind, the animal propensities ever predominate. In the wild, uncultured region of the soul we find but few ideal flowers; and they are overshadowed by the underbrush of sensual indulgence, in a gloomy forest of ignorance; but when the genial sun of education is admitted to warm the soil, blossoms of purity soon begin to bloom—plants of piety spring up—and a harvest for the heart is shortly gathered; but for all this, there are many toadstools to be found in the pasture of man's bosom and berries that look pleasing upon the outside, but are full of poison within. And yet man, inconsistent and erring man, will persist in partaking of the bitter fruits of iniquity, when he knows that, by so doing, he is sure to get the gripes and grums, and be pained in body and troubled in soul! Yes, he will fret the spirit for the sake of the body, the pleasures of which are but momentary at the longest; and, when they depart, they leave the soul as sick as a green sailor, and the stomach as sour as the latter end of an old maid's existence.

My friends—what is man? He is an amalgamation of all that is good, just, noble, vile, mercenary, and mean—a riddle, an enigma, a perfect paradox. While he attempts to conquer temptation, resist evil, and defy the devil, he gives way to the most grovelling desires; and the baser passions ride rough-shod over every exalted idea, tender feeling, and magnanimous resolution. In all his actions he is moved by MOTIVE—and that motive is concealed beneath the thick mantle of selfishness. The greatest and the mightiest of men have often had their minds turned into the narrow channel of self, and corrupted by the filth therein contained. For the love of lucre, they have gone contrary to the commands of their consciences—for the sake of gaining honor, glory, and renown, they have sacrificed ease, comfort, and happiness, and,

not unfrequently, large parcels of piety. Even I, myself, am willing to acknowledge that while my spiritual balloon is inflated with the gas of good and heavenly intent, I am oftentimes so strongly bound to earthly inducements by the cord of animal propensity as to prevent my rising into a purer and more wholesome atmosphere. I preach morality, not only for the good of my fellow creatures, but also for my own benefit. I exhort all to acts of benevolence in order that I may make sure of my own bread and butter—and who wouldn't do it, that had the gift of gab and home-made eloquence commensurate with mine!

My friends—be careful and not provide too extravagantly for the body. While the flesh fattens, the spirit decays. It feasts for a short time upon the luxuries furnished by the corporeal part, and then grows stupid, sickens, and gradually declines. The soul gets diseased from the filthy and corrupt habitation in which it resides; and it never can become convalescent till it journeys to that congenial clime beyond the valley of death, where mildness constantly prevails, and where there is no change of season from January to the December of eternity. Man prides himself upon his reason, his intellect, and his mental endowments; but what do these signify so long as his belly bears sway over his brains? A jackass that drags a dray or bears a burthen is of more use to a community than one who cares for none but himself, or he who destroys both body and soul by wallowing in the mire of gross indulgence. It is said in the sacred scripture that the spirit of man goeth upward, and that of the beast downward: and, therefore all who make beasts of themselves had better keep a good lookout lest their immortal parts eventually take a notion to slide to the bottom of that bottomless pit, from which there is no more rescue than there was for Satan when he suddenly dropped from heaven into the regions of endless woe.

My dear friends—let us consider what man is, to make the most of him. He is but a moving mass of matter—a carnal locomotive, propelled by the steam of life, guided and governed by the great Engineer of the universe. He sets out with full speed upon the railway of existence—sometimes bursts his boiler ere he has attained half his journey, and at others brings slowly up at the depot of death, where he blows off his spiritual vapor, and the engine is laid up in the sepulchre for repairs, to be in readiness

against the day of resurrection. Truly hath it been remarked, that man is but a shadow, and life a dream. That shadow is present only for a day, as it were. When the sun of existence sets, it mingles with the shade of oblivion, and is obliterated from the earth for ever: and as man approaches his long home, in the solitude of age, he looks back upon his life behind him as a mere dream, and hopes for something like joyous REALITY in a world to come.

Don't trouble yourselves, my hearers, as to what you are—how you came here—or what your destination hereafter; for you can know for a certainty nothing about it till death solves the mystery, and your spirits are returned unto Him who gave them; but live righteously, do good, and eschew evil, and you have nothing to fear. So mote it be!

THE PROCESS OF THE YEAR.

TEXT.—Perceivest thou not the process of the Year?

How the four Seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in every form they wear?

MY HEARERS—I shall preach to you, upon this occasion, in a laconic style—well filled with meaning, or replete with nothingness—whichever you may choose. You are about to perform another annual round in your mortal existence—or, rather, take another hitch towards the dark Valley of Death, where beggar and king, friend and foe, lie down as cosily together as a couple of dead foxes. Don't be too sure of not slipping up, and receiving a fatal fall before you reach the mile-stone upon which is written Jan. 1, 1846. Be careful what road you take. Consider, also, well which is the better mode of travelling. Putting a boiler in your stomachs, and raising the steam with alcohol, is a very unpleasant and dangerous way of getting along. You are liable to run off the track and do irreparable damage to your reputations, if not to your carcasses. Because why—Reason is not your engineer. If you straddle the high-mettled mare of Fancy, she may kick up her heels before you know it, and pitch you headlong into the dust of sober reality. There is much beautiful scenery on the road that leads from this year to the next. To see, appreciate and admire it all, I advise you to perform the journey on foot. Take the staff of hope

in your hand—have your knapsacks well filled with faith and fortitude. The latter article is a first-rate undershirt when blow the cold winds of adversity. Put a plenty of the bread and cheese of charity in your pockets—be economical in your expenses—and keep scratching the gravel, as industriously as an old hen with a family of fourteen chickens. You will go slow at the fastest; but then you will have a chance to behold the beauties of the ever-changing landscape, and thus far experience the pleasures of life's pilgrimage. I know, however, that you will not all take the same road, nor trot along with the same jog. Some will go one way, and some another. Some will wander far away from the paths of propriety—ramble through the woods in search of the wild flowers of pleasure, which are fascinating to the eye, but as wanting in fragrance as the blossoms that bloom upon the bonnets of our city belles. Some will take short cuts—some long cuts—some cut across lots, and find themselves at last where it is impossible for them to be found. My friends, how many do you suppose of those around us—say take the whole human live stock of Gotham—will lack the wind to hold out till the first of January next? More, perhaps, than you imagine. Ere a single month shall have rolled over you, hundreds of your fellow citizens will have fallen by the way-side. Many and many, who now fancy that they have got a good foothold, and have both physical and mental strength to hold out for a twelvemonth, will be compelled to lay themselves down to die, just as the buds begin opening and the birds commence singing. It's rather hard, but it can't be helped—as an old maid (an acquaintance of mine) remarked when I told her that young men generally preferred external attraction to intrinsic worth.

My worthy friends! to come a little closer to my text, the four seasons of the year are as emblematical of human life, in its different stages, as any picture that could possibly be painted by the pencil of Nature. Spring, with her young buds and opening blossoms is emblematical of youth—when the jessamines, violets, and other flowers of joy and happiness spring up as suddenly from the warm rich soil of the heart as toadstools after an April shower. Summer, with her green leaves and thick foliage, is a fair representative of manhood—when man is in the full prime, vigor and vitality of being. He finds the loveliest of flowers surrounding

Wherever he strays ; but no new ones starting to bloom in the garden of Hope. It is midsummer with him, and he must make up his mind to soon fade, as fades the most beautifullest (as my friend hakespere would say) of American calico, when dipped in a tub of hot soap-suds. Autumn is a capital counterfeit, if not a true counterpart, of age. His grey hairs and frosted whiskers plainly tell to his contemporaries—the men of years—that the roses in life's wreath are fast withering, and that nothing save the sun of immortality can renew their former brightness and beauty. Winter whispers of death and the tomb. The snow-flakes that so lightly fall, like feathers, upon the graves of our kindred, remind us of the snows that gently descend upon the already-hoary head of extreme old age. But the old man soon dies, and goes to his long home, about which we living mortals know no more than a caterpillar does of its future butterfly existence.

My dear friends ! a new year is now before you : make the most and the best of it you can. So mote it be !

ABOUT THE DEVIL.

TEXT.—The Devil's mad, and we are glad ;
We've got one soul he thought he had ;
And, if he comes on this camp ground,
We'll take a stick and knock him down.

MY FRIENDS : the Devil is always tickled, and shakes his tail like a dog at a dinner table, when he sees there is any prospect of his getting yet another morsel of mortality. The way the world wags at present gives the old fellow, I must confess, a good look for pretty considerable large share of the spoils in the end. Now, God (and, I suppose, no christian will pretend to deny what I say) has placed us here upon earth : he has endowed us with mind and faculty sufficient to insure peace and happiness while we remain inhabitants of this terrestrial sphere. He has given us all the necessary tools with which to work out our own salvation. He has pointed out to us, as plainly as a country guide-board with a big st and stiff finger, exactly the right road in which we should travel ; and if we don't trot therein, the fault and blame are entirely our own. He has also created a Devil, (this no believer will pretend to deny,) for no other purpose, as far as I can see, than to go

shares with him in the great undertaking of a universal creation. It appears that in this, *homo vegetato* world—according to stipulation—the Devil is entitled to all the human smutty heads of wheat, half or wholly rotten apples, and all the specked potatoes that he can dig from this sublunary soil. Then, of course, Mr. Devil uses his utmost exertions to blast as many as he can. When he prematurely blights the bud of virtue and innocence, induces youth to wander hellward, and persuades the old man to let go his hold upon heaven, it is all fair play on his part: but, my friends, don't allow yourselves to be deceived by any of his artful tricks. Go straight forward in the path prescribed by duty, honor and religion; and, with a strong conscience to back you, you will be enabled to take all hell by the horns and come off victorious.

My dear hearers: just at the present time the Devil is mad—mad as a March hare. We have got one soul that he made as sure of, in his own mind, as I did when, in my cruel youthful days, I threw a stone at a bullfrog and missed him. Yes, old Joe Bruiser has at last become a thoroughly-reformed man. His case was a desperate one; but by a daily application of religious ointment, and rubbing it well in, it eventually penetrated and softened his heart; and he is at present as full of piety as a sheep is of ticks. He is now as well soaked with religion as he previously was with rum, and I have no doubt but he will keep morally moist to the end. The way he used to 'go it,' on his own hook, and pick up passengers by the way, was a caution to country mail-coaches. He was blasphemous enough to swear at his Savior, make mouths at his Maker, and speak disrespectfully of the blessed Virgin; but, thank heaven, he has become an altered man—a regenerated being—born anew, a big but exceedingly promising baby; and the good, that he is yet to accomplish, will be more than paramount to all the evil he has done in his life-time. Of course, the Devil is mad about the matter; but who cares? I and all the world rejoice to think that so monstrously wicked a fish has at last been caught in the net of righteousness.

My ex-associate, the Devil, thought he had old Joe as fast as a rat in the trap. He considered him his most faithful friend upon earth—relied upon him for the best of supplies—considered his influence and exertions worth more than the combined efforts of a whole community of skeptics. His Satanic Majesty had made

most extensive preparations for the reception of old Joe and his host. He went so far as to enlarge his premises, and build an extra fire in a newly-furnished parlor; but he is sucked in, after all. Old Joe has slipped his halter, and now prances, like a spirited colt, over the green pastures of piety, hope, and happiness. Ha-ha! methinks I now see his devilship flogging his imps, down below, and raising special Cain in his back kitchen, all on account of having lost so valuable a prize as old Joe. Let him wail, groan, and grit his teeth, and be besinged—Joe Bruiser belongs to our company, and we shan't part with him till he takes a notion into his head to make a deuced fool of himself—which I presume will be a long time first.

My respected hearers—I did glory in the thought that we had the Devil pretty well fenced in—or perhaps more properly speaking, fenced out—till some of our bishops, clergymen, and ministers of the faith, carelessly, thoughtlessly, or couldn't-help-it-ly, let the bars down and gave the old creature a chance to trespass, as heretofore, upon the unmown meadows of morality—tangle up the long grass of terra-divine grace, and deflower the few small patches we have left of earthly virtue and innocence. Heigho!—hallelujah!—let the Lord be praised. I sigh while I sing, and sing while I sigh; and yet I bow in meek submission to Him who rides upon the whirlwind and handily drives the storm and tempest at tandem. To him alone I leave it whether these things ought to be or oughtn't.

My worthy friends—knowing, as we all do, that the Devil is still at large, and prowling about, like a wolf in search of poorly-constructed sheepfolds, it behooves us to arm ourselves accordingly. Let us be well provided in the superfine powder of piety, the muskets of true morality, the swords of truth and wisdom, filled with 'christian spunk,'—and then let the old Arch Enemy come upon our camp ground if he dare. We'll beat him off with the bludgeons of faith, holiness, charity, benevolence and love—give him a kick a posteriori, and send him supperless to his subterranean bed. Shall we do it? If 'yes' be your response—we will do it. So mote it be!

ON THE HABITABLE WORLD—ITS FOLLIES

TEXT.—All we see, above—around—
 Is but built on fairy ground;
 All we trust is empty shade,
 To deceive our reason made.
 Tell me not of paradise,
 Or the beams of houris' eyes!
 Who the truth of tales can tell
 Cunning priests invent so well?
 He who leaves this mortal shore,
 Quits it to return no more.
 In vast life's unbounded tide
 They alone content may gain,
 Who can good from ill divide,
 Or in ignorance abide—
 All between is restless pain.
 Before thy prescience, Power Divine,
 What is this idle sense of mine?
 What all the learning of the schools—
 What sages, priests and pedants?—fools!
 The world is thine! From thee it rose—
 By thee it ebbs—by thee it flows.
 Hence, worldly lore! by whom is wisdom shown!
 The Eternal knows—knows all—and he alone!

BELOVED HEARERS—this world, as has been said, is all a fleeting show—it is nothing more than a flimsy bubble, floating about on the great ocean of Time, which will soon burst up, or be sucked into the vortex of Eternity. All its rainbow tints of fancy must fade away as the night of nonentity approaches—all the beauties shall be wrapt in the pall of darkness, and only a faint gleam of sunshine left to gild the horizon of man's hopes. All we put our trust in is an empty shade—made to obfuscate the brain, deceive the reason, and lead us into the labyrinthine paths of trouble and disappointment. Man, himself, while an inhabitant of this crustaceous ball, is only the shadow of what he will be by and by; he is nothing at all—and the whole world is nothing. Don't talk to me about paradise. There is no earthly paradise, my friends, half as lasting as the ephemeral glory of a ginsling. Even Hoboken—the loveliest garden planted by the joint efforts of man and Nature—bears no perennial bloom. It wears the robe of beauty for only a short season, and then yields up its charms to the rude blasts of autumn and winter, presenting more forbidding aspect than many other less generally attractive

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

spots; the same as the prettiest young girls are apt to make the ugliest old women. As evanescent as are the charms of Hoboken, it is a beautiful oasis adjoining the barren circle of us poor pent-up Gothamites. We behold it across the river with the same delight as does a life-wearied mortal the land of the blest across the turbid waves of death—or as did the Jews behold the fair Canaan upon the banks of the flowing Jordan.

Sweet fields on Jordan's blooming strands
Lay dressed in living green;
So to us all Hoboken stands,
While Hudson rolls between.

My hearers: I must skip that part of my text which speaks of the beams of houris' eyes, and of the tales that cunning priests invent, as they are subjects beyond the control of my explattering powers; but I will tell you some news, which is, that whoever quits this mortal shore, and embarks for another world on board the good ship Immortality, quits it to return no more. Ah! my friends, there is no come back with him, because passengers are taken but one way; and I doubt whether he would ever desire to return, unless politics happened to rage high there: and then he would be better off here. When a brother mortal closes the dim eye on a bed of sickness, lays his cold digits in your palm, and faintly breathes farewell! you know it is his final adieu, and the last time that solemn word shall escape his lips. It isn't one of your humbug Madame Celeste's farewells, signifying nothing, but one which sincerely implies good bye, for ever.

Don't weep, my friends, over the decaying dust of mortality, nor drop a tear upon the old hat of a departed friend; for tears cannot embalm the spirit in its carnal, crumbling sarcophagus, nor recall the dead to the living; but let the optical brine flow in such channels only as may lead to possible moral results. For instance, husbands! weep over the follies and extravagances of your wives; wives! shed tears of solicitous anxiety over the dissipations and vices of your husbands. These may effect something; but when the contents of life's cup have been once spilt upon the ground, they soak in, and appear again only at the eternal fountain of heaven, while crying on the subject is all in my eye, as common folks say. But the next thing is, how are we to be happy and content-

ed while we stay here? This is easily solved by the single rule of common gumption. Multiply virtuous actions, divide good evil, and subtract lots of vices: the quotient will be the answer—contentment—and the remainder, if any, a small overplus of happiness, to be used as occasion may require. You must learn to separate the tares from the wheat, or else be prepared to continue in restless pain; for recollect that while you are picking berries of comfort in the world's wild wilderness, if you don't know the wholesome from the poisonous, you will be occasionally afflicted with a bowel complaint, and no such thing as ease or serenity can sooth the troubled waters of the soul. While you remain in blessed ignorance, however, you cannot commit a thousand petty sins without feeling the spurs of a guilty conscience; but, my dear friends, so long as you eat the apples of good and evil, gathered from the tree of knowledge, then just so long will you be subject to a constitutional ailment of spirit.

My dear hearers: you are all fools, and I'm another, compared with that Almighty Power Divine, whose wisdom, knowledge, love and goodness inflate the stupendous balloon of creation—who has fastened the corners of heaven's blue curtain to the opposite poles of the earth, and lit up the great temple of the universe by a splendid solar chandelier, around which millions of celestial tapers for ever revolve—whose home is everywhere, and nowhere in particular—who waves his fiery banners amid the thunderings of elemental battles, causing old Ocean to roar like a lion, and lash his tail with fear and fury: in whose calendar, years are marked down as moments, and centuries as suns: whose memorandum book is everlasting space, upon which are recorded all the events that have ever been conceived in the matrix of time since the opening of creation. Now, what is this earth, and what are we compared with the great Omnipotent? We are nothing but me-skippers crawling over a bit of mouldy cheese. We don't know anything, with all our learning. Queen Victoria, Daniel Webster, General Jackson and Van Buren are all fools, only they don't know it—if they did, they would know something, at least. What man?—an insignificant insect! to-day sporting in the sunshine pleasure—to-morrow trod upon and crushed by the foot of I leaving not a grease-spot behind to tell that such a creature existed. Let us think of these things for a week, and see

may not produce something like a spirit of humbleness in the hearts of us all. So mote it be!

MAN'S PROGRESS—MECHANICALLY AND MORALLY.

TEXT.—How fast the world advances—
How little man improves!

MY HEARERS—the world is advancing with railroad speed along the path of science and civilization; but the question is, whether its progress is directed towards heaven or the diggings of the damned. Man, morally speaking, has not gained a single step toward the summit of holiness, since he was kicked out of Eden and left to wander, alone and unbefriended, in the wilds of wretchedness and want. He improves intellectually and mechanically, but not morally; but I am determined to persevere, through patience and the aid of faith, and either preach people into pious practices or into the pit of perdition. They shall not sit wholly unmoved under such rough and raking eloquence as mine. The pure waters of the heart shall not be allowed to stagnate for the want of occasional stirring up, so long as I have physical strength to keep my moral muddler in operation.

My friends: the world has advanced most wonderfully since the beginning. Splendid and costly garments have taken the place of fig-leaf aprons—instead of the rude and clumsy ark, constructed by Noah, we have the magnificent steamboat devised by Fulton—where the wheels of lumbering vehicles once rolled lazily along, now rushes the steam locomotive with meteoric speed, using up time and annihilating space—and the hand is now relieved of many a tedious and irksome task by the miraculous power of machinery. Yes, my friends, almost everything is done by machinery now-a-days, even to the making of pills and poetry; and I shouldn't be much surprised if we soon relied upon its aid for the propagation of our species. From the vast field of science we have culled some beautiful flowers, and places once desolate now bloom like the gardens of the east. Man almost splits his pantaloons in taking such long strides towards the climax of perfection; but he need not exert himself—for but a few centuries will slide away at best ere he will have reached the summit, and then back he will fall into primitive ignorance and degradation—that is, if he grow

not purer and better in proportion as he progresses in knowledge. All the fancy-work that the lovely damsel, Improvement, has wrought for herself is destined to be torn from her by the rude fingers of Fate, and she will be left to commence her task anew, even as the spider's evening labor is lost by the morning broom of some obtruding house-maid.

My hearers—if you had all improved internally as you have outwardly and artificially, where would you be by this time? Sitting upon the step-stones of heaven's high porch, sipping the sweets of happiness. You, men, would be demi-gods, and you, ladies, beautiful wingless angels, with bosoms as pure as your faces are lovely. Your hearts would be caskets for the bright gems of virtue—infants would no longer suck the poison of depravity from your breasts, and the stains of sin cast upon you by the errors of grandmother Eve would wash out as easily as common dirt from a towel.

My dear friends—I must be allowed to remark, that all outside improvements are of but little real use to man, and of no benefit to the world, unless the moral, internal arrangements are proportionately improved. In speaking of internal improvements, I have no reference to such as are brought about by indulging in roast beef, plum puddings, wines and other et ceteras—for these are but wicked outlays for the stomach; but refer to such only as spring from a proper culture of the heart. It is the garden of the MIND that needs attending to; because there are planted our characters, our honors, and it is there that are sown the seeds of our everlasting happiness. If we neglect it, vicious weeds will soon o'ertop every virtuous flower, and then, when we come to gather in the harvest of our hopes, we shall reap nothing but the wild mustard of misery. It is foolish in the extreme to take pride in advancing without improving—to pay so much attention to the worthless, perishable portion of humanity while the intellect remains a sink for the filth of sin.

My friends—the heart is a depository for both good and evil; but it ought to be the home of piety alone. There is no necessity for having quite so much trash-deposited there as there is. Skim off the scum that swims upon the surface of depraved human nature, as often as once a week at least; and allow my moral physie to purify the inner man every Sunday. Then, if you should be

unfortunate enough to go to destruction at last, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I pulled at your coat-tails till you slipped the garments of mortality.

Endeavor to improve as you advance in the world, else you lose more than you gain; and you will finally become convinced that, with all your advancement, you have been growing more wicked, and the worse for wear. The time will soon come when the timbers of your carnal dwelling shall become rotten—its windows broken—its doors closed—and its fires extinguished in the dust and ashes. So mote it be!

ON DEVILS.

TEXT.—There are many devils that walk this world—

Devils large and devils small;
Devils so meagre, and devils so stout,
Devils with horns, and devils without;
Shy devils that go with their tails up curled,
Bold devils that carry them quite unfurled,
Mock devils and devils that brawl:

Serious devils and laughing devils,
Imps for churches and imps for revels,
Devils uncouth and devils polite,
Devils black and devils white,
Devils foolish and devils wise;
But a laughing woman with two black eyes
Is the worstest devil of all!

MY HEARERS—I've got to take a devilish subject by the horns this time; however, I am as bold as a lion, and don't care a straw even for that devil of all devils, old Beelzebub himself. He and I had a set-to long time ago, as the poet says—and the way I thrashed the old covey was a caution to his imps. He first came palavering round me, and tried to stuff me up with all sorts of Tartarean blarney. He said that vice, immorality, intemperance, and all such trash, was just the sort o' thing to carry a man safely round the corners of this octagonal world. Said I, (putting my thumb on my nose, as the boys do,) you can't catch an old bird with such chaff as that—you're a liar, Satan, from the very beginning of all that ever begun to be, and you know it, too. So I doubled up my two gospels, and let him have it, right over the left peeper—then hit his retrospective a kick, and told him to go to —. He cut

his stick, for dear life, and never has troubled me since. That, my hearers, was what I call fighting the good fight; and you should all do the same when similarly molested. Just spunk up to the old codger—let him know you are not afraid of him, and you'll quick find out that he is one of the biggest cowards that ever wore hair. I say, stand your ground, in spite of the devil; and if you are only backed by faith and virtue, you can knock him down with a psalm book just as easy as nothing.

But, my friends, there are more devils than one that go about this world, 'seeking where they might catch somebody.' Some are monsters, and frightful to behold—others are little, and look pretty; but these are some of the worst kind, because you can't fight 'em, more than you can mosquitoes. Some devils have horns—some don't—and some have horns that shove in and out, like a pencil case—out when they want to use them—in at other times. Look out for these fellows! There are shy devils that mix up a great deal of mischief for us mortals. They may be found in great numbers in this goodly city of Gotham—ay, even in that filthy lane of lucre, which projecteth toward the two great rivers, called Wall street. They carry their tails curled up in a knot, or wind 'em round their legs, and tuck the ends into their boots. Keep away from these devils, if you please. There are devils among us that show their hoofs, their horns, and the whole length of their tails. I need not warn you against such; because, as my friend Alexander Pope says, they are monsters with such confounded ugly mugs that, to be shunned and despised, they have only to be squinted at. The meek devils belong to the cunning tribe; but we have a set of brawling devils around us, that are enough to bring the ten plagues of Egypt upon the kingdom of righteousness. They woke up Beelzebub on New Year's night by their infernal orgies. They are his disinherited children—and I verily believe that when they are cast back into the stagnant pools of damation that spawned them, they will give their kindred spirits the scurvy, and Tophet itself will have a touch of the black vomit.

Now, my beloved friends, I must pass over a lot of other devils that are lying in ambush for us, to one of a very peculiar and bewitching nature, and (as my text says) the very worst devil of all. *A laughing woman with two bright eyes, is the very animal. Who*

can hold on the reins of sober reason when this beautiful devil is piercing the heart with the arrows of love that are propelled by the lightning of its eyes? I can't, and don't try to. There is something under the silken eye-lashes of a young feminine devil that shoots a load of harmless sin right into a body; and makes him feel as if strung up by the ears, and dancing in an atmosphere of bliss! Oh, it's a queer sensation! and I exonerate all from the blame of imprudence, who may be caught up and borne away on the demi-angelic wings of woman's love. I have sometimes thought that the devil which tempted Eve in paradise was her own beautiful shadow. No—it couldn't have been; for she never would have been driven out of the garden for such an un sinful act of worship. It was a blasted snake. Down with the snakes, I say! Death to all snakes!

But, my hearers, I fear I am trespassing on your patience. I could expatiate on this subject from now till breakfast. I may touch upon it again, one of these days—wind, weather, and Providence permitting: but, for the present, I have only to say, that if you don't fall into the clutches of any worse devil than lovely woman (as bad as she may be) you may consider yourselves as favorable candidates for offices in the highest courts of heaven. So mote it be!

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

TEXT.—'Good den, Sir Richard—God-a-mercy, fellow;
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter.'

MY HEARERS—the world is strangely given to calling men and things by their wrong names. There are more Mr. Thing-um-bobs, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'ems, Mr. You-know-whos, and Mr. So-and-sos, extant at present, than I ever knew since I shed my first shirt. If you hear a man called John now-a-days, you can't be certain that his name is not Jedediah, Jehoiakim, or Jerusalem. In fact, it matters but little to him what he is called, so long as he knows 'it means ME.' Nap. Han.—a colored gentleman, whose proper cognomen is Napoleon Cæsar Augustus Hannibal—once said that he 'hab seven children: dey am all named Jim, 'cept Pete, and his name is Bob.' So it is with the human family: they are nearly all Smiths, par convenience, except the Browns, and they answer

ed, sown their seeds, fulfilled the ends of their being, and gone the way of all living. This is rational and expectable; for we all know that the old must die, but that the young may die, appears to be a futurity that never should occur upon the railroad track of life. However, He knows what is best for us, whose throne is the heavens, and in whose hands the millions of rolling spheres are but as marbles in the pockets of schoolboys. If I have not always found, my friends, in these my solitary meditations, what the world would call pleasure, I have ever returned from them, I think, a wiser and a better man. God grant that you may do likewise. So mote it be!

MAN'S MORAL OBSTINACY.

TEXT.—It gives one nought but grief and pain
To preach each week and preach in vain.

MY HEARERS—notwithstanding that new discoveries are every day being made in medical science, and we profess to have a remedy for almost every ill that flesh is obnoxious to, still disease rages unchecked; and the same proportionate number of deaths occurs annually as did in the days of yore. So it is in a religious and moral sense. Our preachers, on Sunday, exhort people to piety, and proclaim from the pulpit the happiness to be derived from its practice; but, like balls of wax, they receive slight impressions upon the surface, which become totally obliterated ere they have rolled half way into the middle of the week. Now, for two or three years I have been dosing and physicking thousands with such moral medicine as I know cannot but prove efficacious in the most desperate cases, provided my patients live upon a low diet of prudence, and allow none of their mental food to be highly seasoned with the spice and pepper of gross desire and worldly indulgence. But, my friends, your carnal desires, according to your notions, must be gratified ere your mental wants can be supplied; and this is the reason why I experience so much difficulty in bringing my enthusiastic endeavors to a happy consummation. I will stick you, however, like a burdock to a sheep's back, till I know my efforts have not been wholly in vain, and that you are not, at least, nearer heaven than you were some few years since.

My friends—I shall not attempt to explain to you the sta

your future existence—for that is something which mortal man can know no more about, while a probationer upon this little ball of earth, than a caterpillar knows whether he is to become a butterfly and soar upon the wings of beauty in an atmosphere fragrant with the perfume of flowers, or be destined to crawl for a short time amid the filthiest of filth, and then dissolve into dust. No; all that I care for is your temporal welfares; for I know that if you do but learn how to manage your corporeal sail-boats upon the little lake of time, you can safely venture upon the great ocean of eternity. The book of fate is closed to every inhabitant of this terraqueous globe, and what is written upon futurity's page is too far in the distance to be read through the telescope of prophecy. While preaching, I feel my heart saturated with the sweets of anticipation; but when I find that I have preached in vain, the bitter dross of grief and mortification settles at the bottom of my bosom, and makes me feel as bilious as the self-indulging fool who is in the habit of making a beer-butt of himself. I want you to push while I pull, and make some exertions in your own behalf—otherwise all my ardent and strenuous efforts will prove as fruitless as the blossoms of a he-cucumber vine.

My hearers—in my reflective moments—and, I can assure you, they are, like angels' visits, few and a good ways apart—I am compelled to believe that my sincere endeavors have been partially, if not wholly, in vain—however much they are lauded from the land of steady habits to the southern swamps of vice. The world wags on, as usual, in its wicked course—the career of crime remains unimpeded—the wild weeds of avarice overspread and encumber the soil where should flourish the flowers of charity—green-eyed jealousy still haunts the domestic circle—envy yet strives to thrust merit from its exalted station—the madder of calumny grows as usual by the road-side that leads from neighbor to neighbor—the green leaves of love fade and wither in the mid-day of matrimony—and virtuous buds are killed by the frosts of vicious example. I have scattered seducing seeds along the pathway of the world to tempt the birds of benevolence and good feeling back to their native earth, but they seem to be as shy as shitepokes, and as intent upon reaching their heavenly destination as a flock of wild geese during their semi-annual migrations. Mothers! are you aware that you are suckling slaves of sin at

your breasts? Fathers! do you know that your offspring are running as fast as their little legs will carry them towards the precipice of perdition? While you stuff their stomachs with bread and milk, allow their souls to surfeit upon the fat of faith and the porridge of paternal precept. Walk with them through the gardens, groves and fields of your own experience—point out to them every poisonous plant—teach them how to analyze every flower that springs spontaneously in the human heart—show them the difference between every blossom that decorates the moist meadow of immorality, and posies that paint the upland pastures of purity, piety and peace: and, if they will not profit by your exemplary practices, nor heed your instructions, take them by the nape of the neck and shake them till every particle of sin that lies buried beneath their breeches is scattered to the four winds of heaven.

My dear friends! you are all going astray, like sheep without a shepherd: you wander about in a wilderness of gloom and uncertainty without a compass or a guide. I hold the salt of salvation in the palm of my hand—but you had rather go to the devil and dine upon the dainties of destruction. I offer my services, gratuitously, to aid and assist you in your pilgrimages through life—but you seem to consider them of no more value than an India-rubber life-preserver to a duck on a mill-pond. You seem to sacrifice friendship upon the altar of mammon—you barter away your soul's safety for the sake of a cent: you burglariously enter the storehouses of your brothers—steal from your sisters—filch from your fathers, and immolate your mothers. You break through the fortress of virtue, and ravish the fair daughters of your kindred; and, not unfrequently, the weak sisters of sin throw themselves purposely in your way for the sake of become willing victims of seduction.

Oh! my degenerate brethren! unless you leave off many of your evil practices, I shall quit preaching, and turn my attention to raising cabbages and planting potatoes—in order that I may have the satisfaction of knowing that I sow seed in soil that will yield something adequate to the humblest of my hopes. Take your choice, my friends—labor diligently while the day lasts; and lie down at night upon a bed of peace, or be careless and indolent and go to perdition at last. So mote it be!

ON A KNOWLEDGE OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

TEXT.—If I am right, thy grace impart
That in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Let not this weak and erring hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

MY HEARERS—there is always a right and wrong to everything—a right way and a wrong way—a right side and a wrong side. Now, as I have been before you better than a year and a half, you ought to know whether I have been, generally, in the right or wrong. I mean to be, at all times, like a box of glass, right side up with care, and just as discreet in the dissemination of my penny principles as a sense of candor and a low state of pocket pecuniaries will permit. I never dig through the sacred dust of a churchyard, and disturb the bones of friends and relatives for the sake of arriving at the welling waters of truth; neither do I launch my little moral shallop upon the waves of passion, to be borne away by the tide, and left high and dry upon the obstinate rocks of error; but I paddle straight along, coolly, calmly and philosophically. When I am right, I only want to be assured of it, and I either cast anchor and stay there, or push ahead the mightier: but when I am wrong, just convince me of it, and I will back out like a bear from the briars. I don't wish to be either catagorical, dogmatical or jackassical; but I tell you, my friends, that my heart is just as transparent as a chunk of Rockland ice; and if you can discover any specks of error in it, it is your duty to point them out, and mine to eradicate them. I am open for inspection from 6, A. M. till bed-time, and subject to such improvements, emendations, and alterations, as you in your wisdom may suggest. But it is my business to administer the pills of advice to you.

My dear friends! you should never smite your fallible bosoms and say: Before heaven and my great grandmother, I am certain that I am right, when you know that you are wrong. To say this, you certainly must have cast-iron consciences, and as little regard for truth and frankness as a hog has for holiness. Neither should you ever even presume to be right, as long as there is a possibility

of your being wrong; because there is no knowing but in the next moment you may receive a knock-down argument from the bludgeon of conviction that shall lay prostrate all your arrogant assumptions, and make you feel as flat as the flattest note of an E bugle. You should be humble and yielding—as pliable as a lump of butter in the hands of the dairy-maid. Humility is a lovely damsel, notwithstanding she comes barefooted from heaven to soften the most obstinate calcinations of the human heart; and you ought to court her for the sake of her intrinsic virtues, without paying the least attention to her home-spun frock and paste-board bonnet. Merely hope that you are right in your conclusions on matters and things, and when you are once faithfully and honestly assured of the fact, pray that you may ever remain thus, firm as the everlasting pillars of the universe; but when convinced that you are wrong, turn ye, turn ye, and pioneer your way through the widd wilderness of research, till you arrive at that beautiful oasis where the flowers of truth are for ever blossoming, and no snakes lie in the grass to bite the elongated heel of error.

My dear friends! there is one crying sin in this community which worries my soul, and leads me, sometimes, to doubt whether man is anything more than a brute, indulging in, and giving vent to, those revengeful passions which ought never to characterize a creature of reason, intellect and capacity. It is this: you are too apt to never forgive an injury, nor to apologize when you have dragged the harrow of insult over the tender sensibilities of a brother in blood, and uprooted every sprout of peace that springs up and flourishes in the genial soil of a pure and untarnished character. Yea, you never are caught apologizing for such outrageous wrongs; and more—if you think your neighbor is opposed to you in thought, sentiment or doctrine, you are all in a delirium tremens to pour out your jugs of boiling vengeance upon his unprotected head! You long to take vengeance by the hind leg, and sling it in his face, as you would a dead cat! You itch to go forward with the poison of damnation to sprinkle it over the fair vineyard of his hopes, and unless he should be bullied into your way of thinking, to play the very old Harry with his ducks! Oh! this is not as it should be, by seventeen degrees in the thermometer of moral kindness! This is not only a free country, but a free world—there are laws made by the great Builder of the universe, by

which man may know his whole duty toward his fellow man, and if you allow them to remain a dead letter in the moral statutes, a responsibility rests upon your shoulders heavier than a hogshead of molasses. If a man does not choose to think as you do upon a particular subject, consider, I pray you, that he may honestly differ; and though he be in the right or in the wrong, still his belief is fostered by what appears to him to be reason, and protected by the bonds of a sincere and unyielding conscience. We don't all hear, see, smell nor taste things alike—how much less, then, can we be expected to reason alike! But there is no use in my preaching here much longer, for I find that you are nearly all asleep.

Wake up, my friends! and listen for one minute. If you don't become more tolerant in your opinions, and let others believe just as they please with respect to the philosophy of the milk in the cocoa-nut, and animal magnetism, I can't tell what will become of you by and by; but if you tell others to stick, like a scab, to the right when they honestly believe they are right, and do the same yourselves, there will be no stumbling-blocks in your way to a general hereafter! So mote it be!

ON SIGNS.

TEXT.—You are all seeking after signs,
But in them won't believe.

MY HEARERS—in speaking of signs, I would not have you suppose that I have reference to the signs manufactured by men, and displayed upon the establishments of the profit-seeking and money-getting; nor that my text alludes to your going about seeking after tavern signs—for, I believe most of you can find them without much seeking. You head towards them by instinct, like ducks to a mill-pond. No, the text refers to shadows—shadows that foretell coming events: such as are cast from earthly objects, and elongate at the approach of evening; or those that the married man generally sees once in a couple of years during the time of fruition.

My friends—of a truth, you all seek after signs—are apt to talk about them—tremble with fear at their portentous prognostications, or brighten with hope at their favorable aspects; and yet you pretend to place no confidence, nor humor a belief in

them. Now, there is always a subtileness in a sign that penetrates the heart, and fills it with certain emotions, which can no more be got rid of by the mandates of the will, than corns can be driven from the toes by a prodigal expenditure of profane language. Certain signs are infallible; and you cannot help believing in them, I don't care how much you affect to the contrary, notwithstanding; but there are others which may be put down as mere symptoms—uncertain indications, potential in bearing, and sometimes rubbing hard against the limits of probability. For instance, if you were to see a pig exercising his outward self against a post, it would be no sure sign that he was afflicted with fleas; because there are various other irritations incident to the swinish cuticle.

My hearers—among the doubtful signs that are shadowed forth, to favor and frighten us, poor temporary victims of hope and fear, there are many that appear prominent and conspicuous, as the tippler said of the ruby-red blossoms upon his nose. The aurora borealis may be a presage of cold weather, or a sudden change in the atmosphere; but it is questionable if it has any thing to do in warning us of approaching calamities, scourges, wars and pestilence. If the sun retires at night behind curtains of gold, purple and crimson, we are not certain that the morrow will be fair, bright and shiny; and if it shows a red cap at the oriental window in the morning, the skies may, and may not, spend the day in mourning and weeping. A halo round the moon is sometimes a source of disappointment to cab-drivers and venders of umbrellas. When my morally and physically straight friends, the Quakers, pay their vernal visits to our city in a body, it generally rains throughout the land—upon the just and the unjust, including justices; but the hopes of him who tilleth the soil ought not to depend wholly upon their advent—for they possibly may be flummoxed. If you sneeze twice of a Sunday morning, it will depend upon circumstances whether you hear of a death before the week is out. If you spill salt at the table, further bad luck will not inevitably ensue, although it has been said that misfortunes never come singly. The tickings of death-watches and the howlings of dogs are no more the harbingers of the 'grim tyrant's' visit than the mid-night cry of the Millerites is indicative of the world's speedy dissolution: and an abundance of laborers in the

vineyard of the Lord is, by no means, a sure sign that it is in a flourishing order, and filled with the young and promising plants of righteousness.

My friends—I will now touch upon positive signs. When you see the summer flowers fade, the grass wither, and hear the crickets chirp in the chimney corner, you may know that the winter is near. When the frosts of age have gathered upon human heads, like white mould upon a half rotten pumpkin, it is a sign that they will soon sink into the dust and be seen no more upon earth for ever. When you see a man inflated with gassy patriotism, making stump speeches, and telling people to stand to the rescue, for ‘the country is in danger,’ you may know that all he wants is an office; and probably would be the first one to run, or turn traitor, in a case of actual danger to his country. When a young man spends most of his time in bar-rooms, it is a sign that he is ruining his reputation, injuring his health, and bringing a mildew upon his fairest prospects of life. When you see a man, whose moral habiliments are a little stained by the unavoidable filth of the world, taking delight in commending christian endeavors and praising purity of character, without ostentation, you may rest assured that the roots of early piety are not altogether dead in his bosom; but by a little nourishing they will sprout anew, put forth blossoms of silver, and bear apples of gold. When you see children running about the streets, dirty, ragged and saucy, and up to their middles in mischief, it is a sign that their parents are an inferior species of Nobody. When a young lady grows sentimental, looks pale, a little blue under the eyes, indulges in heigh-hos, and eats chalk, it is a sign that she wants to get married most awfully. When your preacher hints about putting a plenty of sixpences in the box, for the sake of the good cause, you may take it for granted that he wants a few in his own pocket. (I wouldn’t save a soul for less than a sixpence if I lost my wig by it.) When you see a person ardently endeavoring to institute a new order of society, advocating wild and absurd doctrines, and to put in practice that which is contrary to human nature, it is a sign that he is either a monomaniac or a mercenary and ambitious rogue.

You may, perhaps, consider, my friends, that the aforementioned are mere signs, and not worthy of belief; but, let me tell you,

there are certain signs that cannot fail. As you journey on in life, there are shadows cast across your pathways which plainly inform you that you are gradually approaching the dread precincts of the tomb; and they will continue to deepen till night and darkness exclude this fair world for ever from your visions. But there is a brighter one above, made expressly for those who behave well, live righteously, and work hard for it. So mote it be!

ON ENJOYING LIFE.

TEXT.—Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
 Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
 Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
 For, Oh, it is not always May!

MY HEARERS—we all often lament that there is so little of life allotted us, and yet we spend it as prodigally as though such small change as hours, days and weeks were of no consequence in the treasury of human existence, and aided not in making up the sum total of man's years upon earth. This is all owing to the lack of wisdom, economy and firmness, which we inherit from our poor, degenerate ancestors, and a non-exercise of those rectifying capacities which our Creator has so graciously provided us. They who gave us a body furnished it with weakness; but He who gave us a soul has armed it with resolution, and nothing more is requisite, my friends, than to make a good use of this inestimable gift, in order to insure health, happiness and peace even while the lamp of life is burning dimly in the murky atmosphere of age. But which of life's seasons is the time for enjoyment? If we admire youth, we are fond of licentiousness, folly, extravagance and recklessness. If we prize maturity, we value care, anxiety, trouble and disquietude; and if we sigh for old age, we long for sorrow, grief and melancholy misgivings. Yet there is enjoyment to be found in each—and an occasional diamond of delight is dug from amidst the sands of a comparatively barren and worthless existence.

Dear maidens! not long since I preached to the youth of the opposite sex, and told them to go it while they were young, for when they should become old they couldn't; and, now, allow me to advise you to go it (but not with a perfect looseness) while the

days of pleasure are present, and the fountain of enjoyment is for ever flowing. Go it, girls!—exult in the extatic enthusiasm of youth—pluck the posies of pleasure ere they begin to fade in the sad September of womanhood—romp over the fields of flirtation, and through the gardens of gayety, as much as you please, but protect your petticoats from the various puddles of vice that obstruct the path of virtue; for, when they are once stained, neither turpentine nor tears can render them clean as before: and be careful, also, how you are induced in an unguarded moment to wander without the walls of propriety, lest the gates be for ever closed upon you, and you be left to wander still, pitiless and unbefriended, except, perhaps, by some angel of mercy who looks out from the window of heaven, and beckons in vain for you to come and partake of hospitalities denied by a wicked and uncharitable world. Partake of all the proper enjoyments that the spring of youth affords. Luxuriate in love as long as it lasts, but don't make yourselves sick with its sweets, nor too early inoculated with its poison. The May-month of maidenhood—the last and the loveliest of youth—is the time to revel in the delights of love. Therefore, improve it as you best can while the rosy bed of Cupid is surrounded with the richest of fragrance; for remember, my dear young feminines, that with you it will not always be May, and that love hath not all seasons for its own. No—in the very summer of life the blossoms of love begin to fade—in the autumn they are withered and devoid of perfume, and even the green leaves upon the tree of love grow sere, and fall to the ground; but ah! in the winter of age the hollow wind murmurs amid the naked branches, as though wailing for the loss of those wreaths of fond affection which youth's gay spring so gracefully wove. An old woman of fifty or sixty can no more feel the full influence of the tender passion than a chunk of ice can be warmed by moonshine. She may fancy that she feels sometimes a little of the liquor of love leaking through the half-closed pores of her heart; but her love is just about as much like the genuine article which you, young maidens, possess, as the momentary gleams of a lightning-bug's latter extremity are like the ever-blazing rays of the eternal sun. Her love amounts to nothing more than partiality, sympathy, fondness, or friendship—a kind of calm liking, that doesn't stir up the bosom much or create any particular pricking or uneasy

sensation of the flesh ; but yours is the real ginger of affection. When you love, you go it like water down an eave's spout—you cling to the idols of you hearts like sheep-ticks to the wool—now the waves of joyful excitement beat about in your breasts, and now the mild moonlight of melancholy rests upon a scene of gloom and silence—now you feel a curious, silly, sublime, mysterious and magnetic sensation all over, even to your very ancles, as though you were just beginning to feather out—and now again your hearts, hands, feet and flesh are as cold and senseless as the toes of a brass monkey in winter. Such, girls, are your feelings when in love ; and I know very well that they are as rapturous as they are ridiculous. Therefore I would have you enjoy them while the calendar of youth is set for the merry month of May, and ere the frosts of November shall have destroyed the blossoms of your beauty and congealed the current of your loves.

My dear friends—it is not always May, neither will it always be life with us ; so let us literally enjoy its enjoyments while they are within our reach, and not crush such beautiful eggs in our hands by grasping too eagerly. Let us, by prudence, economy, morality, and a moderate indulgence in the pleasures of the world, try to gather the roses of life without its thorns. Let us endeavor to live as well as we OUGHT, and not as well as we CAN ;—not pride ourselves too much upon vain accomplishments, for they must all perish with us in the ground—nor boast of honors, for the tomb must hide them. What are the dead to us, bugs of mortality, that crawl upon their graves ? Nothing. There they lie, rotting, unheeded, unthought-of, as though they never had been ! The grass grows from their bosoms—the cattle eat the grass—man eats the cattle—and Death swallows man at a gulp ? Dust, then, we are ; and we must make up our minds soon to return to dust. If we have been vicious and reckless in our younger days, we must contrive to be serious and virtuous in our maturer years. Virtue adds a bloom and a freshness even to the beauty of youth ; but an old reprobate has more wrinkles on his soul than he has on his forehead. If we so manage as to really enjoy all the gifts that heaven bestows upon us, and don't tease Providence with too many foolish petitions, there is no doubt but we shall eventually find that happier and better land, where it is always May, from January to the December of eternity. So mote it be !

HIGHFLOWN WORDS.

TEXT.—Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

MY HEARERS—allow me on this occasion, to be a kind of half Armado and half myself—as far as words are concerned. Listen, then, while I discourse upon Man. Open your ears that you may hear, and your understandings that you may know what I am talking about. Man is a loquacious, I may say garrulous, animal; carneous, carnivorous, graminivorous, herbivorous, and piscivorous in his nature. He is a singular biped—a puzzle to himself, and an enigma to the world. Unlike all other creatures that locomote, his knees bend forward—towards the future: which shows that he was intended to progress, and never retrograde. In shape he is diverse: gibbous, gor-bellied, square and round-shouldered, bow-legged, knock-kneed, and straight-shanked: fat, plump, spare, lean, lantern-jawed, bacon-faced, and blubber-cheeked: natural-eyed, cross-eyed, blear-eyed, squint-eyed and goggle-eyed. But, my friends, to refrain from descanting and expatiating upon man's physical, physiognomical and corporeal qualities, what is he, entomologically speaking, but an ephemeral insect, that performs a diurnal peregrination to the grave? Scarcely has the erubescence of life's morning ceased to blush upon his cheek than he performs his nocturns amid the dull shadows of death. Ornithologically speaking, he is a non-plumigerous bird, that hops from tree to tree, fills its crop with flies and grubs, sings a summer song or two, and departs to some unknown clime.

My friends—man is a fastuous being, proud of a full purse, and as ostentatious of a fine appearance as a peacock with his posterior appendage extended. He sometimes manifests the longanimity of a jackass, but more frequently he is as restless and unsettled as a toad in a hail storm. He holds that good works are necessary to his salvation, yet his slothfulness induces him to rely upon solfidianism. With all his haughtiness, he kneels like a dromedary; but his genuflections are oftener performed at the altar of mammon than at the throne of grace. He moistens his spirit with the water of life, and furnishes his inner man with a humectation in the shape of a brandy toddy. After partaking of an omnifarious repast and going through a few manual exercises, which he calls the toils of the day, he goes yawning to his bed chamber

and avails himself of the glorious consopiation, allowed to a weary mortals. Verily, the chief end of man is to eat, drink, g money, and sleep. Truly he is a bibacious, voracious, avariciou and somnolent creature. No oleaginous persuasion can malpliant his immutable obstinacy. He must and will have his own way, like a hog on a turnpike, or a woman making pies. Naturally addicted to litigiousness, he will wrangle about words, and nothing can put a stop to his logomachy but sheer exhaustion, finding himself illequated in his own arguments. Ignominiously parsimonious and self-denying, he abrogates the pleasures and comforts of life, and then whines about his own jejuneness, and thinks the world as barren of happiness as a bat is of feathers. Alas for his self-inflicted lycanthropy! Taking it for granted that he is born to sorrow, he indulges in luctiferous cogitations till a confirmed melancholy settles upon his soul, and both misanthropy and misogyny take a life lease of his bosom. Feeble and faint are his philanthropic emotions for the suffering ones around him who cry for his assistance; but strong are his feelings of humanity towards those who are sufficiently far off as to be beyond the reach of his generosity. His heart, for aught I know, may be as soft as wax by nature, but the scorching fire of selfishness makes it as dry and hard as a brickbat; and nothing but a golden or silvery prospect can malaxate its obduracy—which you all know by experience.

My hearers—I will now consider Man alphabetically from A to Z.—He is an Antipode of righteousness, and the Antetype of sin; a Boaster of integrity, and a Beast of passion; a Chrisom of fate, and a Chouse of chance; a Duplicate of the devil, and a Dunce of fortune; an Enthymeme in logic, and an Epigram in the poetic collection of creation; a Formula for the making of monkeys, and a Foundation for an edifice of folly; a Gift of God, and a Grub of the ground; a Hallelujah in church, and a Hodgepodge at home; an Idolator of golden images, and a decided Illusion; a Jackanapes of fashion, and a Jolthead of custom; a Knave in a small way, and a Kernel of honesty; a Lackbrain in wisdom, and a Loggerhead in learning; a mimicking Monkey, and a cold-blooded Monster; a Ninnyhammer at times, and a Niggard by nature; a restless Oaf, and a sample of Obliquity; a perfect Paradox, and a Parody on Adam and Eve; a Quagmire of corruption,

and a Quintuple of error; a Radiance from the Sun of Righteousness, and a Rainbow of deception; a Saint on Sunday, and a Sausage skin stuffed every day; a Titmouse, and a Tempest in a teapot; an Urn of memory, and an Ulcer on the face of creation; a Vulcan at making thunder, and a small Vial of wrath; a Weathercock in politics, and a Weazel withal; a Yew that braves the storms and tempests, and *You* who bend before them; a Zephyr breathed out of heaven to be blown into eternity. Such is Man, my friends—such are you—and so am I. Let's all get through the world together the best way we can, and without making bigger fools of ourselves than nature intended us to be. So mote it be!

ON THE PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.

TEXT.—Come bright Improvement on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid Art shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chaunts his dismal song
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk—
There shall the flocks on thymy pastures stray,
And shepherds pipe at summer's opening day.

MY HEARERS—the spirit of improvement in the arts, sciences, agriculture, and commerce, is going ahead, like wild fire on a prairie, and there is no end to it—no stopping it—no such thing as a goal of perfection. But before I proceed further, allow me to remark, that we don't improve in everything quite so fast as we think we do; if we did, we men should all have become, ere this, gods, barely lacking omnipotence, and the women angels without wings. The world is too apt to think that every new feather in the cap of Fashion—every new wheel in the complicated machinery of Art—every dereliction from the plain paths our fathers trod—are all decided improvements; but the idea is no more correct than a wooden watch. What we gain on the one hand, my friends, we often lose on the other—and so things remain in statu quo, as the lawyers say. For instance, as we improve intellectually and mechanically, we digress morally; for (I hate to say it, but it must

come out) moral corruption and wealthy refinement have ever inhabited together the splendid palaces of the East, and are even now co-dwellers in the costly mansions of the West. In short, half of our modern improvements amount to no more than would an attempt at making a rope longer by cutting a piece from one end and tying it to the other.

But, my dear friends, I mean to speak of the spirit of improvement in general terms, as relating to enlightenment, the advancement of knowledge, and progress in the arts and sciences. In this respect, it is like the rolling avalanche, that leaves detached portions of its bulk by the way, and yet keeps augmenting in its circumvolutionary course. Hardy Enterprize first goes forward as a pioneer in the untracked wilderness, and commences fight with the mighty trees of the forest, cutting them off, some in the prime of life, and others in green old age, and compelling them to spill their sap upon their country's soil. Then walks Agriculture into them 'ere diggings, with spade, harrow, and hoe, and scatters the seed of promise hither and thither, assuring the hopeful settler that his children's children shall sop their hard-earned crumbs in the real gravy of the land. The handmaid Art then comes forward, erects edifices of splendor, and leaves her ornaments of skill on every side—builds studios for the scholars of science, and throws facilities in their way of increasing their wisdom, or for making egregious fools of themselves.

Such, my hearers, is the spirit of improvement. Like the overflowing of a stream that covers and enriches the valley, it better the natural and social condition of man, opens wide the avenues to the temple of reason, and expands the young buds of prosperity. Brush away the fog of a couple of centuries, and take a look at this our native land, as it then appeared. Here, upon the Atlantic shore the scream of the panther arose on the midnight air with the savage war-whoop, and the pale-faced pilgrim trembled for the safety of his defenceless home. He planted his beans in fear and gathered them in trouble—his chickens and his children were plundered by the foe—and life itself was in danger of leaking out from between the logs of his hut, even if it were fortified with three muskets, a spunky wife, and a jug of whiskey. Yes, my friends, this was then a wild, gloomy and desolate place. Where the Indian squaw hung her young papoose upon the bough

and left it to squall at the hush-a-by of the blast, the Anglo-Saxon mother now rocks the cradle of her delicate babe on the carpet of peace, and in the gay parlor of fashion. The wild has been changed to a blooming garden, and its limits are expanding with the mighty genius of liberty. On Erie's banks the flocks are now straying o'er thymy pastures, and a few Dutchmen (but no shepherds) are already piping there. The yells of fierce savages now faintly echo from beyond the waters of the Mississippi, and the time is not far off when the last Indian will leave his bones to bleach on the rock-bound coast of the Pacific.

My hearers—this damsel Improvement, who drives ahead so on the car of Time, is working astonishments in this little world of ours; but I believe the day will come, as it has before, when one single puff from the bellows of Fate will sweep all her fancy work into the dust-pan of oblivion, and leave her to commence anew, even as the rough gale snaps the frail cordage of the spider's morning task, leaving him to begin again, under the protecting bankrupt law of nature.

To conclude, my dear friends, permit me to remark that all outward improvements are of but little real use to man and benefit to the world, unless the internal arrangements are improved also. I don't mean such internal improvements as arise from plum puddings, pork and beans, beefsteak and other et ceteras; but such as spring from a proper culture of the heart. It is the MIND that needs improving the first of all; because on that hook are hung our characters, our honors, and our everlasting happiness. It is contemptuous folly for us to take so much pains in titivating off the perishable things around us with the ornaments of art while the intellect remains an uncultivated waste, overgrown with the rankest weeds of depravity. There is too much spurious morality in the market, and it ought to be detected. If you were to shut yourselves up in the dark dungeons of your own souls for a few moments, and there be haunted by the demons of vice that frequent them, I am sure you would struggle to break loose from their horrors, and court the friendship of the fair goddess, Virtue, whose abiding place is earth, but whose home is beyond the regions of the sun, eternal in the heavens. So mote it be!

LIFE'S WONDERS—DEALING JUSTLY.

TEXT.—'Tis wonderful!—and yet, my boy, just such
Is life.

MY HEARERS—life is one of the wonderful wonders of the world—a most mysterious mystery. We only know that we have life. Whence we obtain it we know not, and whither it goeth, when the body dies and dissolves, is beyond the compass of mortal vision. Leaving its principle alone, as something no more capable of being handled than a rainbow or moonshine, what is life, metaphorically speaking? It is a sea, wide, fathomless, calm, beautiful, and terrible. The light of heaven spills itself upon it, and it is decked with every hue of joy and glory; anon, dark clouds arise, contending winds of wo, grief and fate go forth, and Hope sits wiping her eyes with her apron, over the wrecks of peace and happiness. Life, my friends, may also be called a ship upon the sea of time, upon which we, sublunary voyagers, are passengers. How gaily we glide along in the gaze of the world, with canvass all spread and streamers afloat (especially our Broadway belles); but, after all, we are chartered by sorrow and freighted with sighs. We put on smiles to cover our tears; and withering thoughts, of which the world knows nothing about, like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below, while the vessel drives on to that unknown shore, of which no authentic description has yet been given. Life, my dearly beloved brethren, I may also consider a blossom full of beauty and promise in our younger days, but yielding not exactly that sort of seed and fruit in our old age which Hope gave us reason to expect. Yet old people are happy: a mild sunshine rests upon their souls, although they sit in the dull shadow of the tomb. They glory in the hope of soon rejuvenating themselves, and picking some of the plumpest kinds of cherries in a perpetual paradise, beyond this thistle-covered sphere. The days of life, my worthy friends, appear to be sisters all alike, and yet none exactly the same. They have a similarity of form and feature, excepting, perhaps, some of them have a few more false curls than others, a little more paint upon their cheeks, a greater quantity of bustle, and various other little deceptions. Life, after all, is a humbug. It doesn't perform what it promises; it holds out to us false inducements—cheats us of at least half that Expectation offers us—not unfrequently plucks every beautiful feather from the bird

of hope, and digs many a grave by the path of glory. Life, upon earth, isn't much to brag of—just in keeping with everything terrestrial. When it shall cast off its old clothes of mortality, and array itself in the never wear-outable garments of everlastingness, it will be worth possessing; but, as it is, it is no great shakes—damaged fever and ague beats it all to pieces. Here endeth my discourse upon this subject. I will now give you a sermon in a few words, which ought to better answer the purpose of a longer one :

TEXT.—Justly deal, uprightly act.

That's the sort, my friends. Whatever your consciences dictate to be done, do it, and tell the devil to go home and attend to his domestic affairs. Deal justly with all men; if your neighbor steals a sheep of you, consider it as an act of necessity on his part, and furnish him with funds to buy his mutton for the future. Be frugal, industrious, temperate, kind, benevolent, charitable, loving, forgiving, moral, religious, and persevering, and you will perform a safe and pleasant journey to that land where happiness is piled up in heaps, and blossoms of bliss ever bloom. So mote it be !

THE PAST—ITS WRECKS AND RUINS.

TEXT.—Ah ! dark are the halls where our ancestors revelled,
And mute is the heart that enlivened the day;
The towers that they dwelt in are awfully levelled,
And the signs of their greatness are sunk in decay.

MY HEARERS—it gives a melancholy shade to the brow of Retrospection for her to wander amid the ruins of the past. She there sees how human greatness has become levelled with the dust—how pride, glory, and earthly pomp, have had their fall, nevermore to rise—how oxygized has become the anchor of hope, and how worthless are the dry tones of Ambition's once mettled steed. The halls where our ancestors once revelled in mirth, gayety and joy, are now as dark as the tomb—as dreary as the valley of death—as deserted as a hornet's nest in winter, and as silent as the catacombs of Egypt. The mansions in which they dwelt are buried, like those of Herculaneum and Pompeii, in the ashes and lava of oblivion; and, as the once-beautiful cities of Tyre, Sidon and Babylon became overspread with the wild weeds of desolation, so

the dark wing of oblivion in an instant, as it were, o'ershadowed the sunny landscape of life, and left them to sleep in the midnight gloom of forgetfulness. Of the links that compose our ancestral chain, memory can count but one or two at the farthest: all beyond which is a mere matter of history, tradition, or speculation. The progenitors of our progenitors, as well as the progenitors of their progenitors, are all lost in the labyrinth of obscurity; and as for endeavoring to trace all your ancestral windings from the present back to the beginning, you might as soon think of feeling your way to heaven with your eyes shut and an extra load of liquor upon your stomachs.

My friends—when with the scythe of meditation we attempt to mow in the broad meadow of the past, and find how Time has tangled up the grass with his long legs, and trodden down lovely blossoms beneath his extensive bog-trotters, we grow sick of the idea, and instinctively turn our attention to the flowery fields of the present. It hangs icicles upon the heart to wander among the tombs of our fathers, and think how the worms have held banquets in their bosoms till nought but a dish of dry dust remains. Can this be all, we ask, that is left of man when the electric principle of life has ceased to operate on his mortal machinery? Echo answers—‘All!’ Yes, my friends, the most beautiful and refined lumps of mortality, when tried in the crucible of Death, turn out to be nothing more nor less than mere dross. How little do we suspect that we are guilty of cannibalism while partaking of the vegetable productions of the earth! With our daily food we eat the flesh of our kindred: the dust of the dead affords nourishment for the living; and the best of plum pudding is but a mixture composed of pulverized bugs, reptiles, worms, brutes and mortals! The spade of the grave-digger covers man with the ashes of his ancestors, and the time is yet to come when the dust of our now-animated bodies will be sprinkled in particles upon the coffins of our great-great-great-great-great-great-grand-children. [I should like to have that mosquito put out of the room.]

My dear friends—the halls where our ancestors revelled are dark indeed. We feel sad and lonely in visiting them, but can hardly realize that their old inmates are gone to return no more; that their joys are ended; the music of their voices has ceased for ever; and that the monuments of their greatness, now fast falling to decay,

must soon lie broken and buried in the oblivious dust. We seek for them, but they are not to be found; we call, but they answer not; for the reason that they are sleeping the sleep that knows no waking [that mosquito is very annoying] on their cold sepulchral beds, where neither bugs molest nor mosquitoes trouble. They have given their bodies to earth, their souls back into the hands of their Creator, and left the record of their good deeds for posterity to praise and protect by word, but abuse and mutilate by action.

My hearers—in the lapse of a few years you will have drawn the brittle thread of life to so fine a texture that old age and infirmity will suddenly snap it asunder. Then your children's grandchildren may enter your deserted mansions, and find them dark and desolate. They may go and knock at the door of your tombs till their fists are sore, but you will hear them not. It will require something more than mortal rap to arouse you from your everlasting slumbers. You will sleep sweetly on, undisturbed by the earthquakes and thunders of a jarring world till the day of general rising; when, like caterpillars, suddenly changed to butterflies, you will come forth in a new and more beautiful garb, and soar upon spiritual pinions to the realms of immortality. Though your sublunary dwellings become dreary, and the feet of after-generations tread carelessly upon your graves, still, if you have done your whole duty to your fellow man, and the women especially, you will certainly be remembered by Him who protecteth the sparrow and listeneth to the young raven's cry.

My hearers—if you would not be wholly forgotten by posterity, you must love morality more and money less: you must mix more piety with your politics, and more fervency with your prayers. You must try to raise your moral selves to the skies without pulling angels from off their roosts; and, above all, have an especial regard for truth and integrity. When you have climbed the steep precipice of wealth or fame, extend a willing hand to help others up, instead of a foot to assist them down. Do as well as you know how, but don't try to do any better; and no matter if gloom, at last, does fill your earthly residences—your celestial homes will be brilliantly lighted with the gas of glory for ever and ever. So mote it be!

ON THE BEAUTY AND WORTH OF WOMAN.

TEXT.—Fair is the rose that spreads its hue
To summer skies, serene and blue;
But fairer far the tints that speak
Of innocence on woman's cheek.

Dear to the blossom is the dew,
That can its fading bloom renew;
But dearer far shall lovers sip
The honey-dew on woman's lip.

MY DEAR HEARERS—so much has already been said, written, preached and sung in reference to the outside of woman, that it were almost useless for me to reiterate, expatiate, translate, substantiate, prevaricate, or predicate, on the subject. Still, it is my province to dive into those waters to which the spirit leads me, and thence bring up such precious pearls as they may, perchance, afford. Then, to commence. Without endorsing the ultra opinions of some, that the tree of vice takes root in the heart of man alone, and the flowers of virtue abound with woman exclusively, I will say, that she is the loveliest portion of the homo race; and with her virtue is a more conspicuous ornament than with her worshipper and protector—man. Setting aside this particular distinction, I ask, where is there a being of the masculine gender who stands upright upon a pair of pedestals, and whose heart has not become clay-hardened in the kiln of selfishness, that will not respect, if he cannot love, a sister female, the woof of whose sympathies is as much finer than his, as goose down is finer than the wiry locks of a water spaniel? Being born of a woman, as we all were—rocked in the cradle of her maternal love—our infantine slumbers sweetened by her seraphic lullabies—and our little legs taught to travel in the way we should go, through the guidance of her anxious solicitude—ought we not to look upon her as something more than a mere plaything for the passions, and esteem her beyond those fi'penny toys which please the child for a moment, and then are cast aside for ever? Look at the personifications of beauty, worth and virtue: they are all women. The Muses, the three Graces, and Fancy, Memory and Religion were women: the princess and foundress of the good arts, Minerva, who sprang from the brain of the god-like Jove, was a woman: and, thank God my mother was a woman! from whose breast I drew the milk of modesty, meekness and mercy.

My dear hearers—woman is a model of such exquisite workmanship, dame Nature, in the beginning of creation, dare not try an apprentice hand upon her, as Mr. Robert Burns has before me remarked. No—the first unskilful attempt was on man, which crude specimen answered very well to the original design; but all the improvements—the beauty, the polish, the finish, were left to be exercised on the lasses: and we now see daily around us thousands of fac-similes of that feminine perfection which ornamented the gay garden of paradise, and captivated the heart of its first lonely tenant. I am of the opinion that a toad was the first animal created, and woman the last. Mark the improvement, my friends, and hush up for ever about your steamships, your railroads and your nonsensical balloons. The progress of improvement from toads to women, in the short space of six days, supersedes them all. Add to the charms of her nature all the excellence of virtuous education—let these be engrafted upon a mind overflowing with the juice of truth and sincerity, and woman then might be thought to be a domesticated angel, caught while young, in the ever-blooming groves of heaven. The glow of innocence and virtue on a fair damsel's cheek adds a fresh tint to the rose of her beauty—a tint not liable to fade in the blighting atmosphere of vice, and one that will retain its hue even amid the fast-failing frost of age. My hearers—though woman wear a comparatively plain exterior, if she only have the oil and turpentine of purity within her, it will work its way through to the surface, and smooth over a thousand asperities that would otherwise stick out to be kissed by the cold lips of indifference. I don't mean to assert, my friends, that every woman is distressingly beautiful; but I have been speaking of her sex generally. All lovers, however, think the objects of their affections the most beautiful butterflies that ever flitted round the rosy bowers of love. No matter if a girl be as ugly as a barrel of swill, if a young fellow once gets his sympathies hitched on to her, Samson and all his servants couldn't separate them. He will call her his idol—his turtle dove—his morning glory—his daffydowndilly—his sweet pea—and, in short, his fancy will associate her with all that is lovely, sublime, sickening, sweet and silly. He will imagine that he can even sip honey-dew from her lips after she has made a dinner of boiled onions and parsnips; and that, like an uncorked vial of bergamot, she is

ever surrounded by the sweetest of fragrance. Such, my friend, is the infatuation of the lover. He little thinks that there is a fatal deception lurking in the thick fog of love—or that time and matrimony may connive together to rob him of his gold-washed hopes—or even that the cold couch of the grave may be prepared for his adored one ere the nuptial ceremony is performed—leave him to exclaim something after the manner of Mr. Hamlet: ‘Sweets to the sweet—farewell! I most fondly hoped, sweet maid, to have strewed thy bride-bed with pretty posies, and now have strewed thy grave with the willow’s green branches!’

My dear friends! the beauty of woman, without her worth, is all ‘in my eye and Day and Martin, O!’ because the polish of the former, without the oil of the latter, will all disappear in the dizzying rains of time; and Death, for a certainty, will, sooner or later, snatch the bright wreath of roses from the brow of the beautiful belle, and garland it with the mournful cypress. Oh! it hangs icicles, a foot long, on the heart to lift aside the pall that covers the marble substance of beauty, and find that the spirit which once animated it is no longer there. The eyes see not, the ears hear not—the mouth speaks not—and the nose smells not. All, all is motionless—all is silent. Trash is returning to trash, and the soul, tired of its costly tenement, has absquatulated to that foreign land, about which you know just as much now as you ever will in your lives, were I to preach till the moon grows grey and the stars fall asleep.

In conclusion, my young friends, I only ask you to admire that which is admirable on the surface of woman, and to wed yourself only to that priceless virtue which lies deeply enshrined in her heart—and your days shall be as broad as they are long, and your years one ceaseless round of happiness and pleasure. So motionless be!

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

TEXT.—There’s beauty on the earth,
 There’s beauty in the air,
 There’s beauty in the skies,
 There’s beauty everywhere.

MY HEARERS—on whichever side we turn our eyes we ’

Beauty adorned and unadorned, animate and inanimate : beauty in its original simplicity, and beauty beautified by ingenuity, skill, and art. Even ugliness itself bears the impress of beauty—and there is nothing which appears uncouth or horrid at first sight but may develop something worthy of admiration on a longer and closer inspection. That beautiful specimen of ugliness, the toad, has a fine figure, a cunning eye, and a knowing look, despite the assertion of Shakspeare and the fastidious taste of poets in general. In fact, my friends, there is but little difference, as far as *real* beauty is concerned, between a worm and a woman, or a man and a monkey. The glow-worm shining upon its lowly, grassy couch in the dull dusk of the evening, looks handsomer to me than a beautiful woman glittering in the dark vale of vice ; and a decent-looking monkey is more an object of admiration than a man without morals or modesty. It matters not how fair and comely is the exterior of the human form, if the interior is filled with corruption, it will work through and cast such leprous stains upon the surface as can neither be covered by rouge nor removed by turpentine, hot water and hypocrisy.

My friends—the earth is continually putting forth new buds of beauty amid its millions of blossoms. Look at the landscape that lies spread before us. To-day it looks beautiful in the newness, greenness and freshness of its attire—to-morrow it looks beautiful in the height of its bloom—and next day it looks the most beautiful, when, like a dying dolphin, it exhibits its most gorgeous hues beneath the uncongenial rays of an October's sun. The natural world hath charms enough to captivate the heart of a hypochondriac, although partially concealed behind the curtain of careless indifference. Though it may, at first sight, appear as barren, sterile and gloomy as a goose pasture in August, yet, if you will but search for the beauties that do actually exist, you will find them rise up before you like a regiment of grasshoppers from the ground when disturbed by the footsteps of either friend or foe. The wardrobe of the earth is beautiful, even when faded by the frosts of autumn or torn by the ravages of wintry storms. The distant hills, with their bonnets of blue—the trees with their mantles of varied green—the flower-fringed fields—the blooming meads, and the velvet lawns are all stamped with beauty. Nature, when stripped of hat, shawl and frock by the rude hand of No-

vember still exhibits a beautiful embroidered petticoat, and looks, if anything, lovelier in her half nakedness, notwithstanding she may be out at the toes, and has a hole in the heel of her stocking.

My dear hearers—there's beauty in the silvery cascade that leaps laughing from rock to rock, sparkling with joy till it reaches the calm and peaceful vale below: in the mighty cataract that continually pours its mad bellowsings into the deaf ear of earth: in the limpid lake that serves as a looking-glass for the moon to behold her greasy phiz: in the ocean that froths and foams like a mad dog at the mouth, and dashes its surges against the windows of the sky, as though they hadn't been washed for a month of centuries. Yes, my friends, there is extravagant beauty in all these; and I'll venture to say that this dull, dirty-looking globe of ours is as beautiful a little picture, taken as a whole, as can be found in the great book of creation. There's beauty in the air. Birds, bees and insects are fragments of beauty floating hither and thither in that boundless ærial ocean which surrounds the little island of earth we inhabit; and there's beauty even in the dragon-winged bat that dwells with demons in desolate places, only I haven't yet discovered in what part of the animal it lies.

My hearers—there is beauty in the heavens of the tallest order. It shows off to advantage in the dark, portentous thunder clouds that rise in the west, whose silver-trimmed peaks assume such a changing variety of fantastic forms: in the lightning's blazing car, whose thundering wheels roll over the railway of heaven in less time than imagination could run down hill on a wager: in the evening twilight, when the gods scrape up the dust of decayed rainbows, and smother the sun with glory ere they cover up its fire for the night: in the firmament, too, there is beauty when the moon is in good trim, and every celestial lamp is lighted, as if for some special occasion. Aye, dear friends, there is beauty everywhere, but you don't know any more how to appreciate it than I know how to describe it—and that is just about as much as a pig knows of politics, or a sinner of the sweets of salvation.

There is particular beauty, my hearers, in a virtuous and well-cultivated mind—in a mind too elevated to be spattered with filth when the stones of bad example are thrown into the various pools of vice that obstruct the paths of us poor pilgrims in our journey to the tomb. I would inform all young ladies that the flow

which spring from the heart are far more beautiful than those which they wear on their hats or entwine in their hair; and, as far as their perennity is concerned, the former will bloom amid the snows of penury and affliction, and remain untouched even at the door of death, while the latter perish in a day, and dissolve into dust. The wings of the christian's soul are beautifully plumed, and they sustain themselves easier from the wickedness of the world the higher they soar above it. Put on then the plumage of piety if you would look beautiful to the eyes of the good and the just; and at last, when you feel that the spirit is about to take its flight to another world, just borrow for it the swift and strong pinions of Faith, and it will arrive at its destination as safe and sound as a ferry boat. So mote it be!

THE BUTTERFLY.

TEXT.—Go forth, little rover—go forth to the sun,
 Thy day is soon passed and thy triumph soon won;
 I would not take from thee thy innocent joy,
 Thy moment of sunshine I would not destroy.

MY HEARERS—it was on the tip of my tongue to say, what a fish a frog is! when I intended to exclaim, what a beautiful bird a butterfly is! No—it were wicked to call it a bird: it appears to be a visible spirit—a fluttering, dancing vision—a being of fancy—a spirit-blossom—a something that we seem to behold in a dream. It flits along our pleasantest paths, and be seems, while we are in our merriest moods. We chase it, hat in hand, and with happy hearts. Now we think we have it, and now we know we haven't got it—as is the case with us mortals when in hot pursuit after unalloyed pleasure. The little living phantom still keeps before and about us, apparently as intangible as a delicate thought; and, if we happen to catch it, we tear its tender wings and spoil its beauty. And so it is, my friends, with the pleasures of the world: they look transcendantly beautiful in the golden light of anticipation; but, somehow or another, they are always half spoilt by the time we get hold of them. Who knows but butterflies are the departed spirits of flowers, come back, upon a short summer's visit, to hold sweet communion with their frail floral sisters of the sod? Who knows but this may be so? I don't. It matters not, how-

ever, whether butterflies are spirits, winged posies, blossoms blow out of some unknown paradise, or flying caterpillars; they are lovely and innocent floating particles of animate creation as we ever let loose from the grand fancy workshop of Nature. It is estimated that the good dame imports annually several millions of yards of calico from the stars to work into wings for these interesting insects, 'whose home is the sunshine, and whose life is a smile.' I shall not go to the trouble and expense of doubting this estimate.

My friends—I say to the butterfly, Go, little rover—go it while thou art young; for no quiet old age awaits thee. The spring is thy cradle, and the autumn is thy tomb. When the flowers fade thou wilt fall; their grave will be thy grave, and whither they go thou shalt go. I know that thy day, pretty butterfly, is soon passed; therefore, go ride upon freedom's fair breeze, or sport in the gay gardens and blooming bowers. I wouldn't rob thee of a single innocent joy—no, I would sooner rob a baby of its rattle box, an old maid of her teapot, a peacock of his tail-feathers, or Hope of the last quill in her pinions. I am confident, my friend, that you wouldn't, either, considerably deprive a gay little butterfly of its moment of sunshine and happiness. It isn't in human nature—the best quality—I don't mean such human nature as is made up of the refuse dispositions of wild-cats, tigers, alligators, snapping turtles and hyenas—but I mean to say that it isn't in the right sort of human nature to hurt or molest anything that appears to be innocently enjoying itself. When we see a creature full of merriment and happiness, we feel a mysterious magnetic influence existing between us and the joyous object, and we have no disposition to disturb it, any more than I have to pull a young couple apart while in the extatic act of kissing. It makes us feel happy to see others happy—sad to see others sad—angry to see others angry; and so it goes. The tattooed Irishman saved himself from being made into soup, or sausages, by dancing before the cannibal Herod of old was tickled out of his propriety by seeing a waltz dance; and there is no doubt in my mind that if John the Baptist had opportunely jumped Jim Crow, he would have lived to place his head upon his shoulders to the grave. Butterflies, being happy and sportive themselves, naturally cause us to be vivacious, cheerful and kind, as we behold them; and, if any of you kill

of the little winged flowrets of the air, the devil must be in you—and there is no doubt but, if you had a pole long enough, you would be for stirring up and molesting happy souls in the interior of eternity.

My hearers—you are all would-be butterflies; but spread yourselves as much as you will, you can't make much of a show. The girls, with their gaudy and versicolored drapery, come the nearest to the butterfly genus; but their feet cling to the vile ground—they can't fly any more than those large black ants that crawl about with wings and monstrous big behinds. It is all artificial with them. When stript of their unnatural adornments, what are they after all? Nothing but mere grubs—and funny-looking ones too. We men are a coarser kind of moths, for ever making silly and unsuccessful attempts to fly straight up to glory, happiness, and heaven—and 'so does a hen!' But, my friends, your butterfly sports will soon be over. Soon will the summer of your existence be passed; and, like the leaves before the autumnal wind, you will be blown for ever away. Grubs you will go to the ground, but you will rise with butterfly wings—pinions that never drop nor fade, but strengthen and grow brighter as eternity grows old—that is, if you are good. So mote it be!

ON FREEDOM.

TEXT.—Here shines the sun of Freedom

For ever o'er the deep,
Where Freedom's heroes by the shore
In peaceful glory sleep;
And deeds of proud and high emprise
In every breeze are told,
The everlasting tribute
To hearts that now are cold.

MY HEARERS—you have vegetated so rapidly, and have grown up so rank beneath the genial sun of Freedom, that you don't like to bend in submission to the gale, nor allow a storm to pass by without grumbling, fretting and scolding about it. You seem to think that because you are born into the world without fetters, Providence, chance or fortune has no business to throw a stone in your way, even if you are tophet-bent on rascality. If you had never known what freedom was, you would have been contented; but

now you wouldn't be satisfied if you were let loose in the boundless paradise of heaven, and had full permission to pluck, plunder, appropriate and destroy. No—you would then complain because the rose bore thorns, peaches had stones, and apples contained cores. There is no such thing as filling the bottomless pit of man's unhallowed desires. The more you have the more you want, and the more you want the less you think you have. You needn't think, my friends, that because you dwell in a land of freedom, you can violate the beautiful Goddess of Liberty, and rob her of all her virgin charms with impunity; for the cowskin of the law is sometimes applied to the back of villany, and it is apt to smart a few, unless protected by an armor of silver or gold. You, my democratic republican hearers, are for the most part poor, and, therefore, ought to be careful how you cut shindies under the broadsword of (I wish I could say impartial) justice, that hangs over your heads by a single hair. If you only had a superfluity of lucre, you might go your lengths at spreeing it: kick up your heels—upset all the dishes on the table of our republic, and hold a glorious jollification at the expense of Uncle Sam. Now, situated as you are, in moderate circumstances and within limited means, you ought to cut your cloth of pride accordingly, and not sweat out so as to snap your purse-strings and be done up for ever. I don't like to see a person of more ostentation than money or brains take a stand in the broad field of independence, put his arms akimbo, and hit all sides of creation with his elbows in trying to turn round. It looks to me just as though he not only meant to enjoy, but to monopolize and desecrate, that sacred liberty which our American fathers tugged, toiled, sweat, fought, bled and died to obtain for us all. Yes, they died for us—they immolated the selves upon their country's altar—they suffered martyrdom for the holy cause of Freedom—they threw their bodies on the funeral pyre of Oppression, gave back their spirits into the hands of Omnipotent, deposited their names and their virtues in the hearts of their countrymen, and scattered their ashes upon a free and dependent soil. The American Temple of Liberty, my friends, built upon the bones of its founders—the very dust we tread contains particles of glory and renown—and the waves of ocean have rolled out the bones of its valiant dead to bleach on republican sand. Every breeze has a tongue to speak of it.

lustrious deeds accomplished by departed heroes: little brooks babble the name of Freedom in extacies, and the mighty cataract thunders forth the eloquence, majesty, and might of her children. On Mount Vernon, where great Washington reposes in the lap of death and in the bosom of his family, eternal peace and quietness prevail. There the willow bends, emblematical of a nation's sorrow—there tributes are left as evidences of a nation's respect—there flowers bloom as tokens of heavenly favor—and there the laurel rears its evergreen leaves, symbolical of his own widespread fame and transcendent worth. Oh! my friends, he was a person whose like we never shall behold again! It is surprising how so noble a fabric could ever have been manufactured out of common material! It were an insult to call him mortal, and profanity to look upon him as divine. Now, since he has dissolved, his spirit inhabits two worlds—one above, where everlasting freedom is, and ours here below, where he planted the young shrub of Liberty, and lived to see millions repose beneath its sheltering branches. There was more virtue in an ounce of his clay than in the whole mass of all distinguished heroes, warriors, and statesmen, that ever lived from the creation of the world up to the present time—including General Jackson with the rest.

My hearers—you live where the sun of Freedom shines down upon an unmortgaged soil, and beneath its productive rays start up the shoots of prosperity, happiness and abundance; and still I don't believe you are satisfied: you want to enjoy more liberty still. You are allowed to get into a sugar cask, there gorge till you make yourself sick, and then complain that all the luxuries of this world are not fit to lay before a hungry dog. You mustn't suppose, either, that in a land of liberty you have a right to knock a man down in the street; because that is partial liberty—you take it all to yourself and allow none for others. I advise you to think over these things between now and next Sunday, and act upon them. If you only grow a little wiser and better each week, I think I can make you become respectable by the time that I am called upon to cease my labors here, and pack up my duds of mortality for a journey beyond the grave. So mote it be!

DURABILITY OF THE WORLD.

TEXT.—Though millions of the human race
Have passed away like dew,
The world wags on with steady pace,
As bright and good as new.

MY HEARERS—notwithstanding the moth of time has been committing ravages among the fur and furze of the earth ever since creation was concocted out of nothing and confusion, still the earth itself, taken as a whole, is just as bright and sound as it was in the beginning, when Time was a baby, rocked in the cradle of chaos, with the scythe and hour-glass by his side as playthings. It has revolved upon its axis for thousands and thousands of years, and it doesn't squeak for the want of greasing even yet. It rolls as noiselessly round the great centre of the solar system as the flight of angels upon their earthly errands; and with as steady a pace as a jackass upon a tread-wheel. Years, it is true, have wrought changes upon its surface, but they have brought no blemish upon its pristine beauty—shed no blighting frosts upon the flowery wreaths that bind it—nor cast a wrinkle upon its brow to proclaim its advancement in age. The billows of the ocean still bound with the same energy as of old; the little brooks babble with the same garrulity; the rivers move on with the same majesty; the mighty mountains bow not their bald heads beneath the burden of centuries; and there is just as good material for manufacturing thunder and lightning now as there was when the grand nautical drama, or aquatic spectacle, of the Flood was produced in all its terror, sublimity and magnificence.

My friends—millions upon millions of the human race have passed away like the dew that evaporates when touched by the rays of the morning sun. The surface of the earth is covered with a pretty thick coat of human and bestial dust, from which mortal cakes are made; as children make dirt pies, to retain their forms for a brief time, and then crumble to their original dust, to be wrought anew into carcasses for souls now dormantly sleeping in the dark cells of nonentity. The broad path from the cradle to the tomb is filled with a motley crowd, all travelling in one direction. There is no such thing as meeting a person upon the turnpike of time; for all are progressing towards one common goal. The young play by the wayside, to pick flowers and chat

the butterflies of fancy ; view with an eye of curiosity the variegated landscape of life upon either side ; now elated with hope and now deterred by fear ; now gathering bouquets of joy and now molested by the thorns of care. The old totter along with feeble step ; dependent upon the staff of faith, and requiring but little or no other nourishment than such light or wholesome food as the simple crackers and cheese of christianity. The vicious cull noxious blossoms, and eat poisonous berries ; and the consequence is, they grow sick and die ere the journey is half accomplished. The intemperate mount a high horse, and set off at full gallop. Finding that the fiery steed of desire is headstrong and unmanageable, they draw upon the rein of resolution with all their might, and at the same time apply the spurs of indulgence, till the first thing they know they are pitched headforemost into the ditch of despair, and are left to crawl unpitied and uncared-for into an ignoble grave. Thus, you see, my friends, that as fast as the mill of propagation is shelling out specimens of mortality at one end of the procession, the jaws of Death are in continual operation at the other : and still the world wags on with steady pace, as bright and good as new.

My dear friends—those of you who are so naturally credulous and weak-minded as to believe in the predictions of the false prophet, Miller, respecting the world's winding up its affairs in April next, should strengthen your systems with the solid corned beef of courage. All his preaching is evidently to get pennies and gain notoriety. How is he to know of that day and that hour of which ' knoweth no man—not even the angels of heaven ? Yes, I ask, how is he to know of the exact period of the world's dissolution any more than the numerous madcaps before him who have at divers times predicted the destruction of the universe, and have all been disappointed in their expectations ? I feel it my duty to extend to you the cup of good cheer : to fill your hearts with hope and full confidence in the faithfulness of the future. No inspectors, my friends, need be appointed to ascertain whether the earth's boiler is in a safe condition or not ; for I am willing to warrant it, myself, to hold good for a thousand years to come, at least ; and, if it should happen to burst, you will all be beyond the reach of injury, and consequently can care no more about it than a rag baby cares for the hissing of a tea-kettle. I know that the mere

thought of this inhabited globe being annihilated in a few months, just as beautiful spring is putting forth her buds of promise, must make you look melancholy, and feel rather *downish*, as the boy said he supposed a young gosling felt when exposed to rough weather; and, therefore, I would exhort you all to pay no attention to this mountebank Miller, but go on with full reliance upon that promise of a seed time and harvest given through the medium of the Book of all books.

My unsophisticated hearers—the earth is yet in its infancy; and it must mature and decline, before man need be under any serious apprehensions of its death. When it begins to hobble as though something was the matter with its machinery; when it bears the mark of decrepitude, and becomes hoar with age; when the peach tree shall cease to blossom, and the evergreen fade in autumn; when a single star shall be blotted from the firmament; the moon burst a blood vessel; and the sun melt away and spill its gravy into the lap of eternity; then, and not till then, believe that the awful day of dissolution is at hand. Nevertheless, you should live, my friends, as though Time's old wagon was expected every moment to break down, and leave the whole lot of you to depend upon the spirit's untried wings to carry you safely to an endless and happy hereafter. So mote it be!

ON CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

TEXT.—Happy the man! alone thrice happy he,
Who can through gross effects their causes see.

MY HEARERS—there is never an effect without a cause, as the boy said when he got mad and tore his shirt. Effects are always plain and palpable—readily seen, heard, felt or understood by some unmistakable illustration—as exemplified in giving said boy a flogging for getting mad and tearing his shirt; but causes are often a mere matter of surmise and speculation—especially the first or incipient cause—as, for instance, what first induced, or compelled, the aforesaid juvenile to wax wroth and rend asunder his nether garment? This, of course, is a matter of mystery, and must forever remain involved in doubt, unless cleared up by anxious inquiry and patient investigation. Nearly all effects, however be traced back to their legitimate causes, if we have a mi

take the trouble to search 'em out, with a little faith, and perhaps a fine-tooth comb.

My hearers—a man may be happier by knowing the causes of some things; but there are many things of which it is no more necessary for him to know the cause, than it is for a 'coon to know why a 'possum has a pocket to put her young ones in. If you have a headache in the morning, it is well that you should know whether the pleasures of the previous evening are not to blame in the matter—whether you didn't go to bed with a little too warm a night-cap on—whether your stomach may not be *roul* (excuse the pun) as an anaconda's after swallowing half a dozen chickens. You should understand its cause, in order that you may apply the proper remedies. If, however, your headache should happen to be constitutional, you mustn't meddle with it; because everything is right and proper that is according to the constitution of the U. S.—*Your Self*. If you have corns on your toes, and ascertain that boots or shoes are the cause of them, you can, no doubt, get a licence to go barefoot, seeing that my friends, the democrats, are now in power. If you have a wife who is given to scolding, curtain-lecturing, and henpecking, find out the cause of it. If it be your own folly, put up with it and profit by it: ay, more—take yourself by the coat-collar, lead the rascal behind the door, and there lay on smartly the lash of self-reproof. If, on the other hand, you find that cream of tartar, brimstone, and saltpetre are principal ingredients of her nature, don't pay any attention to what she says, other than to laugh at her in her wrath, and kiss her in anger. Hug her when the fits come on—press her to your bosom—pat her on the back—say to her, What a pity it is that such a delicate and pretty piece of mortal meat should be so impregnated with the essence of peach-pits, and all that can make bitter the fair and tempting berries of feminine beauty! But enough of this: I have no itching to meddle with domestic affairs.

My dear friends—effects of which it were useless for you to know the cause, are many. It would be of no use for you to know what makes our earth keep rolling, like a restless creature, upon its airy bed—what induces the moon to wander alone at night unattended by a single congenial companion—why the stars *sachez* all, and balance to partners in the boundless ball-room above—why comets are not arrested and incarcerated in some corner of

creation as celestial vagrants—why two currents of wind can't meet in friendly intercourse, and without making a muss, as they often do in the tropics—why the magnetic needle always points to the north—why a potato planted isn't as likely to come up a cabbage as anything else—why one man is white and another black—and why a nigger will still be a nigger when white-washed by collegiate education. I tell you, it is not necessary for you to know the causes of these things: if it was, the Almighty would have written them upon your understandings in characters too plain to be misinterpreted; but as he hasn't done it, you are left to enjoy the bliss of ignorance, which is preferable to knowledge—especially in eating city sausages. It is enough for you to know that self-interest, self-aggrandisement and self-indulgence are the moral main-springs of all human actions. [Sleeping in church, my friends, is always tolerated in a land of religious liberty, but loud snoring is a nuisance to the more quiet and respectable sleepers.]

My friends—it is very easy to know the causes of many ordinary effects. For instance, if you see a man making himself very ridiculous by word and action in a bar-room, you may know that the cause of it came out of the decanter. When you see a politician extra full of patriotism and stuffed with stump speeches, you may take it for granted he wants an office, either for himself or some particular friend. The prevailing topic of conversation with young ladies, when by themselves, is concerning the fellows—which shows that they want to get married soon, and I don't blame 'em; for they know that the charms which young he-fools (all are fools during courtship) prize the most, will shortly fade, as fade the roses in the lap of summer: and no one ever thinks of plucking a flower when its petals begin to wither. And now, my dear hearers, look into your own hearts, and seek for the causes of all your errors, your sins and your transgressions. The reason why your streams of happiness don't flow freely, purely and brightly, is because of a great quantity of wicked rubbish at the fountain head; and such must be entirely removed before those joys can float down to you undamaged, of which the future is as full as a bedbug in the morning. So mote it be!

ON THE GRAVE.

TEXT.—Behold a charnel-house
O'er covered quite with dead men's rotting bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls.

MY HEARERS—in your peregrinations up and down the wide avenues of the world, I have often observed with what cold unconcern and indifference you pass by church-yards, tombs, sepulchres, and all such sacred repositories for the dead. Are you not aware that they contain the refuse of mortality?—that within their gloomy apartments lie bodies crumbling to ashes that, like your own, once possessed the power of locomotion, and moved about as carelessly, recklessly and unheedingly as yourselves? If you don't know this, it is time you did. It is time that you had taken a lesson from the sad remnants of mortals that lie scattered upon the shore of eternity. It is time that you had learned your fate from these, and begun to live as though you had an invitation to dine with Death on the morrow, and expected to get floored on the occasion. You had better get your tabernacles of flesh insured as soon as possible, no matter what premium may be required; for I know that some of them are extra-hazardous and exceedingly liable to fire. You needn't think it no great shakes to die, for it is not a very pleasant job, I can assure you. Death, my friends, comes but once, philosophers say; but that once is a clencher, and no mistake: so prepare yourselves for the tussle that you may come off victorious in the end, and exult over the conquest, when the spirit rises from its ashes, shakes the rust of time from its wings, and soars for ever in the sunshine of immortal glory.

My friends—a charnel-house is the very last building on the Turnpike that leads from time to eternity. It is the chamber where the soul of man throws off its mortal garments—puts on the robe of immortality, and speeds away to the realms of righteousness or the regions of everlasting misery, leaving the body to mingle with its native dust, and manure the soil that once afforded it nourishment. Oh, my dear friends! it is a dismal sight to look into the dark and mouldy museum of Death, and find that all which is left of our former friends and acquaintances is a parcel of dry bones piled together, with no mark upon them to tell that they are the fragments of those whom we once cherished, loved and admired! It makes a person shiver like a loose shingle in the wind to gaze

upon these sad relics of pride, ambition and vanity; and to ponder over them breeds thoughts in the bosom too big to be delivered in a lump, and too sickening to be retained on an empty stomach. While cogitating upon the melancholy subject, such questions as these will naturally bubble up from the well-spring of philosophy for solution: Is this all that man amounts to in the end?—a heap of marrowless bones and a peck of paltry dust? must we all come to this at last? can there be no mode of escape from this dreadful dissolution? is there no path that leads to another world save that which passes through the annihilating tomb? and can't man discover some secret road upon which he can walk into heaven with his hat, boots and breeches all on? These questions, my friends, naturally suggest themselves to the mind of him who dare reflect upon the horrors of the grave; and their answers are surrounded by the black lines of fear, doubt and despair.

My dear hearers—yon charnel-house—built upon the mould of perished generations—is never full, but always filling. You, too, after having done sufficient damage to life's brittle material, must deposit it there to add to the heap. Yes, you must all come to the scratch by-and-bye, without any deference being paid to character or to individuals. I know some of your hearts contain the milk of generosity—some, the sap of simplicity—some, the soft pulp of pride—some, the vinegar of acrimony—some, the gall of jealousy—and some, the real sugar of love; but they shall all be one day powdered to dust alike by the clod-worm, that enjoys as delicious a meal from the heart that hates as from the heart that loves. Those living skulls of yours, my friends—those palaces of the soul—those temples where Reason builds her throne—those nurseries where young ideas are reared and fostered—will soon be as deserted and vacant as hornets' nests in winter, and left to decompose in the damp, cold cave of death.

You, young ladies—you patchworks of beauty, love and frailty—listen to the preacher. It is a horrible reflection to think that such fascinating specimens of carnal loveliness as you are should be destined to fade, decay, die and turn into corruption—that your charms should be doomed to rot in the ground—that the dreary charnel-house must be your final home, where love never enters and where the sweetness of affection must lie frozen on the lip for ever! But it must be so. Your wax-like figures will ere long

be transformed into uncouth skeletons; those eyes, which are now sparkling with delight, will be thrust from their spheres; those smiles of fondness will be changed to demoniac grins, and the spicy breeze of life no more will issue from those oral apertures which now exhale the sweet odors of love.

My friends—a charnel-house calls up some serious, sober, and solemn meditations; and the more you exercise them the better you will probably be, unless you are as impenetrable to feeling as a man made of hickory wood; but I feel a hope sprouting in my bosom that you will often think of that dreadful accident which is to happen to us all, some day or other; so that, when it does come, it may not find you unprepared to meet it. So mote it be!

WOMAN'S PRESENCE DESIRABLE.

TEXT.—Our days of festival seem dull
Unless fond woman's near;
For, like a ray of sunshine,
Is woman everywhere.

MY HEARERS—the sexes are necessary to enjoyment. If men could find some new hole through which to creep into existence, without the aid of feminines, they wouldn't enjoy themselves; because there would be something wanting—and that something would be Woman. It seems a little paradoxical to say that woman is the something wanting, when it is well known that she is always wanting something. Nevertheless, I mean to say that we men couldn't get on without the women; and I know well that the women would play the very wildcat if there were no such living conveniences as men. For the growth of joy, peace and happiness in the heart, the presence (or at least a knowledge of the existence) of the fair sex is requisite. Woman, as says my text, is a ray of sunshine everywhere. So she is—a whole bundle of rays—shedding warmth, light and love wherever she goes. She is sometimes better than a candle in a dark parlor during courtship; she serves as an excellent warming-pan for the bed of a cold winter's night; she is as good as a stove in a sitting room, and better than a rousing fire in the kitchen—in fact, she sometimes makes a room altogether too hot for a body. Woman, with the soul-warming, cheering, enlivening, and genial influences, is

equal to the best sunshine that old Sol ever exported to earth; and I am not certain, my friends, but cabbages, beans, and cucumbers might be brought forward a month earlier by surrounding them with a row of handsome women.

My hearers—all your days of festival would be as dull as a rainy Sunday, did not woman contribute, either directly or collaterally, to sweeten and enliven their enjoyments. You may rail as much as you please against the fair sex; but, without them, you would be morose, melancholy and miserable. You would find fault with all God's creation, and make a malicious attack upon the dominions of the devil. Could you, I ask, ever consent to go to heaven, unless the tickets were so arranged as to admit a gentleman and two ladies? Methinks I hear an unanimous No. Wherever women abound, and are loved and respected as they should be, refinement, peace, prosperity and happiness are sure to be found. I feel both proud and happy that my congregation is adorned with so goodly a number of ladies. Their presence illuminates the darkest corners of my soul—puts the spurs to my somewhat jaded ambition, and urges me onward upon the go-it-old-horse system. I love them so much that I could now greet them, each and individually, with a fervent religious kiss—with the exceptions of Susan Squirt and Sall Snaggletooth—who, I am afraid, have sinned away their days of grace and good looks. They must seek salvation at some other church.

My friends—woman, considered all round, is one of the greatest blessings ever invented by Omnipotence. She strews our thorn-covered ways with the choicest of flowers. Her natural disposition, instead of being covered with coarse dog hair, like ours, is soft and furry. She is the blest partner of all our joys and woes; no matter how dark be our hour of earthly ill, her fond affection shines forth, and assists considerably in dispelling the thick gloom that surrounds us. Oh! isn't she an angel of peace to the failing soul! Can't she calm impatience itself, and 'hurry up t' cakes' of comfort as often as they are required? But the worth of woman is the best appreciated when she performs the duties of a wife and mother. That is the time when her beautiful qualities shine in their meridian splendor, and are the most admired. I think that we male mortals, generally speaking, are as happy we can be when we are favored with a fine wife, two or three.

babies and a few select friends—an increase of either is verging to misery. Therefore, we will join in singing the following hymn:

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund, ill-secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children and friends.

Though valor still glows in life's dying embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he, dying, remembers
How blest was his home with—wife, children and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitude sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy day with—wife, children and friends,

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of—wife, children and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish—
The laurel which o'er the dead favorite bends;
O'er ME wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedewed with the tears of—wife, children and friends!

And now, my dear friends, I trust that my humble discourse will have no seriously bad effect upon you. If it should not induce you to love woman-kind in general, I hope you will not look upon the sex as useless rubbish, nor upon your fellow man as a compound of rascality and religion. So mote it be!

ON ASSUMED CHEERFULNESS.

TEXT.—Oh, dismal dole, when the secret soul
Is mocked by the outward showing!
When we dress the eyes in a gay disguise,
While tears are inward flowing:
When groans and grief would be a relief,
But with carols we keep them under;
And a laugh we start when the throbbing heart
Is ready to burst asunder!

MY HEARERS—how apt we are to say that such or such a person takes the world easy, and enjoys the real nectar of happiness, because we fancy we can read upon his phiz nothing but the poetry

of mirth and merriment—and how often are we mistaken in this respect! I know that the face is generally admitted to be an index of the heart; but this index, my friends, varies, like the mariner's compass; and we cannot always depend upon it in every latitude and longitude laid down in the broad chart of human nature. To suppose that every individual who wears a smile upon his countenance is uniformly more cheerful and contented than he whose mouth is bent downward at the corners like that of a sea-bass, is the very top niche of absurdity. Why, my friends, it is full as preposterous as to think that you can make a pair of new boots go on easy by swallowing a dose of castor oil. A man may sometimes frame his face to a particular occasion, and deck it with the smiles of levity and joy; but that is not conclusive evidence that his bosom is free from the corrosive sublimate of mental anguish. No—if you were to enter the sacred temple of his heart, you might, perchance, find its walls darkened with such conglomerous words as Care, Misery, Anguish, Grief, Sorrow, et cetera, pasted over the golden letters of hope and enjoyment. You can't read the inmost thoughts of a man, at all times, upon his face no more than you can fathom the depths of darkness that lie beyond the glittering stars of heaven. Here's myself, for instance: I sometimes look sour enough to curdle milk in the winter, and yet feel sufficiently rich about the gizzard to upset crockery and laugh at the expense; and then again I light up the smile of joy upon the very altar where I have just sacrificed the fairest, the fullest, and the most comfortable hope that the world can bestow.

My dear friends! to be *compelled* to put on a gay disguise when the interiors of our bosoms are hung with the mournful emblem of grief, is about as uncongenial as it is to vote contrary to one political opinions, through the compulsory virtues of a five dollar bill. Stage actors—those amalgamated emblems of mirth and misery—are often compelled to assume guises which no more correspond with the tenor of their souls than does a ruffled shirt with a pair of torn breeches. I have seen many a one of the Thespian family come forward and sing 'From care I'm free—why aren't you all content like me?' when, at the same time, I knew he was as miserable at heart as a mouse in a junk-shop. Yes, and I have seen the disciples of Momus display their pranks and pour their jests upon a laughing audience, at the same time that

were flowing inwardly, and while the vulture, grief, was preying upon their vitals. When I see a poor, unfortunate player, who subsists upon the superfluous crumbs that fall from the public table, appear upon the stage, with his eyes dressed in the disguise of gayety, and his secret soul mocked by outward showing, I cannot help thinking of Samson and the Philistines, or the frog in the fable: it may be fun to somebody, but it is death to him. Every smile that he puts forth is the bastard bantling of artifice: each facetious word he utters fights its way through a belligerent army of heart-bred woes—and every action is but an artificial movement of the muscles operated upon by the galvanic battery of compulsion. When domestic affliction, or some other local calamity, is putting the screws of torment to the spirit, it is just about as easy to put on the show of hilarity and humor as it is to go laughing through purgatory with the blisters of a guilty conscience burning upon the bosom.

My friends—all we behold around us is as artificial as wax flowers and rag babies. It is difficult to determine where pure enjoyment exists, on account of those deceptive appearances which so often give a fresh coloring to the faded chaplet of hope, and so frequently cast a sunshine upon the turbid waters of despondency. I, every day, see a frown upon the brow of that rich man, whose deposits of bliss have been removed from the treasury of his heart into his breeches' pocket; and I also have the opportunity of witnessing hundreds of fortune-kicked invalids who wear the complacent smile of content upon their features, while the worm of want is stripping the last green leaf from their bowers of comfort. Oh, the heart of man is truly unsearchable and past finding out! I have morally dissected a great portion of the human race, and carefully examined the inward properties of various individuals; but I must confess that there is a spiritual essence contained in humanity, too subtle to be analyzed by any process save that which is secreted in the understanding of the great Creator of the universe.

My worthy hearers—if you wish for a perpetual serenity of mind, and would avoid the agony of a conflict between the spirit and the flesh, you must do as I TELL you, not as I do, in every particular: that is, you must lay a good groundwork of morality upon which to build the pillars of future happiness. Do this, and

neither shall the storms of time prevail against them, nor shall the tide of death raze them to their foundations. So mote it be!

WOMAN—HER INFLUENCE.

TEXT.—This world is a prison, in ev'ry respect,
Whose walls are the heavens in common;
The jailer is SIN, and the prisoners MEN,
And the fetters are nothing but—WOMAN

MY HEARERS—while the soul is confined in its prison of clay, the body also is incarcerated in the world's wide prison: or rather it has to stay upon this earthly island in the vast ocean of space till it has served out its allotted time. This world, however, is a prison house of itself, into which all sorts, kinds and characters of the human species are thrust, to await their respective trials at the bar of the Omnipotent. Here we are kept in custody; fed upon the bran bread of hope; and denied even the privilege of obtaining bail. There is no release, my friends, till Death unbars the golden gates of heaven, and sets the soul at liberty to wander at will over the untrod wilderness of eternity, where all the luxuries of paradise are shared equally between its own native angels and the liberated convicts of earth's prison. When we behold the bright, silvery moon promenading along her diamond-studded path, through the calm blue ether, and accompanied by her fairest celestial sister, we feel as though we would like to break loose from this terraqueous jail, and wander from world to world, even though we were obliged to carry with us such cumbrous baggage as body, boots and breeches. The heart sometimes gives an involuntary leap as the eyes witness the glories of an autumnal sunset, as if anxious to take up a home in the skies, and bathe in the warm light that glows from the crimson-curtained windows of the west; but it soon sinks back into its solitary cell, and is forced to remain contented, while Reason softly whispers that there is no more use of attempting to escape from the troubles of its carnal dungeon, than there is in a man's trying to work himself out of debt by taking a dose of Epsom salts.

My friends—Enoch and Elijah of old, I believe, were the only two individuals who ever were pardoned out of this dirty, terrestrial prison by the great Governor of the universe. All others

have had to abide their time; some with sorrow and long suffering, and others with resignation and contentment. Nimrod and his men once undertook to break jail by building a tower upon the plains of Shinah, the top of which was to have pierced the very cheek of heaven; but the ever-watchful angels, who stood as sentinels upon the outer walls of terra firma, hurled such bolts of wrath and indignation upon the unprotected heads of the workmen, as to crack their sconces, confuse their tongues, and cause them to cease from executing their unhallowed designs. This monument of their wicked folly now lies in broken fragments upon a desolate wild; and nought remains but a heap of rubbish to mark the spot where a just Divinity put such a damper on human arrogance and obstinacy. Since that time men have essayed to escape from the earth's dull prison by constructing balloons to carry them if possible far beyond the limits of the yard, but they have all come down among the bogs and ditches of disappointment; and I advise them to expend no more gas upon such foolish experiments; for we are all but mere caterpillars at best, destined to crawl upon the surface of the globe till the spirit bursts its fleshy cerements, and soars upon butterfly wings, to revel among the ever-blooming flowers of blest Eden above.

My worthy hearers—this world is a prison, in every sense of the word; but it is not such a very uncomfortable one, after all. It is well warmed during the day by the great solar stove above, and beautifully lighted at night by one lunar and several millions of astral lamps; and we have no reason to complain of the fare, so long as roast turkeys and plum puddings are dealt out to us according to our deserts and the number of dollars in our pockets; yes, and first-rate mill-pond oysters in the bargain. Sin is the jailer. If we could only contrive some means to conquer this animal, our earthly prison would at once be converted into a heavenly palace, and peace would preside at the board of plenty, where now mischief and misery bear sway. Were we all to rise unanimously upon the monster; use no deception nor treachery towards one another; act in brotherly concert and christian-like communion; strengthen the weak by deeds of benevolence and charity, and fortify the feeble in faith with assurances of a hereafter; we should soon be released from bondage, and enter at once joys similar to those that prevail in heaven.

My dear friends—I had nearly forgotten that the Women are fetters which bind us to evil. Yes; it was woman that first enticed us to eat of the apple of unlawful indulgence, and led us from the pleasant paths of virtue into the gloomy byways of vice. Through women we dive headlong into the deepest depths of dissipation, and make fools of ourselves, before we know it. For the sake of lovely woman, we quarrel with our kind; fight duels; waste our time; spend our money; pamper our pride and extravagance; and burst our pantaloons in climbing up the high cliffs of inordinate ambition. The women, however, are not very galling fetters, considered as a whole. They are wreaths in which many beautiful flowers and a few thorns are entwined; and I hold it is better to wear them and submit to a slight scratching, than cast them off and wander, moody and alone, where the roses of love never shed their sweet perfume on the morning air of one's existence. Though woman binds us to earth, and sometimes leads us into error, yet were it not for her, we might oftener run into ruin than we now do, notwithstanding the pitfalls of temptation were securely closed. Without woman, we should lose all refinement; the porridge of pleasure would always be comparatively cold; our routs, balls, and assemblies would be stripped of their chief attractions; our conversations at evening parties would be upon politics and the price of pork, instead of upon love, courtship, matrimony, kissing, and other heart-warming topics; the bright chain of social intercourse would soon grow rusty—and the now polished surface of society would be as rough as the back of a hedgehog.

My friends—in conclusion, allow me to say, that—since this world is a prison, from which there is no escape, and the women are the fetters, which it is impossible to shake off—you had better be contented with the whole arrangement, and wait with patience till the thralldom is over. As bad as the world is, I don't believe a better one can be substituted—and, as for the women, although they trouble and vex us a little, they certainly sweeten life's tea for us; and are ever found ready to bind up the wounds they inflict. So mote it be!

MAN DESIROUS OF CHANGE.

TEXT.—O, thou serenest moon,
That with such holy face,
Dost look down upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?

MY HEARERS—I suppose we are as restless a set of mortals as ever peopled a planet. We don't want to be easy, we can't be quiet, and we won't be contented. We all imagine, every one of us, that we are built with our gable ends to the road of happiness and our faces fronting the swamps and marshes of misery; so we turn and turn about, like a kitten after its tail—and accomplish just about as much. It is not matter of much wonderment, however, my friends, that you should evince several heaps of disquietude during this passionately enthusiastic weather. For a number of days past you have experienced a slight touch of Tophet—I say slight, because it is no more to be compared to what you **MAY** get hereafter, in a hot climate beyond the grave, than Chatham Square can be compared to the fiery furnace in which Shadrach and his comrades were made to sweat some. Here, the thermometer, in its holy and heavenward aspirations, manages to get only at about one hundred degrees, and you call it insufferably hot; but in the other place, whenever it sinks so low as two hundred degrees above blood heat, it is considered quite cool and comfortable! Oh, be careful how you jump about, with your heavy loads of sin upon your backs, while in this great frying-pan of Gotham, lest you accidentally slip out of it into the real fire! Keep your tempers, and preserve your patience and your piety. I am afraid this hot weather will cause all the gravy of grace and goodness to run out of you, fry all the fat of faith from your moral and religious systems—and leave you as worthless as a parcel of apple pumace, after the sweet cider of salvation had been squeezed therefrom.

My friends—I feel for you: yes, I feel for you *warmly*—my shirt is wet with sympathetic perspiration—I feel the big drops of pity trickling down my legs and running into my stockings; and yet, what can I do for you? nothing at all, but recommend you to

take it easy, and bear it with christian fortitude; for there is a day between this and a March to come on which you may breathe in your frost-bitten hands, and exclaim, Oh, for a sweet summer's day!—for the sunny and shady enjoyments of a hot July afternoon! I don't wonder that you (married folks, especially,) sigh in your hearts for a lodge in Lapland, on the Battery, in a bachelor's bunk, or some other vast wilderness! But the question is, would you be any better satisfied, after a little while, with a change of location? Not a particle; you would be restless and uneasy wherever you might be. Like a tortoise, with a coal of fire upon his back, you want to keep crawling, without ever reflecting that the heat is increased in proportion to the speed with which you move ahead. Suppose you ask Miss Moon if, in all her rounds she has not seen some spot on earth where you might enjoy a happier lot, and she should answer 'Yes,' would you be foolish enough to believe a word she might say? She might point out to you some green valley in the West, and represent it as being filled with the flowers of peace and loveliness, whither you might go, and say, Here will I squat, free from care and anxiety, creditors, duns, and perhaps the devil. My life shall be a continual round of joy—calm and beautiful as a golden October day, and its close equally as glorious: but, although fancy is big in the family way, with the bright babe of hope, and you glory in the prospects presented, she is almost certain to die in childbed. As you go to sit down in your new garden of delight, to meditate upon the pleasures before you, you will put your nadir upon a thistle, and up you will jump with a rub and a scratch, declaring that there must be other spots in the world more desirable than this. So you go to another; here the mosquitoes of imagination, as large as hornets, and as thick as sole-leather—no, blackberries—stick the bills into the very core of your heart; sickness enters your door without giving a knock or a wipe of the foot; troubles, that were told to stay behind, came tagging after, and you soon find out that one spot upon the globe is just about as good as another, if have only a mind to make it so.

My dear friends—I don't care where you are, whether in Gof Spitzbergen, Brazil, Patagonia, Texas, or in Uncle Sam's p among the peaches, (Delaware,) you must expect to have share of troubles. If you wish to be considered human

make a fuss about a little care, a few trials, and many botherations. You can escape them by being brutes—making hogs of yourselves. All you will have to do, then, will be to lie down and sleep—get up, and go grunting about for amusement's sake—swallow your swill, and then lie down and sleep again; and you will be happy. Now, which had you rather be, a half-happy and half-miserable man, roving among the flowers and thorns of reason and knowledge, or a contented hog, rooting about in a dreamy twilight of instinct and ignorance? 'Take your choice—I had just as lief you would be one as the other: and rather too. But, my friends, all you want are liberty, health, and industry enough to prepare a meal or make a bed, to secure you peace and contentment wherever your lot may be cast. Go where you will, heaven is directly above you; so stay where you are, and humble yourselves, that you may reach it in safety, even as a turkey giveth a couple of squats before it fieth up to roost. So mote it be!

ON THE HOLLOWNESS OF ALL THINGS.

TEXT.—I stood beneath a hollow tree,
 The blast it hollow blew;
 I thought upon the hollow world,
 And all its hollow crew;
 Ambition and its hollow schemes,
 And the hollow hopes we follow,
 Imagination's hollow dreams,
 All hollow, hollow, hollow!

MY DEAR FRIENDS—if I thought my preaching was as hollow as everything belonging to this world, I would quit it instanter, and go to stone-cutting, or at some other business equally as substantial; but I hope and trust it is otherwise. I mean to say that almost everything we see, hear, feel, or dream of, is, morally speaking, as hollow as a gourd-shell; and that there is nothing truly solid but heavenly virtues, piety, cannon-balls and straight-forward honesty. It is said by some that the earth itself is hollow, and keeps yearly growing hollow and more hollow still. I don't know how this is, neither do I care, but I do know that the whole world, take it in a lump, is hollow—and, what is more, it will always be so till the sands in the glass of old Time are scattered upon the shore of eternity. Oh! how hollow is the heart of man!

—a mere shell of hypocritical pretensions, lined with the silk of fraternal sympathy! Its exterior is smooth and delicate, but the interior is as rough as the road to ruin; and the gas with which it is inflated partakes so much of the nature of high-dry gin as to render it too volatile to be of essential service.

My friends—the hollow tree, mentioned in my text, is a very fit emblem of the hollowness of the world and of all its hollow crew. It tells how hope puts forth its green leaves beneath the genial sun of prosperity, and it also tells how the bitter blasts of adversity pronounce it to be hollow, hollow, hollow. Ambition is as hollow as the soul of an echo. It is but a blown-up bladder of vanity, occupying altogether too much space for its substance, like a dinner made of sawdust pudding. How hollow are the airy dreams of imagination!—mere soap-bubbles, floating about in the calm atmosphere of ideality; but, when the first breeze of reason blows, they burst and disappear. A crown is but a hollow cap of honor; and hollow, for the most part, are the heads that wear it—and hollower are the empty hearts that worship it. And love, my friends, is as hollow as a blasted hickory-nut. It may be full of the manifestations of sincerity in the Summer of its existence, but, when the Autumn comes, there is nothing left of it but the dried and withered skin of its former glory. Friendship, too, is as hollow as a contribution box before collection. A friend with smiles will grasp you by the hand to-day, while the sun of Fortune shines clear and bright; but as soon as it is obscured by the clouds of misfortune, he is off, like a leg-treasurer, with your only umbrella of comfort, leaving you exposed to the storms and tempests of a penurious world. The trumpet of fame is likewise as hollow as an eaves' spout, full of sound and fury, and signifying nothing, as my particular friend, Shakspeare, says. Its sonorous tones may echo from one side of creation to the other, but what do they amount to in the end? Nothing but a sad and melancholy whisper of death and the grave. The laudation of the world is empty and void. The hollow critic vents his hollow praise to the hollow fool who heeds him. The sycophant pours his flattery into the ears of his hollow dupes, and then pins curses to their coat-tails. Such is the duplicity of human nature.

My dear friends—this world is truly an empty show, and all that it contains is either hollow or vacant, or filled with loathsome cor-

reption. The only true, pure and valuable solids are imported directly from heaven. Yes, my friends, virtue and morality are the true pork and cabbage of life; while all besides is mere coldslaw saturated with the sharp vinegar of wo. It is my earnest desire that you all should gather and lay up a store of heaven-made substantial, rather than experiment, as you so generally do, upon the fluids and atmospherics of earth. In your crazy pursuits after happiness how often do you find yourselves deceived! You crack ten thousand nuts of expectation, and ninety-nine out of every hundred are proven to be hollow and worthless! Hope's fruitful hen lays for you a nest full of gold-washed eggs; but instead of shelling out a thriving brood of chickens, they are apt to be addled, and fit for nothing.

Oh, my beloved hearers! don't, if you can conveniently help it, let your hearts be quite as hollow as are the generality of objects belonging to the world. Keep them crammed, if possible, with all such treasures as you can find in the rich storehouse of moral rectitude. Let pure virtue lie at the bottom—then add a layer of charity—on that place a thickness of brotherly love—top off with a good cover of honesty—and then sprinkle the whole with the genuine salt of piety. The next thing to be done is to clear your heads of all visionary schemes, and let common sense be master over the half-civilized kingdom of the brain. Do all these things and you will do a great deal towards filling up the many gloomy hollows mentioned in this discourse, besides securing to yourselves the prospect of a pleasant journey through life, and the hope of an everlasting reward. So mote it be!

NATURE NOT WELL UNDERSTOOD.

TEXT.—All nature is but art unknown to thee,
 All chance direction which thou canst not see;
 All discord harmony not understood,
 All partial evil universal good.

MY HEARERS—I shall treat upon my text line by line; analyze each part as I proceed—and if in the end you are dissatisfied, your feelings will exactly correspond with my own; for I feel that I am no more capable of doing justice to so comprehensive a matter than a mouse nibbling at a bible. I am convinced, however,

that all nature is but art unknown to us, stupid and short-sighted mortals. All the works of what we call nature are designed and fashioned by a great and unknown Architect, upon which no improvement has been, nor ever can be, made, so long as the earth rolls upon its axis, or the universe exists. This mundane sphere of ours, which looks as rough as the hide of unrighteousness, and as though it came together like a pile of bricks, is evidently a polished and perfect work of art. It is as round as an apple, save being a little knocked in at the poles, which was done, no doubt, for some wise purpose or other: the irregularities of its surface constitute admirable regularity; and every blemish is so bordered with beauty that its very defects contribute to its loveliness. If man were to attempt to beautify its barren and uncouth spots, he would only produce tameness and monotony, and thereby make a botch of the whole concern. Every system of worlds is so contrived that one world shall give light, if not warmth, to another, and the whole serve as ornaments in the grand hall of creation, unsurpassable in splendor, of vast importance in utility, and I think about as durable as anything else that could be put there. Nature certainly is art of the highest degree. Every mountain is made smaller at the top than at the bottom, to prevent its tumbling over—the same as man would build a lofty pyramid to endure for ages. If mortals were not made to locomote, they wouldn't have been put upon pedestals, but sit with their big ends upon the ground, and, perchance, take root to enable them to preserve their perpendiculars in a high wind. Look at the bee, that little artistical agent of nature—he builds his six-sided cells with perfect precision. He has no rule nor square, knows no more about figures than a goat does of grammar, and yet he commits no error of measurement—not even to the point of a pin's consequence. Wonderful little artist! How he makes his honey is a puzzler to humans, and always will be. Some birds' nests are a wonder to weavers, and spiders ought to be awarded a premium for spinning the finest of threads. But there is no use in my taking you all through the workshop of nature to convince you that the Divine Art is the art of all arts. What man does is frail and imperfect; but the works of Omnipotence are great, and 'can't be beat.'

My friends—all chance, or what we call chance, is direction, only we can't see it. When the wind blows down our houses,

and thunderbolts knock things all to smash, you consider it a matter of chance; when, at the same time, you may rest assured that there is One who 'rides upon the whirlwind, and *directs* the storm.' If a man makes a mistake and kisses his chambermaid instead of his wife, you may depend upon it there is some direction about it unknown both to the maid and to his dear unsuspecting spouse. Verily, I am not exactly a fatalist, and yet I believe that kisses and all great calamities are directed by a power from on high as incomprehensible as that which causes the needle to point to the pole, or makes a pig carry a straw in his mouth previous to a storm.

My dear friends—all discord is harmony, though it may not be clearly understood. What is sweet music to one is almost murder to another. A certain combination of sounds may not always produce concord; and yet take the incessant hum of the whole world—the songs of the stars and all the rolling spheres—the roaring of waters—the wailing of winds—the talking, singing, crying, laughing, quarrelling, hammering, pounding, and tramping of earth's living multitudes—I say, take all these together, and we have harmony capable of being easily understood. But taken separately, it depends altogether upon one's taste whether they contain music or not. Unhappy man and wife, who are at it, shovel and tongs, may 'discourse sweet music' without their next door neighbors being able to appreciate it. There is music in the squalling of babies, not rightly understood neither by mothers nor by the mass of mankind; and so it is with the midnight yawlings of a tom-cat and the feminine feline to whom he is paying his loudest respects. We can discover nothing but harshness and discord in their amorous duet; but still there is a pleasing harmony attending, perfectly well understood by themselves, and enjoyed in a higher degree than a fellow ever experienced during the funny process of courting.

My hearers—all partial evil is universal good; therefore I advise you all to commit murder, steal, fornicate, lie, swear, slander, and cheat your neighbor if you can, for the good of the multitude. Upon the second thought I advise you not to do anything of the kind; for I don't believe that partial evil (except in some few instances) is productive of universal good. Therefore, live righteously, act wisely and honestly, eschew evil and endeavor to do

good, and it will be better for yourselves and for the mass in the end. Verily it is so. So mote it be!

THE MORTALITY OF MAN.

TEXT.—Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.

MY HEARERS—man is composed of as perishable material as the mushroom that springs up in a night and withers in a day. In his infancy, the spring time of existence, he is a mere shoot—a young sucker that thrives and flourishes in the warm sun of maternal attention. In the summer of youth and manhood he buds and blooms—in the autumn of age he ripens and decays—and then comes the winter of death to put an end to all his glories. The following spring brings another race to supply the place of that which is past; and thus generations rise to dance and sport upon the graves of generations gone. The surface of the earth is covered with mortal dust; and the very clay that once composed a king is subject to being wrought into the carcase of a slave or a serpent. In fact, my friends, you are nothing but a parcel of rubbish pasted together by the hand of the Almighty, soon to dissolve and leave nothing behind but a heap of ashes, to be used as manure for vegetation; and which, at the same time, is not worth half so much as a good shovelful of hog dung.

My friends—What is man in the beginning? In the first place he is nothing but a mere drop in the womb of nonentity, which soon ferments by heat—then forms itself into a soft coagulated mass—becomes warmed with a spirit—at length bursts its blind prison, and is cast upon the margin of the world, where it becomes beslimed with sin, and by instinct sucks the milk of misery from the breast of its mother. The babe next essays to walk; but, in imitation of his brother monkey, he gets upon all fours, and scrambles into the midst of mischief as naturally as a young duck takes to the water. Soon he stands upright—bestrides a stick—becomes a horseman, and canters round the room, as large as life and stiff as a poker. Then comes the merry stage of youth. Here he runs, skips and capers among the fragrant flowers of joy—chases every butterfly of pleasure—revels in the sweetest of ideal sweets—and doesn't care any more about to-morrow than a dam

Soon ever did for Davy Crockett. Next he enters upon the broad field of manhood. Here, from the same tree, he gathers the buds of hope, the blossoms of joy, and the bitter berries of trouble. He no longer runs, but walks; and the load of cares that accumulates upon his shoulders causes him to sweat considerably and swear not a little. Then soon you see him tottering down the hill of life, old, feeble and decrepid, till he arrives at the verge of death, where he stubs his toes, and pitches into eternity, leaving behind him just enough of mortal mould to tell that he once lived and moved and had a being among the inhabitants of earth.

My dear friends—had I the warmth and enthusiasm to render sufficiently pliable the hard clay of my thoughts to mould them properly into words, I would so show you of what brittle, perishing stuff you are composed, that you would look upon yourselves with perfect disgust, and not only loath to live but disdain to die. Some of you, my young females, fancy that you are beautiful flowers, born to bloom for ever; but, let me tell you, that soon your spring and summer days will be past—that the autumn winds of age will ere long scatter every petal of loveliness abroad, and you will be no more objects of attraction than a lot of dried mullen stalks in a sheep pasture. You, young men, who are crowned with the verdure of youth—whose walks are covered with the daisies of delight—who, like moles in the earth, are very busy and yet are very blind—allow me to open your eyes. The day is coming when your mirth will be changed to melancholy—the green wreaths that encircle your brows will be faded—and those tinkling bells that now bring to your ears such silvery music will ring the death-knell of all former pleasure. Go ahead, ye youthful specimens of sin and depravity!—go it with unlimited looseness—go it with a perfect diarrhœa—for, when you are dissolved and turned to dust, you are no longer capable of enjoyment: but be careful that you do not in your younger days put so much sugar in your glasses as to render the libation sickening, and thus leave the sweets of life to become soured at a future period. To the old men I have but little to say. They know that their mortal parts are soon to be pulverized beneath the foot of Time, and that in a short time the soul must put on a clean shirt and other Sunday-go-to-meetings, in order to appear respectable in the sanctuary of heaven. Whatever valuable gem they may have dropped

into the deep sea of depravity, must lie there for ever. They have only to look forward with full confidence in the future, and submit with calm resignation to all that may happen. In the desert of decrepitude they find no posies, save those of Faith and Hope. These let them pluck and place in their bosoms; and the spirit shall mingle with their fragrance to be borne upwards where everlasting peace presides, while the body amalgamates with its original clay.

My hearers—you are all like the leaves of the trees—now green in youth, now withering on the ground. Your bodies here ripen and rot, and that is the end of them; but when the mind is once matured, it is subject to no decay, unless it arise from physical causes. Look then well after the mind, for that is immortal—and, in fact, it is what makes the man, despite every artificial attraction the body can put on. So mote it be!

ON THE RAVAGES OF TIME.

TEXT.—When a few more years are wasted,
When a few more springs are o'er,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall fall to bloom no more!

MY DEAR HEARERS—these words were uttered by a man borne down with despondency; his whole life was a pepper-and-salt mixture of discontent and misery. His cup of grief was always full, though he kept constantly sipping at it, and sorrow beclouded all his days; and in order to render himself, if possible, still more miserable, he took to writing poetry, which, instead of operating as a safety valve, burst his heart-strings, and sent him down to the grave, a grey-haired victim of despair. It was LOVE that shipwrecked the hopes of his younger days, and threw the machinery of his brain out of gear in after-life. Time has manufactured some trouble for me in his careless career, but he has also shaken balmy dew-drops from his wings that have refreshed many a sad and weary moment. He now begins to handle me roughly, and the frost that gathers upon my head is a presage of the cold winter of death. I would gladly tax him for all this bodily wear and tear; but it is of no use, as I never shall get a cent, and might as well forgive the debt, first as last, and be prepared to

yield up all that may be required; for I am well aware that he is now

Whetting his scythe to quickly mow
The few grey hairs that deck my brow.

Yes, my hearers, I am past my bloom, and nearly ripe for the harvest. All the good that I can now do is to give you good advice how to live and act, that your years may not be wasted, nor life prove a burden. You have only to make a good use of whatever has been loaned you by Providence; for, when these things are returned, they will be closely examined, and you will have to make reparation for all the injuries they have received. You own nothing here—you are only tenants of this lower world, and the rent is enormous. You have the use of the materials of life free gratis, for nothing; but, I repeat, they must be returned in proper order—if you become defaulters, may heaven protect you, for I can't. Don't depend upon borrowing from one another, because you are thus divinely favored. Many seem to take it for granted, that because a generous Providence has had the kindness to lend them a few favors, they have a right to borrow from others whenever they can. Some borrow money—some, tools—some, books—some, newspapers—and others, who are too well known to be trusted with a dog's dinner, will borrow trouble, for the sake of borrowing something. This is no way, my friends, to enjoy life. You might with as much comfort strip up your trousers and wade through a bed of nettles to pick a dandelion, as to be thus in debt by continually borrowing; but if you are resolved to do it, then a portion of my text will apply to you exactly—'When a few more years are wasted,' &c. The rising generation need to be instructed in these matters. Many of these young sprigs, that seem to bear buds of thistles, may, by proper culture, be made to blossom roses, and some that bud roses may unfold nothing but thistles. It depends on you, who are fathers and mothers, to see that your children are brought up in the way they should go. Don't tell them ghost and goblin stories to frighten them out of a year's growth into religion, but set them good examples—teach them to be sober, moral, and industrious—give them a flogging when required, and let them go a fishing occasionally, as a reward for goodness—keep them from writing poetry till they can read a chapter in the testament without assistance; and never compel

them to marry against their wills, as you value their future peace and happiness. Instruct your daughters in the various useful accomplishments of the present day, and dress them well; for they do not court, but are to be courted; and unless personal as well as intellectual attractions are offered, it is ten to one if they don't die old maids. Soon after they are five-and twenty, they 'fall to bloom no more'—their garlands of beauty then begin to fade, and all the false curls, false teeth, false color, and false airs they may assume, cannot restore their decayed charms. The young men are too cunning to be deceived or taken in by such baits. It is no go—paint, gun, whalebone, hogs' bristles and false hair don't make a lovely girl of eighteen out of an old maid, by two-and-sixpence worth.

My hearers, old and young! we shall all soon be on the decay—some sooner than others, in consequence of care, grief and disappointment; but contentment and cheerfulness will not protect us from the assaults of age, though they serve to trim the wick of life when the oil is getting low, and to keep the flame pure till the last flicker expires. When but a few more springs have wasted their blight and mildew—when a few more springs have returned to renovate everything but man—and when we have partaken of a few more griefs, we shall all fall to earth, and bloom no more, till we are transplanted to another sphere. To you, my young females—ye flowrets of the earth—the tenderest of the tender—allow me to address myself. Remember that your beauty discloses in the morning of youth, mid the dews of love, pleasure and delight, and arrives at maturity ere the meridian of life is attained—its blossoms, like the petals of roses, are strewn before the evening gale, and wafted away for ever. You have not the strength of the sterner sex to bear the weight of sorrow; and, unless well protected from the chill winds of adversity, your charms will winter-kill, and you wither away like apple-parings in the sun. Though, like the lilies of the field, 'you toil not, neither do you spin, and Solomon in his glory was not arrayed like one of you,' yet recollect that the time may come, when a knowledge of things useful will be requisite. Lay up a store of useful information, and pack it down with piety to keep it from tainting; so that when all personal charms have decayed, and the 'flowers of loveliness' have dropped from your bosoms,

the mind may still be adorned with beauty imperishable. So mote it be !

ON GROWING.

TEXT.—We are all a-growing, grow, growing,
And we are all a-growing,
As the years roll on.

MY HEARERS—in this world of continual change, everything is growing—either larger or smaller, longer or shorter, better or worse. Almost all objects have an upward tendency till they arrive at full maturity; but cows' tails and public morals tend downward—and the more they grow the longer they get. A seed planted in the earth is destined to grow, one way or the other. If it doesn't grow rotten and diminish, it must grow in bulk—expand and expatiate into a tree, leaves, flowers, and fruit : afterwards it gradually declines to the dust to grow again, in some shape or another. Children grow in flesh and wickedness—the matured grow in wisdom, and the aged grow in grace; and yet, after all, there isn't (comparatively speaking) as much grace among mankind as there is grease in the hind leg of a grasshopper.

My friends—it is astonishing how we all grow as the years roll on. In the course of a few seasons every particle of our corporeal selves is renewed. We, old folks, don't have the same bodies now that we had in our younger days, by any means; and yet we look in the glass and imagine that we behold the same material that composed our youthful frames, only perhaps a little worn by the worryings of a soul within, and the scrubbing-brush of time without. The spirit changes its carnal garments in due time, the same as we change our shirts—when we have clean ones available—or throw off an old pair of pants, or a petticoat, for something new and better. The spirit itself grows old at last, and requires to be rejuvenated, and rigged with toggery suitable to the climate and according to the custom of a new Texas beyond the tomb.

My friends—so man is born, grows up, and kicks the bucket. It may seem a pity that the world wasn't made large enough for him to stay here for ever and keep on growing without ever obtaining a full size; but it is all for the best that he is as he is, and

not a little *issur*. After he has got his growth, and his complement of years, and can do no more ploughing for posterity, he feels that all he has to do is to pack up his duds of piety and budge. In his earlier days he takes a great deal of pains to build him a body of roast beef, porridge and pudding—and yet often he seems to try hard to ruin it with rum. He sets so much store by it that the whole world wouldn't be an inducement for him to part with it; but, when Death knocks at his door, he is willing to give the whole lot of rubbish (as he then calls it) for a spoonful of the salt of salvation. O man! thou growest in vanity like a toadstool by a muck-heap, but the blossoms of wisdom put forth too late in life's season to yield thee any more fruit than a peach tree flowering at the door of December.

My hearers—truly has it been said that you spring up like aspara-gasses, jump about like hopper-grasses, and lie down and die like jackasses. It seems to me that you are nothing but bladders, after all. You commence blowing yourselves up with wind almost as soon as you begin to run; and in proportion as the inflation increases, you feel and boast of your bigness and importance; but how often does it happen that just as you are gathering more wind to exclaim, See how great and mighty I have grown, the bladder bursts, and you go t'other end over head into an extremely foggy unknownity. Grow, grow, growing, is the order of existence. Children grow ragged, raw-boned and saucy—ministers of the gospel try to make men grow religious and moral; and they grow just as it happens, notwithstanding—men in place and power grow corrupt—women grow any way, as fancy or fashion happens to strike them—and as for me, I am growing old, pious, and particular; but, as my friend Winchell would say, I have seen the day when I was just as good as I ever was. Morality grows mouldy for the want of care—virtue grows precious on account of its scarcity—vice grows abundant for the want of a check—and the whole world grows weedy for the lack of proper cultivation. You are all growing, morally speaking, the wrong way, like the feathers on a phizzle pig; but heaven grant that time may soon come when you will grow in grace, righteousness, piety, and brotherly and sisterly love, like drooping squash-vines after a reviving shower. So mote it be!

ON OUR PURSUITS AFTER BLISS.

TEXT.—Hermit, hoar, in solemn cell,
 Wearing out life's evening grey,
 Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
 What is bliss, and which the way?

Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed,
 Scarce repressed the starting tear,
 When the hoary sage replied,
 Come, my lad, and drink some beer!

MY DEAR FRIENDS—the subject before me requires more than ordinary elucidation to render it comprehensible to the understandings of all of different capacities, intellect and powers of perception. In the first place, permit me to state, that contentment is is pleasure, pleasure is happiness, happiness is peace, and peace is bliss. Now, it appears to be the great aim and object of mankind, next to getting money, to arrive at a state of bliss as soon as circumstances and a merciful Providence will permit. When I speak of a state of bliss, I have no reference to any particular state in the Union—though Connecticut comes the nearest to it of any one of the twenty-six potato-patches; because there the people all are a straight-forward, mind-their-own-business, go-to-meeting, contented sort of folks, who don't know so much as to make them more miserable than moral—who go in strong for codfish and correct habits—who entertain innocent ideas of Indian puddings, since one fell out of the oven and killed six women and a child—who read newspapers, pay for them in buckwheat bran, sour cider, or in some way or other—in short, they are a people whom the times may reform, but never uncharacterize. They are the same yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, next week, for ever, home-spun Yankees, with always a plenty of piety and pumpkin pies on hand. The other states can't begin to show so much happiness. Look at Florida for instance: it's one of the most miserable places this side of perdition! I wouldn't live there for an angel's diadem! We hear of nothing there but wars and rumors of wars—and the end is not yet; nor will it be, till the white man himself becomes civilized. He is, there, a savage among savages—without morality—without money—and, more than all, without woman. Woman is the creature to civilize man. Enlightenment is sure to tread upon the heels of barbarism, wherever she is introduced. If

a few healthy, rosy-cheeked damsels were only transplanted to Florida, it would soon, like Eden, be changed from a desert wild to a blooming garden; the tempers of the Indians would lose their aquafortis—they would all lay down their arms—come straight in—and if they didn't treat, they would be willing to make a treaty, without any sham-work about it. Yes, my hearers, in order to make Florida a fit habitation for happiness and bliss, it needs to be thoroughly cleansed. Let the women go there with their brooms, scrubbing-brushes, mop-pails, soapsuds, bedbug specifics, and give it a good scouring—let them set out rose-bushes before the huts of the savages, plant flowers among their corn, play with their papooses, pilfer friendship, &c.; and Miss Florida would quickly put a sprig of olive in her bonnet, and look as sleek and prim as a spermaceti candle. The sister states would then take her by the hand, and merrily dance together through the halls of after-ages, to the tunes of 'Clare de Kitchen' and 'Begone, Dull Care.' But, my respected hearers, real bliss doesn't belong to the states, but to individuals. New England is no more like the original Down East (the Garden of Eden) than cider brandy is like real cogniac. Happiness may be found here, but not in a lump. It is scattered as elsewhere, over a broad surface, to be gathered by those who best can find it.

My text says, 'What is bliss, and which the way?' We all know what it is, but the question arises, how shall we get at it? One fancies he sucks it through a pipe—another says it is the juice of a tobacco-quid—another thinks it lies at the bottom of a mug of beer, or in gin-and-sugar, brandy-slings, whiskey-punches, Tom-and-Jerries, mint-juleps, and such like combustibles;—the miser swears it is covered with gold—the fanatic says he must make himself miserable in order to have any idea of bliss. I wonder some of these latter lunatics don't sometimes make a mistake and laugh when a body steps on their corns! Thus, we see, some take this road, some that, and some another, for the sake of happiness; but they don't, any of them, catch it. They make a grab, and fancy they have got it fast; but it slips through their fingers, and again mocks them at a distance. Now, my text goes to show that the old hermit, in his God-forsaken cell, didn't enjoy the bliss he expected he should, by a small jug full. He, doubtless, in his younger days, had lived in tall grass, and tasted of

every pleasure ; but he, in common with all mankind, went on a wild goose chase after happiness, became disappointed, and then shut himself up in a rocky cave, where he hoped to find the fountain of bliss gurgling at his feet—whereby he was most wofully sucked in. Therefore, when the lad went to him to get advice respecting the best mode of obtaining bliss, experience had taught the hoary old codger to say : Young man, happiness is not to be had in wholesale quantities—it is put up in narrow-necked bottles, and the only way to get it is to take a suck at first one and then the other, and be contented—for just as true as you make a hog of yourself, and try to get more than belongs to you, you will lose the whole, and no mistake. So drink beer, when it comes handy, and always be as merry as you can ; for since we are not paid off in large sums of bliss, we might as well take it out in such small change as any way.

Now, this doctrine don't hold good. Suppose the boy always sought for bliss by drinking beer, brandy, and such trash ; may be his head wouldn't ache sometimes ! Where's the fun in that ? This making forty devils to kill one isn't what it is cracked up to be. I say, my friends, the best way to secure bliss is to jog along straightforward in the path that nature has laid out for you, and not to turn to the right nor left. If a person offers to treat you to a little weak lemonade, don't refuse to drink, and, at the same time, never resort to it as a means to obtain happiness. Go on, in the even tenor of your ways—be guided by honesty—be led by virtue—be chock-full of piety—be supported by sobriety—and uncalled-for bliss will attend you. In short, be independent—care not for care, nor trouble, nor poverty—and let the heart swim in contentment. Do all this, and the steamboat of time will take you safe, sound, snug and comfortable, to that land of real steady habits, which is located in the healthiest part of eternity. So mote it be !

BEAUTY—FALSE IDEAS OF IT.

TEXT.—Handsome is as handsome does.

MY HEARERS—there is a great deal of length and breadth to the meaning of the word HANDSOME. Like a blanket, it is as broad as it is long, and not half as transparent to thousands. It is con-

nected with actions as well as objects; with behavior as well as looks; with deeds as well as words; and examples as well as precepts. I don't think that comeliness of form or of feature can be measured by any standard that will be universally acknowledged; for what appears to one as beautiful as the emblems of truth and holiness, may seem to another as ugly as sin tempting a saint with a shin-plaster. The monkey that married the baboon's sister no doubt thought her possessed of superior personal charms; and she, in all apish probability, saw something in her lover's face that secured her undivided attachment—took a double clench on her affections—absorbed her whole soul—and all that sort o' thing—as my friend Milton says. 'She never told her love,' but there was that *something* in her lovely and expressive face which showed how warm were the waters of feeling at the fountain, and how her heart longed to become a part and parcel of the pluck of a dignified and noble-looking baboon. Such is the power of imaginary beauty. A mother almost always thinks her young ones handsomer than any body's else; while, at the same time, they may be repulsive enough in feature to keep the mumps, measles, whooping-cough, fever-and-ague, and every other respectable disease, at a reasonable distance. The wild Indian sees more to admire about the squaw, who pounds his corn in the wigwam, and whose complexion looks as if tanned by moonshine, than he would in the loveliest lily-skin ever exhibited in the gay circle of fashion and refinement. The Ethiopian thinks that the beauty of human flesh lies in its blackness. The lady of his choice is to him like a pair of boots to a gentleman—the blacker the better. He was indeed a poet and a philosopher who said that in the West Indies the lightning was very handsome and the thunder most beautiful!

My friends—as says my text, 'handsome is as handsome does.' In generous acts, charitable deeds, and virtuous examples, there is a moral beauty that shines as resplendent amid the darkness of vice and the corruption of the world as fire-flies in a grave-yard, or a pair of cat's eyes in a coal-hole. The handsomeness of the heart is to be prized far above the fairness of the outward person; and the bosom that heaves with warm and philanthropic emotions is a treasury of loveliness in itself. A young minister—no matter how plain he really is—always looks handsome to the ladies because he is so gentle in spirit, pure in precept, sincere in pro-

fession, circumspect in practice, and impregnated with the ethereal essence of divine love. He wouldn't ruffle a feather on an angel's wing; pluck a flower from paradise to the detriment of its charms; kill a mosquito; tread upon a worm, or breathe a syllable that might tarnish the fair fame of a fellow mortal. Therefore he is considered handsome.

Young man! you behold your image in a mirror, pronounce yourself good looking, and imagine that you are bound to shine wherever you go; but you can't do it unless your beauty is something more than skin-deep. It must penetrate into the interior. You must be handsome all the way from the head to the heart. You must do the handsome at all times, and under all circumstances; or, like a bad egg washed with gold, you won't 'go down.' By not treating your friends as often as you are treated by them—by speaking disparagingly of your acquaintances—by assuming silly airs, and thrusting yourself too forward in company, and with the ladies especially—exhibiting foppishness and puppyism—and by making a fool of yourself in divers ways—you spoil all your beauty; and your company will be shunned, rather than courted, in spite of all your wonderments. Good looks, unaccompanied with a good deportment, can no more gain the esteem and admiration of the world than a black coat and white cravat can make a saint of a blackleg.

Young lady! you will be thought handsome so long as you perform various little offices of disinterested kindness: so long as the blossoms of virtue remain in full bloom in your bosom: so long as modesty, mildness and love have a home in your heart: so long as you possess those inward attractions which have a mysterious magnetic influence upon the affections of the nobler sex—and no longer. Without these, you may whitewash your foreheads, rouge your cheeks, pencil your eyebrows, and sport a luxuriance of extraneous curls; but it will be all to no purpose. No one will discover anything handsome or pretty about you, and you will be left to wither unnoticed, like a flower without beauty or fragrance.

My hearers—it would be easier to teach a rabbit to trot, a goose to canter, a giraffe to creep, or an elephant to turn a somerset, than for me to cleanse you of your filth and loathsomeness, and make you comely in the sight of God and man, without a corresponding exertion upon your own side. Do try, my brethren, to help your-

selves, and I will give you a push proportionate in power to the amount of pennies in the box. So mote it be!

ON CLEANLINESS.

TEXT.—You love your country mother earth;
Of this I cannot doubt you—
The soil is rich; but, from your birth,
Why carry it about you?

MY HEARERS—inwardly and outwardly you are more or less filthy. The scurf upon your hearts is tantamount to that upon your heads and other portions of your skin. Some of you appear to be as clean as a dog-licked platter upon the outside, while within you are as foul as an old musket. You, once a week at least, seem to take a great deal of pains to rid yourselves of exterior dirt, but care not a straw for the moral mange that infects the interior of the soul's habitation.

But, my hearers, I regret to say that not a few of you are as careless of the carnal as of the spiritual portion. In fact, I have knowledge of two or three members of my church whose persons are so located with soil that I wonder weeds don't grow in the place of whiskers, and hop-vines flourish in lieu of hair. Such men can never enjoy anything more than a kind of counterfeit happiness in this world; for it is impossible to be happy without first feeling comfortable—and how, I ask, can a man feel comfortable with dirt enough about him to attract and support toads, tumble-bugs, muck-worms, and ground-mice? No, these folks must feel as uneasy all through life as I would feel in a bed suspected of fleas and flavored of chintzes. If they die in their filth, they will be filthy for ever; but instead of their being allowed to bedaub the costly furniture within the walls of salvation with their slime, they will receive orders from the ramparts to march downward to the quickstep tune of 'Go to the devil and shake yourself.'

My friends—I like to see a man entertain an ardent love for his country; but his patriotism shouldn't induce him to eat of it with his porridge and potatoes; neither should he have such an attachment to the soil of his birth as to take pride in carrying a cart-load of it into his neighbor's domicile. Cleanliness is as necessary to the health of the body as pure virtue is to the welfare of the

mind—or soul, if you choose to call it—and he that neglects it commits a heinous crime, inasmuch as he is a self-murderer by omission—a defacer, ay, demolisher of the beautiful temple built for him by Omnipotence, and which it were the worst kind of sacrilege for him to injure. You are surrounded, my friends, with conveniences for performing daily ablutions; and yet, rather than spend a shilling or take advantage of a few leisure moments, you go about mangy, sickly, and drooping, relying in vain upon pills and the wrong sort of piety, when nothing under the canopy of Heaven is wanted but soap, cold water and a clean shirt to make you feel as though you belonged here.

My friends—not a little of our boasted soil is borne hither upon the back of emigration; and considerable of it is carried to foreign shores by those who are too dirty and lazy to obtain a decent and permanent livelihood anywhere. Oh! that a mighty Ganges rolled from pole to pole, and that all were possessed of just enough rusty religion, combined with sufficient superstition, to compel them to bathe daily in its waters, for the purification of both body and soul! The baptismal rite was ordained for a duality of purpose; and I would recommend certain of my congregation to turn Baptists and suffer the wholesome horrors of immersion, for the sake of having said that they have been washed, at least once in their lives. If you ever expect to be saved, my friends, you must commence in season to make yourselves clean; for nothing unclean can enter the gates of eternal happiness. Scour up your morals—apply soap and sand to your scurf-covered souls—and cleanse yourselves thoroughly, from the outward skin to the interior of the heart. You must begin now; for when Death calls for you, you will have no time to wash your feet, cut your toe nails, and put on a clean garb of holiness. He will take you as he finds you, though you were never so filthy. Take care that you be not found more fit for the cellar kitchen below than for the grand parlor above, which is carpeted with righteousness and festooned with the amaranthine flowers of endless joy and love. So mote it be!

THE LIGHT OF A SMILE.

TEXT.—There are beauty and joy in the light of a smile.

MY HEARERS—a smiling countenance is not always indicative of a cheerful heart; but, generally speaking, it betrays a kind, frank and generous disposition, and a bosom well filled with the plain, homely but valuable store of contentment. I care not what kind of a smile a person puts upon his phiz; whether he paint it with the pencil of pride; with the artificial colors of affectation or dissimulation, or whether his features are lighted up with the natural glow of animal spirits; so long as his face presents a picture of cheerfulness, I take it for granted that he is happy for the moment, although that smile may be nothing more than a transient sunbeam of joy dancing upon the troubled waters of a discontented mind. There is a mysterious magnetic influence exerted by a smile; a kind of electrical sympathy which extends from heart to heart, and manifests itself upon the features of all within the scope of its power. The individual who always looks as smiling as a small glass of beer disseminates more or less of joy and gladness wherever he goes. We look upon his merry mug, and, daguerreotype-like, instantly give back a partial likeness of it in our faces without feeling or knowing the cause of its animation. When we see a person convulsed in a fit of laughter, our risible faculties are spontaneously excited; and as for suppressing it, we might as soon think of allaying the excitement of a tea-kettle by telling it to 'keep cool.' On the contrary, when a wo-begone visaged son of melancholy, misfortune, and poverty happens to straggle into our presence, with a frontispiece as sad and repulsive as Death in the primer, the corners of our mouths begin to turn downward like those of a dying codfish, and we feel as sick in spirit as a monkey with the measles, in spite of our utmost endeavors to keep up a show of hilarity and good humor. Even the howl of a dog, the mewing of a kitten, or the squall of a fretful babe, will cause all the sweet cream of social enjoyment to sour; and curdle for the moment every spoonful of the milk of mercy and forbearance. Such is the influence of a simple smile, and such is the power of a single look, or sound, of misery, misfortune, moroseness, or madness. It is all a mystery; a sort of magnetism between mind and mind; which can no more be explained or understood than the magnetism between matter and matter.

My dear friends—there is beauty in the light of a smile. A young and beautiful specimen of the genus homo, feminine gender, crowned with a wreath of smiles, is as lovely an object as can be picked up in the suburbs of heaven; and I am not certain but I should as lief go to perdition with such an angel by my side as to slip into salvation in company with a crabbed, sour-faced son of melancholy and sadness. A smile creates joy, mirth and pleasure; but, a frown causes the heart to sink below the waistbands in man, and down to the bustle in woman—and for this reason, alone, it has been so ordered by the great Omnipotent that the smiles should predominate. The Almighty smiled upon the world when he gave it the finishing touch, and the world smiled back again. The infant universe as it lay in the cradle of chaos looked in the face of its Father and laughed for joy. Eden wore a wreath of smiles in the beginning; and our first parents feasted upon joy in a paradise of pleasure. After many years the clouds of sin and sadness began to gather, and heaven flooded the earth with tears of sorrow; but the bow of promise soon arched the gloomy horizon of man's hopes—the waters of doubt became dried, and the ark of his salvation rested securely upon the Arrarat of redemption. After this the sun shone out in all its glory, and continued to smile upon a world partially purified of its iniquities, till the day that an attempt was made to murder God himself by nailing to the cross that raiment of mortality, which He, for the purest, the best, and the most benevolent of motives, had seen fit to put on. Then were the heavens shrouded in a sackcloth of sorrow—then sadness o'erspread the pleasant face of creation—and then was a veil of gloom drawn over the sun, as thick, if not thicker, than scum upon a frog-pond. But, my friends, the storm soon blew over—the earth smiled again as it was wont; and nothing since that awful occurrence has happened to rob Nature of her accustomed smile.

My worthy hearers—there are surely beauty and gladness in a smile. Sol smiles upon mother Earth, and she blooms with beauty, notwithstanding her advancement in years. In the evening, as we behold the fairy frost-work of the skies, we can scarcely help imagining that every star is the eye of an angel, lighted with love, and blinking at us with an enticing smile. The moon alone is the only melancholy-looking object in the vast museum of the uni-

verse. That never looks cheerful—but always sad—causes lunacy in lovers and putrefaction in pickled shad. Its temperament is cold—its aspect is sullen and morose—it yields light without warmth like the smile of a coquette; and all its pretensions to beauty are mere ‘moonshine’ at the best. There are beauty and gladness in the sweet smile of spring. We rejoice in the resurrection of flowers from their wintry graves; and the little birds, just let loose as it were from thralldom, enliven us with their cheering carols. Summer smiles upon us crowned with roses and perfumed with the richest of fragrance; and even sickly Autumn lies upon the death-bed of the year, with a countenance as smiling as that of a christian who expects soon, through the mediation of death, to become a naturalized citizen in the celestial empire of everlasting rest and righteousness.

My dear friends—since beauty, joy, and gladness are exhibited in the light of a smile, I would urge upon you to use your utmost endeavors to keep your inward works in such order that cheerfulness may be seen frolicking upon your features. In order that the tree of hilarity should flourish, you must enrich the soil of your hearts well with the manure of morality. Allow not a weed of guilt or crime to spring up at its roots, and it will keep green even amid the snows of old age and infirmity. Just let the seeds of my advice sink deep beneath your jackets, and when they shall have sprouted, budded, blown, and brought forth fruit, you will be enabled to go laughing through life as though sin, sorrow, and Satan were total strangers among the inhabitants of earth. So mote it be!

ON THE FREEDOM OF MIND.

TEXT.—They think to chain
A spirit such as thine?
As well fling fetters o’er the main,
Or quench the sun divine.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—there is no question in my mind but you are all endowed with souls—in fact, I know you are; that is to say, you possess thinking, reflecting and reasoning powers. You are as much exalted above the monkey tribe in intellect as monkeys are superior to the crustaceous tenants of Oyster Bay. The brute creation have perishable bodies without souls—you have perisha-

ble bodies furnished with immortal souls—the angels have imperishable but changeable bodies, with never-dying souls—and the great Creator is a soul in its purity, unencumbered and unstained by a particle of terrestrial dust. You see by this, it is just as clear as a cod's eye that you stand upon next to the topmost round in the ladder of being, and consequently can be no very small potatoes in the sight of Omnipotence. All your superiority, then, consists in the excellence of mind over matter; that spiritual essence of vitality, one drop of which is worth more than a cart-load of the vile dross that contains it. It is this that exists uncontaminated after death, and continues fresh through the endless ages of eternity. It is this that makes man a creature of uncontrollable liberty—furnishes his thoughts with the swift pinions of light, and enables them to dart to the utmost corner of creation quicker than ever a cat licked butter. There is no such thing as checking the freedom of the mind. You may incarcerate the body in the stone jugs of the land, but the spirit knows no confinement: free as the mountain zephyr, it still sports in contemplation's fairy bowers—laves its burning lip in the fountain of imagination—scrapes fancy's frost-work from airy nothing, and flits to and fro through the vast empire of ideality, till sober Reason calls aloud: Come home, you wayward child of air—your anxious mamma calls! When floods of misfortune descend, and man's corporeal ark is drifted about on the waters of adversity, that dove of liberty, the mind, speeds heavenward its flight, and finds no rest till it returns with a sprig of comfort. It is ever active—ever on the wing—and it won't stay tamed any more than a young partridge.

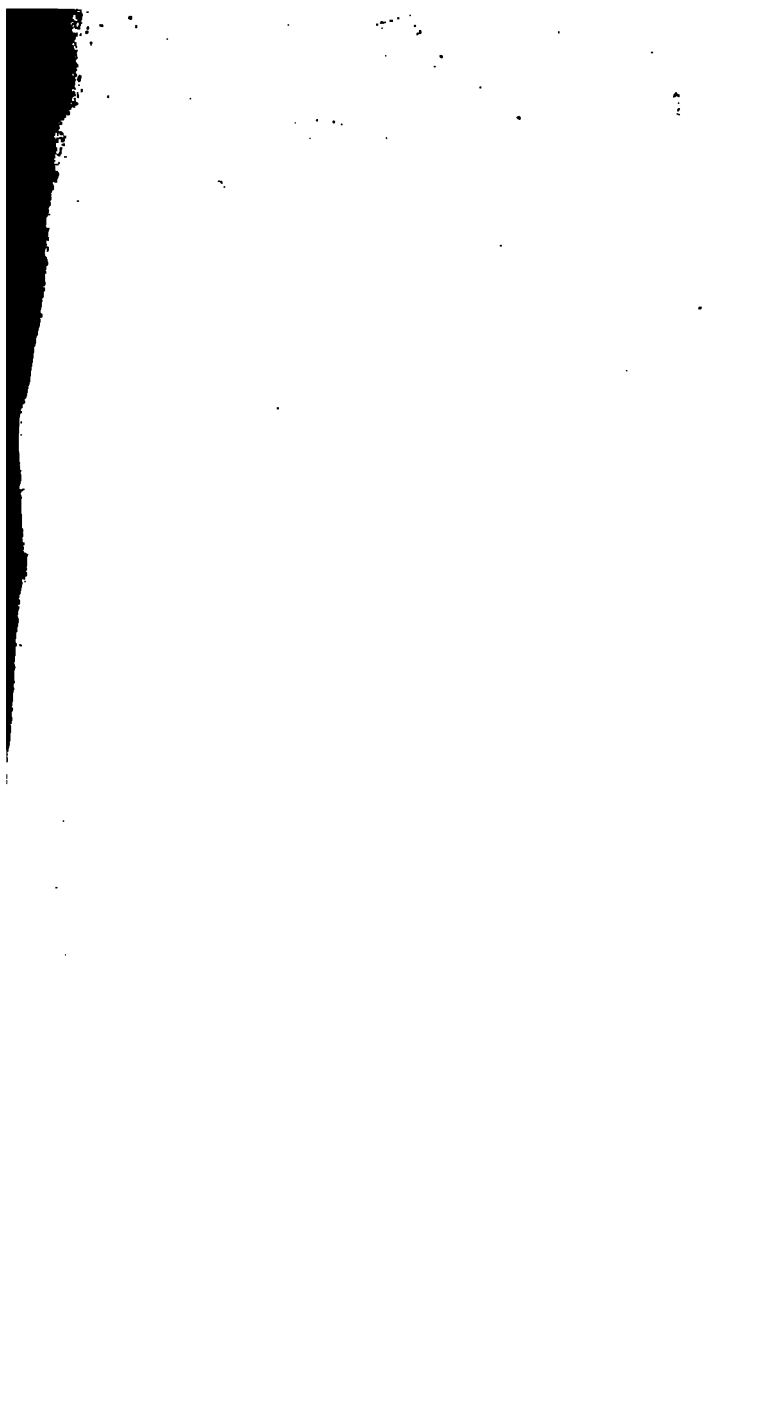
My hearers—when Xerxes cast the iron fetters into the roaring ocean in order to bind its wrath, it still raved on as though nothing of the kind had happened; and thus it is with the unconquerable spirit of man, when his Pharaoh is once excited to a state of effervescence. It will not stay confined within the limits of oppression; and persecution, like the shaking of a bottle of ginger pop, only arouses its vigor, and, perhaps, causes it to explode in an instant. The great Ruler of all things can alone subdue the haughty spirit of man, and render it as pliable as wax in the hands of a cobbler. By his sending down sorrow, wo, or disappointment, the mind becomes submissive, passive, and stupid, and lies as dormant in its mud-built cell as a woodchuck during the deep

gloom of winter. When the vernal sun of happiness thaws it out, eternal space is hardly wide enough for its joyful wanderings. It exalts in the glories of unqualified freedom—succumbs to the mandate of no haughty despot. Yet, I know, my friends, that there is a vast difference in the minds or natures of men. Some are mild and peaceable as lambs, while others are as uproarious and rambunctious as tigers. Some will take a lateral kick as composedly as a bag of bran, and others will shake their quilts at the bare tickle of an insinuation; but as their spirits are moulded, so they must ever remain, in spite of human admonition, instruction, or flattering. The moral and intellectual energies of a young child may receive various inclinations by early culture; but I tell you, my friends, once for all, that if he has the devil in him from the beginning, you couldn't beat it out of him if you were to spank him in the cradle, and follow him to his grave with the cudgel of retribution.

He may oftentimes be subdued, but never conquered; the real grit of his temper cannot be wholly washed out by the suds of instruction, nor dissolved by admonishing acids. If he buds a thistle, there is little hope of his blossoming a rose—and if he should, the thorns will still project from the stem after the petals have withered in the calyx. A difference exists in different individuals, and they are no more born equal than a bushel of potatoes; and all the colleges in christendom can't make them so. Chalk that down on the black side of your understandings.

My friends—if the spirit is free while the body is chained, the time will come when it will be freer still. Its habitation may crumble to dust, but it will then put on the dress of immortality, to depart for its legitimate home, and abide there for ever. It is immortal, and will live on when the linchpins are all lost from the wagon of Time, and its wheels rolled astray into the ocean of Eternity. As soon think of squirting out the sun's everlasting fire with No. 30's engine as to quench the spirit in the puddle of death. It will rise from the water unharmed—if you keep yourselves morally correct—speed its way upward, and there dry its feathers in the sunshine of eternal glory. So mote it be!

in which time, I, the Governor, will be absent, and
will remain in the fortification, to be directed by
the commanding officer, who will be the only one
of the Government. The object of this is to
prevent a possibility of any one being able to
take advantage of the situation, and thereby to
prevent it being rarely necessary.



**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]



